THE NAVY AS I HAVE KNOWN IT

1849-1899

ADMIRAL THE HON.
SIR EDMUND R. FREMANTLE, G.C.B.

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THE NAVY
AS I HAVE KNOWN IT

E. P. Fremantle

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THE NAVY AS I HAVE KNOWN IT

1849—1899

BY

ADMIRAL HON^BLE SIR E. R. FREMANTLE

G.C.B., C.M.G.

REAR-ADMIRAL OF THE UNITED KINGDOM

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TO MY WIFE,

WHO FOR THE LAST THIRTY-THREE YEARS OF MY

ACTIVE NAVAL CAREER, LOYALLY

SHARED WITH ME

MANY OF THE TRIALS INCIDENT TO A

SAILOR'S LIFE.

PREFACE.

THIS is not precisely an autobiography, in the ordinary use of the word. My chief desire has been to give a faithful picture of life in the Navy by one whose naval career has covered half a century, and to show something of the duties devolving upon the Service when some of our little wars are in progress, or even when the country is under the impression that we are in a state of blissful peace with all the world.

In speaking of "half a century" I am strictly correct, as I entered the Navy 8th May '49, and my last active appointment as Commander-in-Chief at Plymouth expired on June 1899, though I remained on the active list till 15th June 1901, when I attained the age of sixty-five, and in accordance with the Orders in Council, I was placed on the retired list. I was accordingly over fifty-two years on the active list. It was a great gratification to me to be able to celebrate my fiftieth anniversary of entry into the Navy while still on active service in high command, an experience which can naturally fall to the lot of few Naval, and of still fewer Military officers.

E. R. F.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY YEARS.

PAGE

Entry into the Navy—Leaving School—Sir George Colley—Joining the Navy—My Examination—Contrast between then and now—Outfit—The "Castor" and "Queen"—Joining the "Queen"—A "Smart" Ship—Lunching with the Port Admiral—"Old Gooseberry"—Youngsters' Duties—My First Night Watch—"Tommy" Codd and the Ship's Cook—Actor or Spectator ... 1

CHAPTER II.

THE MEDITERRANEAN—H.M.S. "QUEEN."

Commissioning in 1844—Anson's Ill-Manned Ships in 1740—Manning in 1840-50—"Happy Ships"—Passage Out—Youngster Interest—First Impressions of the Service—The Navy and School—Punishment—Pay and Exchange—A Middy's Expenses—The Dardanelles and Piræus—Salamis Bay—Water and Watering—Accident to the "Ganges" Boat—Mediterranean Cruises—Health of Ships' Companies—Dimensions of the "Queen"—Naval Gunnery in the "Queen"—Night Quarters—Trials of Sailing—The "La Hogue" and Steam—Smartness Aloft—A "Smart" Ship—Reefing Topsails—Our Officers in the "Queen"—Old Mates—Middies' Logs 10

CHAPTER III.

H.M.S. "SPARTAN," EAST INDIES AND CHINA.—I.

A "Jackass" Frigate—"Billy" Hewett—Our Chinese Tailor—"Jemmy"—Charley Fellowes—The Art of Ship Sailing—The Loss of the "Eurydice" and the "Atalanta"—A "Ruse" and its Sequel—The Cape—"Bully" Wyville—"Batta" Money—Naval Officers' Pay—A Good Story—Our Ship's Company ... 44

CHAPTER IV.

H.M.S. "SPARTAN," EAST INDIES AND CHINA.—II.

The Burmese War—A Narrow Escape and Fortunate Return—Passage up the Chinese Seas—"Fanny Adams"—Hong Kong Rival Clippers—Position of Island—Piratical Expeditions—Getting Ashore—Shanghai—Imperialists and Rebels—Guards Ashore—Attack our Settlement—Capture of Chinese Camp—

PAGE

Distinguished Consuls—A Grand Attack—Boarding—Sailed in the old "Sally"—Climate of China—A Boat Trip with the French Missions—Missions—Wearing Chinese Dress—Docking at Whampoa—Seamanship—Imperialists and Rebels—Boarding the Mail Steamers—The First Life I Saved—Russian War—The New Admiral—Sailing for the North—Our Disappointment at Returning to Hong Kong—Our Naval Operations in China—Petropavlovsk Attacked—Criticism of Strategy—Pirates—A Bad Decoy at Coulan—My Information—Insubordination—My Captives 63

CHAPTER V.

H.M.S. "SPARTAN," EAST INDIES AND CHINA.—III.

Hong Kong—Arrival of the Arctic Ship "Enterprise"—Commodore Elliot's Squadron—The "Spartan's" Cruise to the Kuriles—The Castries Bay Fiasco—Eight o'Clock Island—French Co-operation—The Gulf of Tartary—Russians in Castries Bay—Our Admiral and Commodore—The "Pallas"—Result of a Long Peace—Cruise with the Commodore—Seamanship Examination—Commander and Navigator—My Seamanship Examination—Illustrations of Seamanship Examinations—Sir Sydney Dacres—Fog on Siberian Coast—Off the Amoor River—An Inglorious Episode—The Crew of the "Diana"—Russians on Board the "Spartan"—Japan in 1855—Promoted to Acting-Lieutenant—The Spare Cabin Rats and Cockroaches—The Straits of Malacca—A Visit to Sarawak—A Chinese Raid—The Bishop of Labuan—The Hill Dyaks—Rajah Brooke—Tigers in the Straits—A Long Commission—A Heavy Gale—Return Home after Five and a half Years—Paying Off—The "Queen" and "Spartan" 88

CHAPTER VI.

PASSING—"ROYAL ALBERT" AND "NEPTUNE."

Paying off in 1857—Passing in Gunnery—"First Quarters"—Passing in Navigation—A Bout of Fever—Flag-Lieutenancies—Sir C. Fremantle Hoists his Flag—Channel Cruising—Signal Logs and Spy-Glasses—The "Nankin"—Systems and Discipline—Yarns of "Royal Albert" Days—Captain of the Fleet—Capt. H. Moriarty—The Master of the "Royal Albert"—Knowing the Signals—A Regatta—A Toy Boat—Signals—Redl's Cones and Admiral Colomb—Flag Hauled Down—Passage to the Mediterranean—The Old "Megera"—The "Neptune"—A Bounty Ship's Company—Outbreak in Ships on Mediterranean Station—Admiral Sir W. Martin—Sir Geoffrey Hornby—A Naval Yarn—Promotion to Commander—Passage to England—Half Pay Again 115

CHAPTER VII.

HALF PAY—ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE, ETC.

Half Pay—Royal Naval College, Portsmouth—Passing in Steam—Friends at the College—The "Nut"—George Clarke—Studies at the College—Admiral Colomb—Sir Geoffrey Hornby's Opinion of Time Spent on Shore—Readiness of Reserve of Ships—Application for "Eclipse"—A Hunting Accident—Appointment to the "Eclipse"—Getting my Outfit 137

CHAPTER VIII.

H.M.S. "ECLIPSE"—NEW ZEALAND WAR.

PAGE

Passage to Australia—Joining the "Eclipse"—"Eclipse's" Complement—My Navigating Officer—The Gate Pa—Crossing the Manukau Bar—Cruises in 1864—Aground on the Manukau—Putting my Ship to Rights at Sydney—Complement and Armament—Desertions in New Zealand—Flogging—Cruises in 1865—Maori Political Agitation in 1865—Rescue of Mr. Grace—Bishop Selwyn Comes with Me—Bishop Selwyn's Character—Another Cruise—More Cruises—A Night Attack—A Tight Corner—Filloon's Death—Morgan's Pa—Tried by Court-Martial—A Slight Gun Accident—Court-Martial Procedure—Cook's Straits—Sir George Grey—Cruises with the Governor—Trip up the Waikato King's Country—William Thompson—Embarkation of Troops—Personal Responsibility—Effect of Example—Passage Home—Rounding the Horn—Mainmast-Head Gone—Lights Sighted—Paying off—The Bag of Bullets 146

CHAPTER IX.

HALF PAY—ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE.

Half Pay Time—Promotion to Rear-Admiral by Selection—Loss of the "Captain"—Writing to the Papers—The Royal Naval College and "Excellent"—Appointment to the "Barracouta"—Sir Alexander Milne 175

CHAPTER X.

H.M.S. "BARRACOUTA"—WEST COAST OF AFRICA—ASHANTI WAR.—I.

Commissioning the "Barracouta"—Paddlers—Leaving Sheerness—Sir Rodney Mundy—Spanish Ports and Quarantine—Saving the "Vittoria"—Salvage to Men-of-War—Embarkation of Marines—Former Ashanti Wars—St. Vincent and Sierra Leone—Major Bravo—Prince Ansah and the King of Elmina—Arrival at Cape Coast—State of Affairs on my Arrival—My Orders—Marines Landed—Interviews with the Administrator—Elmina—Movements of Ashanti Army—Ashanti Weapons—State of our Forts—Col. Harley—An Impossible Situation—Col. Festing—Visit to Elmina—A Cabinet Council at Cape Coast Castle—Our Plan of Action—Elmina—Action of Elmina—Lieut. Wells's Successful Attack—Ashanti Loss—Ashanti Discipline—Proceedings Subsequent to Elmina—King's "Message Stick"—The Climate—Arrival of the Commodore—The Rains—Lieut. Gordon—The Windward Forts—Chamah—Commodore Dangerously Wounded—A Curious Episode—My Proposal—Attack on Chamah and Hostile Villages—Lieut. Burr's Success—Lieut. Young's Independence—Young's Gallantry—My Conduct Misunderstood at Home—Dix Cove, Axim, and King Blay—King Blay—I am again Senior Naval Officer—My Orders—Blockade Established—August and September on the Coast—Sickness of Officers—The Surf and Landing—Surf Men—Stores and Provisions—Provisioning the Marines—Stores—Supplying the Military—Atchiempon—King Blay and Atchiempon—A Lucky Shot—Projected Attack

PAGE

—Capt. Glover—Councils of War—Arrival of Sir Garnet Wolseley—A Brilliant Staff—To Go in and Win—The Work of the Navy 181

CHAPTER XI.

H.M.S. "BARRACOUTA"—WEST COAST OF AFRICA—ASHANTI WAR.—II.

Sir Garnet Wolseley's Energy—Raising and Organising Native Levies—Requisitions on the Navy—Ashanti Customs and Traditions—Supposed Attack on Elmina—A Secret Expedition—Essaman—The Tide at Elmina—My Despatch on Essaman—Underrating Naval Difficulties—The Houssas—I am Wounded—Buller's Escape—Probing the Wound—Effect of our Success—Commodore Hewett's Appointment—Dinner with the General to meet Stanley—March to Assayboo—March to Abrakrampa—Festing Engaged at Dunquah—March to Assanchi—False Alarms—A Capture—Keeping Touch—Return to Cape Coast—Arrival of the "Encounter"—Funeral of Lieut. Wilmot—Relief of Abrakrampa—The Effect of Hearing Firing—Cape Coast Ruffians—The Kossoos—The General Returns to Cape Coast—My Return to the "Barracouta"—Sir Garnet has Fever—A Last Trip up the Country—Courage—Visit to a Battlefield—My Office Staff—Freedom from Fever—Care of Stores—Why the Ashanti Camp was not Attacked—The Commodore's Arrival—My Experience of Fever—We Sail for St. Helena—A Long Sick List—Stay at St. Helena—Island of Ascension—A Baboo Doctor—Summary Justice—Aftermath of the "Kate Kellock" Case—Sir R. Temple's Minute—Return to Cape Coast—Death of Lieut. Wells—A Trip to the Windward Coast—King Blay Again—Stopping the Trade in Arms at Assinee—Amouaka—A French Barque—Grand Bassam—Chamah—Attack on Half Assinee—Return to Cape Coast—The Arrival of the General and Staff—My Unexpected Departure for Sierra Leone—Return to Cape Coast—Glover—Hurried Exodus from Cape Coast—A Plague Spot—A Farewell Dinner—A Leader of Men—Judge Marshall—The Last of the Coast—Sir George Colley—Good Food, but too Late—Sailing for England—"Billy Hewett"—Passage Home—Rewards for Ashanti—Arrival at Spithead—A Moral—A Specimen Letter from King Blay 215

CHAPTER XII.

PEACE SERVICE—H.M.S. "DORIS"—DETACHED SQUADRON.

Appointed to H.M.S. "Doris"—The Detached Squadron Leaving Port—Sailing to Madeira—Mr. Wingfield—Drills and Exercises—Mild Discontent—Private Signals—Desertions at Monte Video—A Naval Officer's Powers—Gunnery—Inspection—A Shooting Trip in the Falkland Islands—A Scotch Settler—A Survivor of a Massacre—Passage to the Cape—The Cape in 1874—To St. Helena, Ascension, and St. Vincent—Dr. Dutt and the "Kate Kellock"—A Scattered Squadron—Making "Gib." in a Levanter—Admiral Rowley Lambert—Sailing for Bombay—A Mistake and a Discovery—French and English Use of St. Helena—Man Overboard in the "Raleigh"—Arrival at Bombay—Night Quarters—H.R.H. The Prince of Wales—Sailing for Trincomalie and Calcutta—A Man Overboard and a Pleasant Swim—Making Trincomalie under Difficulties—Replacing Burnt Spars—A Hemp Cable a Necessity—Pilotage of the Hugli—Unnecessary

PAGE

Batteries—Arrivals at Calcutta—An Unappreciated Welcome—Visits to Rajah—Salutes—Sailing from Calcutta—Arrival at Trincomalie and Bombay—Detached Squadron Sails—A Week's Shooting in the Hills—Sailing for England—Small-pox and Vaccination—Death of the Paymaster—More Small-pox Patients—Going Home Under Sail—Position of Lighthouses—How we Sailed from Table Bay—"Wide Awake Fair" at Ascension—Drills—Arrival at Plymouth—Sir Thomas Symonds and Inspections—Paying Off: A Warning against Changing Date Submitted—Passing Accounts—A Satisfactory Command ... 258

CHAPTER XIII.

H.M.S. "LORD WARDEN" AND "INVINCIBLE."

Half Pay—A Torpedo Course and Appointment to "Lord Warden"—The "Lord Warden"—Joining Channel Squadron—A Coastguard Ship and District—Some Difficulties—Compensations—Pilotage of East Coast of England—Pilots—Harbour Masters' Red Tape—Going into Harbour at Sheerness—Pilotage Money—Moderate Speed rather than Slow Speed—Trips Up and Down the Coast—Most Economical Rate of Speed—A Reserve Squadron—Inspection of Coastguard Stations—Old Coastguard Officers—Promotion and Appointments—Taking Coastguardsmen to Sea—Removals and "Methods of Barbarism"—Moorings—The Outfit of a Coastguard Station—My Blacksmith's Shop—Different Ways of Conducting Business—Purchase of the "Psyche"—The "Fremantle"—Correspondence on the Subject—A Zealous Coastguard—Capturing a Smuggler—Exchange to the "Invincible"—Saving a Boy in Plymouth Sound—A Winter's Passage to the Mediterranean—Loss of Two Men—An Unsatisfactory Inspection—Sir Geoffrey Hornby—Supercession of Officers—Mediterranean Drills and the "Invincible"—A Russian Frigate and her Officers—Stay at Alexandria and Visit to Cairo—Visit to Aboukir Bay—Saving a Man—Assisted by Mr. Charles Moore—Meeting the "Rifleman"—A Knotty Point—Medals Received—Two Gold Medals—Capture of Colonel Synge by Brigands—Sailing from the Piræus for Salonica—Lieut. Hill a Prisoner—Rescue of Lieut. Hill—Turkish Officers Impressed—Excuses—Entertaining the King under Difficulties—Salvage Again—The "Georgio Boscovitch"—Austrian Consul's View—The Captain of the "Georgio Boscovitch"—Independent Cruises—Water Glasses—Recovery of a Whitehead Torpedo—Offer of Senior Officer at Gibraltar—Acceptance of the Appointment—An Enthusiastic French Admiral 280

CHAPTER XIV.

GIBRALTAR AND H.M.S. "DREADNOUGHT."

Relieved by Captain Fitzroy—Duties of Senior Officer at Gibraltar—Officers of the Dockyard—Lord Napier of Magdala—Anchorage Space—Smuggling—Guarda Costas—Recapture of British Trader—The Dockyard and my Routine—Obsolete Stores—Ammunition and Warlike Stores—Stranding of the "Euphrates" off Tarifa—Sir John Adye—Getting the "Euphrates" Afloat—A Pleasant Three Years—Sports and Pastimes—A Narrow Escape—A Shore-going Berth—Appointed to the "Dreadnought"—A Naval Joke—Stationing the Men—A Temporary Difficulty—More Difficulties—Sailing for the Mediterranean—Arrival at Malta—The Mediterranean—Promotion to Admiral—Cruises and

PAGE

Navigation—The Navigating Officer and Pilot—Independence and Responsibility of the Captain—Eighteen Years on the Captains' List 307

CHAPTER XV.

HALF PAY—SECOND IN COMMAND OF THE CHANNEL.

On Shore—General Election, 1885—The Advent of the Torpedo Boat—Admiral Aube and Mr. Gabriel Charmes—A Theory of Naval Tactics—My Opposition to the Torpedo Boat View—Recent Shipbuilding Policy—Naval Officers Writing on Naval Topics—Second in Command in the Channel—"Agincourt" and her Sisters—My Duties—Cruisers—"Billy" Hewett—My Time in the "Agincourt"—Naval Manœuvres in 1887—I am Handicapped by Changes of Ships—The Opposing Squadrons—The Rules of the Game—Disguising Cruisers—Faulty Rules—Captains in Council—False Telegrams—Capture of Falmouth—Drawing the Enemy West—An Unwelcome Encounter—Forcing the Entrance to the Thames—Arrival at Sheerness—Hewett Appears—Proceeding Up the Thames—"Rattlesnake" Appears Announcing Peace—Satisfactory Conclusion of the War—A Farewell Dinner—Faulty Strategy—"Ally Sloper's" Approval—A Useful Year 323

CHAPTER XVI.

THE EAST INDIA COMMAND.—I.

Nominated Commander-in-Chief East Indies—Extent of the Command—Picking Up Hints—Flag Hoisted—Ordinary Routines—Ordinary Cruises—Peculiarity of the Command—A Question of Authority—An Example—East Indian Dockyards—Bombay and Trincomalie—An Admiral's House—Lord Brassey's Views—Diego Garcia—Rodriguez Island—Réunion—Turning Over to "Boadicea," Mauritius—Mr. Meldrum's Observatory—Mozambique Officials—Mozambique—Trade and Traders—Conscripts at Mozambique—Arrival at Zanzibar—Orders to Remain at Zanzibar—Distribution of Ships—The Persian Gulf—Conflicting Views of Secretary of State for India and Indian Officials—Sultans of Zanzibar—Sanitary Arrangements—Our Consul-General—Ladies at Zanzibar—Murder of Germans—A Shooting Trip—Disturbances on the Coast—Sir G. Mackenzie—Sir H. Mathews—Assault on my Secretary—Slave Cruising—Lieutenant Cooper Killed—Difficulties about the Proposed Blockade—Blockade Declared—British and German Arrangements—Admiral Deinhardt—Naval Diplomacy—Deinhardt's Friendly Disposition—Landing the Bishop at Tunghi—A Portuguese Demonstration—Dr. Peters and German Emin Pasha Relief Expedition—Seizure of Peters' Ship—Dr. Peters' Determination and Lack of Scruple—French Dhows—The "Bouvet" and "Boursaint"—Getting Out of a Difficulty—Sir Gerald Portal—Health—Admiral Deinhardt—Sharks—Coaling—Nossi Bé and Diego Suarez—Mauritius and Sir John Hennessy—Return to Zanzibar—An Attempt at Bluff—A Strong Measure—Blockade Raised—Arrival at Bombay—The Prince's Visit and Festivities—Sudden Orders at Madras—Trincomalie and Colombo—Redan Massy a Friend in Need—Leaving Colombo for Zanzibar—Christmas Under Difficulties—Sir H. Stanley—Arrival at Zanzibar—The "Bouvet"—Difficulties of Navigation—Our Good Fortune in the "Boadicea" 333

CHAPTER XVII.

THE EAST INDIA COMMAND.—II.

PAGE

Projected Operations against Portuguese East Africa—Orders and Coaling—Return to Bombay—Departure of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, of Prince "Eddy" and Lord Reay—Trip to Muskat and the Persian Gulf—Fao Fort—Our Boats Fired Upon—Return to Zanzibar—The Zambesi and River Gunboats—The Vitu Expedition—A Sudden Call—Slaves and Interpreters 362

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE CHINA COMMAND—I.

Return Home—A Successful Command—Not Appointed to the Channel—Changes at the Admiralty—Appointed to China Command—Passage Out—History Repeating Itself—The China Squadron—My Staff and Hong Kong Capabilities—Position of the Dockyard—Naval and Commercial Requirements Antagonistic—Hong Kong—The Harbour and Shipping—Limits of the Command Duties and Routine Cruises—Cruise in "Alacrity" in 1892—Visits to Yangtsze Viceroys—Chang-chi-tung—Liu-kun-yi—Chinese Slovenliness—Chinese Naval College—Li-Hung-Chang and Loh-feng-loh—Chang-chi-tung's Inspections of Chinese Defences—Pleasure Cruises in Japan—An Audience of the Emperor—Cruises in Northern Japan—Paper Chases at Hakodate—Foreign Admirals in the Far East—Cruise in the Gulf of Tartary—Movements in 1892—Hakodate and Sapporo—The Ainus—Castries Bay—Jonquiere Bay and Saghalin—A Russian Prison in Saghalin—Vladivostock—Admiral Tyrtoff and Lieut. Petroff—North-Eastern Corea—Port Hamilton—Corean Dress—Seoul and the Coreans—Chemulpho—Scaling the Walls of Seoul—The Corean King, now Emperor—Corean Court Etiquette—An Eastern Custom—Li-Hung-Chang—Trip to Pekin—Chinese Roads—A Case of Vandalism—A Ride to the Great Wall—The Tsung-li-Yamen—Chinese Military Examinations—A Mandarin Inspection—A Stormy Cruise off Formosa—Fogs—A Narrow Escape—Thompson's Sounding Machine—Interesting Peace Service 392

CHAPTER XIX.

THE CHINA COMMAND.—II. CHINA-JAPAN WAR.

Russian Capture of Canadian Sealers—The French at Bangkok—Ordered to Siam—The "Centurion"—Port Arthur—Visit to Li-Hung-Chang—The Chinese Squadrons—Port Arthur in 1894—A Chinese Luncheon—Visiting the Forts with Admiral Ting—Chinese Ships—Capt. Lang—Chinese Ideas of Discipline—A Startling Proposal—The Viceroy's Dinner—A Case of Salvage—The Tonghaks—The Corean Question—The Case of Kim-o-Kim—Brutal Conduct of Coreans and Chinese—Indignation of Japanese—Death of the British Minister—A Difficult Question—My View of the Probability of War—A Political Telegram—Information as to Japanese Movements and Intentions—Outbreak of War—Proceeding to Corea—Sinking of the "Kowshing"—The Advice of the Law Officers of the Crown—Vague Reports—A Fortunate Guess and Decision—"Alacrity's" Orders

PAGE

—Admiral Togo—First Shots Fired—Inhumanity of the Japanese—Watching the Japanese Fleet—The Japanese off Wei-hai-wei—A Misunderstanding—Our Position as Neutrals—The Yalu Battle—The Command of the Sea—Newchwang and Wei-hai-wei—Japanese Landing at Pitszewo—Chinese Information—A Treaty Port—The Taotai of Chifu—Fall of Port Arthur—A Strengthened Squadron and Visit to Port Arthur—Japanese at Port Arthur—Protection of the Yangtsze—Coaling in 1904—Return to Gulf of Pechili—Treaty Ports and Belligerent Rights—Japanese Landing at Yung Ching Bay—Perfection of Japanese Arrangements—Attack on Wei-hai-wei—The "Edgar" and Japanese Torpedo Boats—Fall of Wei-hai-Wei—A Chinese Proposal—Admiral Ting's Suicide—A Sudden Gale and Loss of a Man—The End of the War—The Wrecked Chinese Ships at Wei-hai-Wei—Attack on the Pescadores—Return to Hong Kong—Formosan Ports—The Simonosaki Treaty—Japanese Policy—Unscrupulousness of Russia—Ratification of Treaty—Relieved of Command at Nagasaki—Extension of Command Offered—A Touching Farewell to the Fleet—A Farewell Dinner—Passage Home—The Empress Steamers—Arrival in England—Reception at the Admiralty ... 418

CHAPTER XX.

THE PLYMOUTH COMMAND—CONCLUSION.

Half Pay Again—Disappointed Ambition—Appointed to Plymouth Command—Duties of a Home Port—Summary of Departments and Duties—System Necessary—Decentralisation Necessary—Who "Approves"?—Suggestions Usually Disapproved—Courts-Martial—Influence and Power—The Fleet Reserve and Efficiency—Admiralty and Dockyards—Deceiving even Prime Ministers—Sir John Briggs—The Old Adam—Throwing Responsibility on the Admiralty—Ships in Reserve—Lord Selborne's Improved Policy—The Navy as a Profession—Means of Success—Interest and Merit "Luck"—My Love for the Service—The One Real Grievance—An Appeal to Lord Selborne—Recent Reforms—President Roosevelt and Captain Mahan 450

THE NAVY AS I HAVE KNOWN IT.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY YEARS.

Entry into the Navy—Leaving School—Sir George Colley—Joining the Navy—My Examination—Contrast between then and now—Outfit—The "Castor" and "Queen"—Joining the "Queen"—A "Smart" Ship—Lunching with the Port Admiral—"Old Gooseberry"—Youngsters' Duties—My First Night Watch—"Tommy" Codd and the Ship's Cook—Actor or Spectator.

My early years were uneventful—I believe I was a strong, healthy boy, though rather small for my age—but the manner of my entry into the naval service may possess some interest.

I was born on June 15th, 1836, and in 1845 I went to school at Cheam in Surrey, where I got a fairly good education, though in those days (1845–49) schoolboys were expected to rough it a bit. We got up at 6 a.m., winter and summer, and were in school at 6.30, after somewhat scanty and hurried ablutions.

Somehow I considered myself as bound to join the naval service. My grandfather who had commanded line-of-battle ships at Copenhagen and Trafalgar, had been one of Nelson's most intimate friends, and when the question of my adopting the navy as a profession became an urgent one two of my uncles were post-captains in the navy.

I had often heard my father say that "one of his sons

ought to go to sea," and my three elder brothers had preferred civil life; accordingly, I thought it my duty to "follow the sea," especially as I had no great taste for classics, though I liked mathematics, so when my father put the matter fairly before me about Christmas, 1848, I at once told him, that notwithstanding the discomforts and dangers of a sea life, I preferred the navy to any other profession.

In May, 1849, my father got a nomination from Admiral James W. Deans Dundas, our future Commander-in-chief at the bombardment of Sebastopol, who was then First Sea Lord of the Admiralty, and the butler was sent to Cheam, only twelve miles from London, on the 7th May, to bring me to town.

It was late, and we were having evening school about 8 o'clock. I think we were preparing a classical lesson which, I fear in my case, meant simply opening a Virgil or Xenophon and a dictionary. This was not entirely my fault, though it is true that I took little interest in classics, as I understood that they would be of no use to me in the navy; but it was due, in great part, to our class (the fourth) being made the dumping ground for the big fools who were too old to be in the lower classes, and too stupid to learn anything; so that even without preparation one had no difficulty in keeping a fair position in the class so as to avoid discredit. But to resume, the master in charge had gone out of the room, and a friend opposite, sitting near the door, took advantage of his absence to throw a book at me, a compliment which I naturally returned. Just at this moment the master re-entered the room, and it unluckily struck him lightly on the head, when he immediately disappeared. When therefore a minute or two later, I was told that the head master wanted to see me, I naturally thought that, in naval phrase, "I was in for it," and I was much astonished at being met at the entrance of the "long room," where we dined, by the head master, who said: "I salute you as a member of the Royal Navy." I scarcely knew what to make of this somewhat stilted announcement of my new dignity, but it appeared that I had suddenly become an important personage, and I was soon on my way to town under convoy of the butler.

I may mention here that one of my school-fellows was George Colley, so well known afterwards as the unfortunate hero of Majuba. He was one of the cleverest boys in the school, and though rather older than myself, and in the class above me, he was a leading spirit in presenting me with a handsome pocket compass, which I still possess and have often found useful, especially during the Ashanti war '73-74, when a compass bearing was often of great value among the tortuous bush paths, as the guides when nearing the enemy were apt intentionally to take the wrong road.

The following day I was to go down to Woolwich, as I understood, to join the navy—Woolwich being then a Royal dockyard, where Commodore Henry Eden flew his broad pennant in H.M.S. "Fisgard," and was in charge of the yard.

My uncle, Captain Stephen Grenville Fremantle, kindly took me down, and when in the train he asked me "if I was prepared to pass my examination?" This was quite a surprise to me, as I had never heard the question of examination mentioned previously, as I told my uncle, when the following conversation took place:

Uncle: "Well, what have you been doing at school?"

Nephew: "Oh, Virgil, and a little Horace, Xenophon's Anabasis, and so on."

This did not seem to be near enough, as my uncle looked grave; but seeing my somewhat troubled look he soon added: "Well, I don't think you'll be asked much of that. What have you done in mathematics?" So I began again: "Fractions, decimals, so many books of Euclid, algebra, as far as quadratic equations," and there I stopped. Again my uncle said, "Well, I don't think they'll ask you much of that," and as I was wondering what important subject had been omitted from my educational course, he added: "Can you do the rule of three, and can you write English from dictation?" To which I replied that "I thought I could," and he promptly relieved my mind by saying, "Well, Eddy, I think you'll pass."

I mention all this to show the contrast between entering the navy fifty years ago and now. Indeed, the

examination was a farce. I think the master of the "Black Eagle," then the Admiralty yacht, examined me, the Naval Instructor or Chaplain of the "Fisgard" being away, and I was asked to write a few lines of dictation; while what my examiner was pleased to call the rule of three was, if I remember correctly, the following:

"If a yard of cloth costs 1s. 4d., how much will three yards cost?"—a question which I answered with remarkable success, and I was reported to have passed a very good examination.

Whilst on this subject I may mention the experience of a distinguished brother officer, now a retired admiral, who entered the service a couple of years before me at Sheerness. He had been handed over to an assistant paymaster, then termed a "passed clerk," who appears to have been a queer survival of the naval worthies depicted by Smollett in "Roderick Random." This officer (?) set my friend to do a dictation, and the locality being Sheerness, generally known in the navy as "the last place God made," the dictation began as follows: "Sheerness is a d——d infernal hole, the last place God made." The d——d somewhat puzzled my friend, as well as other expletives interspersed liberally. However, the examination did not last long, and he was kicked out by the examiner, who warned the candidate not to have the cheek to bother him again, and no doubt the report was satisfactory.

To return to my own case. I was carefully examined medically, and certified to be "free from defect of speech, defect of vision, rupture, or any other physical disability." I lunched with the commodore, was duly entered as a naval cadet on the books of the "Fisgard," and I returned to London.

Then my outfit had to be ordered, and was not entirely successful, as my London outfitter provided me with a chest with a rounded top, containing washing traps, etc., among which was a round-bottomed pewter basin—admirably adapted for rolling off the chest when I performed my ablutions, and perhaps wisely at that period, when the

allowance of water was limited—capable of containing about a pint of water.

I was proud of my uniform, of course, and I had ample opportunities of wearing it before I joined H.M.S. "Queen" at Plymouth, in July. I was originally intended to join the "Castor" 36, Commodore Wyville, fitting out for the Cape; but some of my friends warned my father that "Bully" Wyville, rather a rough salt of the old school, was scarcely a suitable man for a youngster of thirteen to take his first service lessons from; so this appointment was cancelled, and it was decided that I was to wait till Sir William Parker's flagship, the "Hibernia," then on her way home from the Mediterranean, was paid off, and the "Queen" commissioned at Plymouth.

The "Queen," a three decker of 116 guns, was then the finest and largest vessel in the service, being 3,099 tons measurement, and a remarkably good sailer for a three decker. She was commissioned on June 22nd by Capt. Charles Wise, a smart officer and good sailor, though a bit of a tartar, of whom I shall have many yarns to tell in their proper place.

My uncle, Capt. Stephen G. Fremantle, took me down to join, and we were accompanied by my cousin, afterwards Sir Gerald Fitzgerald, Bart., who had served as a midshipman in the "Hibernia," and was appointed to the "Dœdalus," Capt. Wellesley, bound for the Pacific.

I was at once taken on board the "Hibernia," where the "Queen's" ship's company were hulked while their own ship was being fitted out.

In those days we had no "continuous service," and men were entered for the commission, nominally three years, though the commission often extended to four and even to five years. However, we had no difficulty in getting men, as several line-of-battle ships had been paid off not long before, and we had a good ship's company.

To return to my own experience. I shall never forget my first night on board the "Hibernia," every soul on board (the "Queen's" complement being 970) being a perfect stranger to me, and how I reconnoitred the faces of my

new shipmates, and at last ventured to ask an important question of a midshipman who was keeping the morning watch, who seemed good-natured. My good-natured friend was one Edward Howard,* who went by the name of "Dean" Howard, being the son of the Dean of Lichfield.

I must admit, however, that I was very kindly treated by the officers generally, and that there was no bullying. Of course, on first going on board I was given a servant, and placed in charge of one of the senior members of the mess, also shown where my chest and hammock would be. Also, equally of course, as I was absolutely innocent of knowing the stem from the stern of the ship, the attempt was made to take me in by sending me to the "purser's steward to be measured for a spoon," and to the armourer for "a copper-fastened hammock;" but as I had been warned by my uncle of these rather harmless endeavours, and had been given some straight tips, such as to speak of "duff" when I meant pudding, and so on, my messmates found that I was not quite as green as I looked; so after the first day I soon settled down.

It is curious how one remembers certain expressions which remain indelibly impressed on one's mind when associated with a new environment. I remember that as I was being pulled on board the "Hibernia," accompanied by my uncle and my cousin, the latter remarked that the "Queen" was a fine ship, but that she would never be as smart as the "Hibernia," an opinion which I naturally thought a gross prejudice, as the "Queen" was looking brilliant in a new coat of paint, while the "Hibernia's" side was distinctly rusty; so I said that the "Queen" was much smarter, I thought, already. Of course my uncle and cousin laughed at this, as a "smart ship" in nautical parlance meant, and still means, one which is smart and quick in evolutions and drills.

It was not till some time later that my father and mother came to Devonport, and we had, I think, lunched with the port admiral, Sir W. Hall Gage, after which the flag

* Howard died as a vice-admiral in 1889.

lieutenant, who I put down as a very old officer, was to show my mother and myself round the dockyard. It was a small yard at that time, as Keyham Extension had not then been thought of, and I was not much impressed with her Majesty's dockyard. I remember that my mother was rather anxious about me, and that she asked the lieutenant several questions about a sea life, to which he returned somewhat off-hand answers.

One question I remember on account of the answer, which decidedly puzzled me. My mother had said, speaking of sea-sickness, that she supposed that in a big ship like the "Queen" I should scarcely feel the motion. To which the lieutenant replied: "Oh, won't he? If there's any sea on she'll play old gooseberry with him," which was not at all reassuring.

But to resume, it was naturally difficult to find suitable employment at first for a youngster who was entirely ignorant; yet there is no place on board ship for a "dry idler," and some duty had to be found for me as well as for other youngsters in a similar position, and this rather puzzled the commander, who went by the name of "Tommy" Codd, though his baptismal name was Edward. He first told a youngster called Saunders and myself that we were to keep "watch and watch" in attendance on him, to run messages in the daytime. We did not know what "watch and watch" meant, but our messmates explained to us that it meant that we were to keep alternate watches, relieving each other. This plan, however, was a failure, as it was useless to give us any nautical messages, which we did not understand, to officers of whose rank and appearance we were blissfully ignorant.

The next thing was to utilise us as boat midshipmen, and I was ordered to go away to Mount Wise, I think, in a big harbour boat, but I could not then give the proper orders, though I had heard the confident tone in which the older middies had given their commands, and I suppose my face showed my dilemma, on which the commander said, "Oh, you needn't be afraid, young gentleman; the coxswain knows all about it, and will give the orders. All

you've got to do is to prevent any men leaving the boat." I naturally did not feel this at all simple, as it meant not that I was to give certain technical orders, but that I was to assert my position and authority. This, no doubt, the middy soon learns.

"And well the docile crew the skilful urchin guides,"

writes Byron; but it does require a few weeks to give the requisite confidence. However, I confided my difficulty to the coxswain, who promptly reassured me by saying, "Oh, that's all right. No one won't leave the boat while I'm here," and I managed the trip successfully.

After this, but before we left Hamoaze, the harbour of Devonport, we youngsters were told off for watches, and the first night I had to keep the middle watch, twelve to four, under a Lieut. Pidcock, who was afterwards killed in boarding a piratical junk in China. Another youngster, Jimmy Graham, a son of Sir James Graham, was to keep the watch as well, and soon after twelve, when we had looked round and were wondering what to do, the lieutenant, who was extremely kind to me afterwards, called us up and asked us "if we could box the compass," to which we replied in the negative, not knowing in fact what he meant. This, however, was soon explained as meaning to say all the points of the compass in turn—north, north by east, etc.—and we were put under the quartermaster's instruction, being told that when we could box the compass we might turn in. I remember that I succeeded in getting into my hammock by 1·30, and Graham, who had despaired at first, followed me some time later. The incentive to effort was no doubt great, but the circumstances with two sleepy boys at midnight were not favourable, and I wonder at my success. I am bound to say that, if I remember rightly, Lieut. Pidcock was satisfied with a very imperfect performance of our task, and was anxious for an excuse to allow us to "turn in."

Somehow I remember little of my first joining, as far as my mess and messmates were concerned, though I could name them all, I think. A boy soon settles down and becomes

familiar with his environment, strange as it may at first appear; but I looked upon the senior officers with great interest and some awe, and I remember all their names and their idiosyncrasies now.

The commander, "Tommy" Codd, was of special interest to me, and I naturally watched him as he bustled about giving orders. He was a good sailor, and had a quaint, genial personality of his own, though he was not the smart officer that Charley Wise was.

I remember, while we were in Hamoaze, the ship's cook was brought up to the commander on the quarter-deck by the master-at-arms, as he wanted leave to go on shore—and I may remark in parenthesis that the ship's cook in those days was rather a privileged person; he was generally a warrant officer fifty years earlier, but in my time the ship's cook certainly wore what I may describe as seaman's plain clothes, with a neck-tie, white stock, and stick-up collar on state occasions. His get-up on this occasion was extensive, and suitable to make an impression in Devonport, at Mutton Cove, or North Corner; but the commander disapproved of this premature assumption that leave would be granted, and on the request being made, his reply was, "Oh dear no! Oh dear no! It won't do, I can tell you, to hoist your jib before the anchor's out of the ground." This nautical version of not holloaing till you are out of the wood struck me as very good at the time, for the ship's cook certainly had hoisted his jib in the shape of a large white collar, more suitable for the shore than the ship's galley.

These are among a few of my early impressions; but for some time I was not quite sure whether I was an actor or a spectator in the moving panorama which passed before my eyes, and I was certainly more of the latter than the former till long after the "Queen" had sailed from Plymouth. Gradually, however, I identified myself with the ship and naval duties, and long before the ship paid off I felt convinced that my services could not have been spared without considerable loss of efficiency, though I am not prepared to say whether this opinion would have been generally endorsed.

CHAPTER II.

THE MEDITERRANEAN—H.M.S. "QUEEN."

Commissioning in 1844—Anson's Ill-Manned Ships in 1740—Manning in 1840-50—"Happy Ships"—Passage Out—Youngster Interest—First Impressions of the Service—The Navy and School—Punishment—Pay and Exchange—A Middy's Expenses—The Dardanelles and Piræus—Salamis Bay—Water and Watering—Accident to the "Ganges" Boat—Mediterranean Cruises—Health of Ships' Companies—Dimensions of the "Queen"—Naval Gunnery in the "Queen"—Night Quarters—Trials of Sailing—The "La Hogue" and Steam—Smartness Aloft—A "Smart" Ship—Reefing Topsails—Our Officers in the "Queen"—Old Mates—Middies' Logs.

SHIPS did not leave harbour in 1849 as they do now, a week or so after commissioning; indeed, they were often detained for months, waiting for men. The "Queen" did not leave Plymouth Sound till August 19th, notwithstanding all the zealous exertions of "Charley Wise" and the officers to get to sea and join the flag of Sir William Parker as flagship in the Mediterranean. Let me explain here the difference between commissioning now and the "fitting out" of fifty to sixty years ago.

First, there was the difficulty of manning, which has always existed when seamen only joined voluntarily, being enticed by a bounty or forced by a "hot press," which latter method was only available in war time. And here I may refer to Anson's memorable voyage, which is worth quoting, as showing the straits to which we had been put rather more than 100 years previously.

It was on January 31st, 1740, that Anson received his instructions. But sailors were not to be had, and the ships were, even when they sailed, indifferently manned; while the military authorities supplied 500 Chelsea pensioners as the military force to accompany the expedition, in spite of the protests of Anson and the Admiralty. Anson sailed eventually on September 10th, nearly eight months after his orders had been issued. Yet this was war time!

No doubt this was an extreme case, in the darkest days of inefficiency, and the wonder is how we muddled through at all at any time before the continuous service system was introduced. In 1840-50 it was not uncommon for men-of-war to be delayed for months for men, in spite of "rendezvous," as recruiting stations were called, and placards which pervaded the seaports, of which the following is a specimen:—

WANTED FOR H.M.S. "GRAMPUS"
50 GUNS. CAPTAIN H. B. MARTIN (NOT "FLY"),
FITTING OUT FOR THE PACIFIC STATION,
PETTY OFFICERS AND ABLE SEAMEN.
APPLY, ETC.

Now I cannot myself vouch for the accuracy of this placard, but it was commonly quoted in my early days. The "not fly" requires explanation. Capt. H. B. Martin was the brother of that distinguished officer Sir William Martin, subsequently Commander-in-chief in the Mediterranean and at Plymouth, who did so much for discipline and system in the navy. But at that time Jack generally looked for what was known as "a happy ship," which meant one with an easy-going captain, and William Fanshawe Martin was known as a strict officer, and rather a martinet when he commanded H.M.S. "Fly." Indeed, he continued to be known in the service as "Fly Martin."

It is said that this advertisement caused a coolness for a time between the two brothers.

Another good story is told of the entry of ships' companies, which is not improbably true:—

Two frigates were fitting out at Plymouth, and both naturally required crews. Both, of course, had "rendezvous," and there was a brisk competition for seamen.

These frigates we will call the "Constance" and "Melampus."

Capt. S., who was captain of the "Constance," was known to be a tartar; while Capt. D., who commanded the "Melampus," was easy going, so that nearly all the available seamen volunteered for the "Melampus," and it was soon seen that there was little chance of the "Constance"

being manned until the "Melampus's" complement was complete.

Capt. S., going one day to his rendezvous in plain clothes, was agreeably surprised to find a fine, sailor-like man with good certificates, who had come to be entered, and he got into conversation with him, saying, rather sarcastically, "Why do you come here? The "Melampus" is not manned yet." And as he persisted in getting an answer, the seaman told him, "Well, the fact is, that I would sooner sail with a —— rogue than a —— fool." Of course, he did not know who his questioner was; but it shows the feelings many of our sailors had. At that time our men-of-wars' men frequently sailed a trip or two in merchant ships rather than join a ship they did not like, as neither the Admiralty instructions nor admirals interfered much with the interior economy of ships; so that in one ship the discipline might be so severe as to justly entitle her to be dubbed as a "hell afloat," while in another there was no discipline whatever, and men did what they liked. These latter were the "happy ships," but often some discredit or accident caused a serious reminder of the necessity for system and discipline, when probably a new captain was appointed, who pulled up sharply, resulting in dissatisfaction and very probably an outbreak of ill-feeling or insubordination. But I shall have more to say on questions of discipline later.

Another cause which prevented a ship going to sea under a couple of months was that she had to be literally "fitted out," as usually when commissioned she was a mere shell, and the first thing done was to tow her down from her moorings up the harbour at Portsmouth or Devonport, with a pennant flying from her boats' davits. She had then to be masted and rigged, tanks stowed, etc. A not uncommon question in a seamanship examination for the rank of lieutenant in those days, and one naturally much dreaded, was, "You are ordered to commission H.M.S. "Dryad," a 36-gun frigate. State how you would prepare her for sea." This was a very comprehensive question, embracing the fitting and placing of rigging, getting tops over, and numerous details; indeed, it was scarcely fair to a young man of

nineteen. But a seamanship examination of those days was (and still is even now) always more or less of a fluke, as a question such as I have mentioned was sufficient to upset many candidates and reduce them to a state of absolute incapacity; while other passing captains gave a few easy questions, and the lucky midshipman received his certificate. But I propose to illustrate this by my own experience.

From what I have said above it is evident that much of the labour of fitting out fell upon those who first entered, who were the lowest numbers on the ship's books; and naturally a good many men took care to wait till the heaviest part of the job was completed before joining. However, there was always a sort of pride and distinction attaching to "the first hundred" on the ship's books, which good seamen appreciated, so that unless men were very scarce through several ships having recently fitted out, a sufficient number of seamen usually joined early to enable the ship to be fitted out in a reasonable amount of time.

Let me now return to the "Queen." It was a fine day as we sailed out of Plymouth Sound, and after a fair weather passage across the dreaded Bay we arrived at Gibraltar in ten days from Plymouth. It may be asked whether I was sea-sick at first. I think I remember being uncomfortable and "squeamish" at times, but it never amounted to more than temporary inconvenience, and fortunately we had fine weather on the passage out.

I used to sit in the main chains, the platforms outside the ship, necessary for the standing rigging, or shrouds which secure the mast, to be set up to, with another youngster, whence we could watch the lower boom, on which the lower studding sail was set, as it lifted high up and then nearly touched the water with the rolling of the ship. I think there was some fascination about this, with the gurgling, creamy foam from the bows; and she "talked," as the nautical expression has it, when making her way through the water, then from the large gun-room ports of our mess we could watch the pilot fish and bonito playing round the rudder in fine weather, or in a fresh breeze the angry-looking wake as

the waters rushed in to fill the gap which had been made by the passage of the ship. I know that I was quite pleased and happy. A hammock was not at all an uncomfortable thing to sleep in, I found, and though the cockpit where my chest was stowed and my hammock slung must have been close and stuffy, I can safely say I was not aware of it. All the midshipmen slept in the cockpit, and fortunately, in the "Queen," the orlop deck—a part of which formed the cockpit —was much higher between decks than usual. In the middle of the cockpit was the amputation table, a large, fixed table with drawers; but notwithstanding the somewhat unpleasant associations attaching to the name, we looked upon it as a decided convenience for placing our clothes on, and our minds were not, I think, disturbed by imagining the scene as it would appear during and after an action. Fortunately, we were young and took things as they came, which is undoubtedly a good argument for sending youngsters to sea early; but even in my day I am convinced that many young officers would have been better men for a more thorough early training, and now that a knowledge of the applied sciences has become the principal part of modern seamanship, a thorough scientific grounding, and a necessarily later entry in a sea-going ship, have become imperative. Gun-room life and its reminiscences half a century ago have their interests, and will naturally be referred to again; but I am anxious now to deal with my first impressions on joining the service. My messmates, I remember, used to warn me of the terrors of the service; but it was only a pleasant way they had of endeavouring to frighten or astonish a boy, and their tales had no terror for me, as I took things as I found them, and was generally well treated. In one respect I thought a ship and the navy very superior to a private school. Some of my messmates were rough, and neither their speech nor moral conduct was exactly exemplary, but there was an honourable tone of manliness and truth that certainly had not existed in the good private school at Cheam, which is, I am glad to think, still flourishing,

At Cheam I had naturally conformed, more or less against the grain, with conventional school notions; and

though we would have scorned to tell tales of a schoolfellow, we were none the less little sneaks I thought, and truth was certainly not a part of our school morality. In the navy it was different; one was an officer, and even when in a scrape one was expected to tell the truth, which I hope that I always endeavoured to do, and which was thoroughly appreciated. I remember in some gun room row in the "Queen" which became a quarter-deck matter, about a year after I joined, an officer senior to me had made a rambling statement inculpating me, which differed materially from a version of the affair that I had just given. "Tommy Codd," our commander, astonished me rather by disbelieving him and turning round on my opponent, saying, "This is a young gentlemen that never tells a lie," a compliment which I believe was fairly deserved, and which I endeavoured to live up to in my subsequent naval career.

In due course we arrived off Malta, and in rather a fresh breeze, the ship being "close hauled," all hands were turned up for punishment, the technical name for flogging. I will not describe it here, as it certainly was not a pleasant sight, though its brutality has been much exaggerated; but I may remark that there was some virtue in this summary punishment, which often fifty years ago settled a case of insubordination or desertion, which now results in a court-martial and a long sentence of imprisonment or penal servitude. A flogging to a young sailor often made a good man of him; it was not looked upon as much disgrace, and his friends were not any the wiser. Now, even any minor punishment awarded must affect a man's pay, and consequently those dependent on him. I propose to refer to this subject again.

But to return to the occasion of this digression. I was naturally very curious as to the punishment, which was solemnly carried out, with the marines under arms on the poop, the officers wearing their swords or "side arms," to use the technical phrase; and I thought that the quartermaster, who was "conning the ship" in the weather netting, was a part of the ceremony. I knew

that the name of the man to be flogged was Lewis, and when the gratings were rigged and all was ready I heard the quartermaster say, as I thought, in a tone befitting the occasion, "Very well, Lewis," more than once. I thought this rather strange, but I was not much astonished at anything, all was so new to me; but my messmates were much amused when I asked them why this was, as of course the quartermaster had been saying, "Very well dice," dice being sailor language for thus—the meaning being that the ship is near enough to the wind and should be kept as she is going.

Another reminiscence of my midshipman's days may be mentioned here, in the way we were paid. All officers received their pay by Government bill at the end of each quarter, which they had to turn into money according to the rate of exchange, on which I shall have more to say when speaking of China, as at Malta and the Mediterranean the exchange was generally slightly in our favour, and one was pretty safe to get one's money's worth. The parents of naval cadets and midshipmen were accustomed—I do not think they were bound, as they are now—to allow their sons £40 or £50 a year private allowance, the usual plan being for the captain to endorse the quarterly bills drawn by the youngsters, and as he became thus pecuniarly liable, he naturally in most cases insisted that the money should be lodged with and the bills drawn on his own agent. In the "Queen" the captain fixed the allowance at £40 a year, and on September 30th, 1849, all the midshipmen of the "Queen" proceeded to draw their quarterly bills of £10 on Messrs. Stilwell, the captain's agent. As my mess money had been paid in advance for several months I did not really require any money; but being told it was the right thing to do, I proceeded to draw my bill of exchange as the others did, and following the example of my messmates, though in some trepidation, as I had rather hazy notions on the subject of bills, I presented myself at the captain's cabin door with my bill, and told the sentry to ask for an audience; but I was nonsuited, as, after waiting for some time, "Charley Wise" suddenly came out of his

cabin, and probably knowing how matters stood, he asked me what I wanted, as "I had just left my mother's apron strings," a favourite expression of his, and I was obliged to wait for a more convenient season.

I mention this, as in those days it certainly required some forethought in a youngster of thirteen or fourteen to make provision for the payment of his mess, wine, extras, servant, washing, and pocket-money, for the next three months, and many failed to meet their liabilities, getting into trouble and becoming hopelessly insolvent. In such cases the threat always was that they would be turned out of their mess, and made to mess on their chests on ship's provisions, and if I recollect rightly this was done in the "Queen" in one or two instances. It was some twenty years later that the Admiralty took the matter in hand, the parents paying £50 a year to the Accountant-General of the Navy, the pay and private allowance being paid monthly by the paymaster in the current coin of the station; while in the case of the midshipmen the paymaster pays all the mess bills, merely handing over the surplus to the youngsters.

To return to the "Queen." We did not stay long in Malta, but proceeded to Corfu, where we found Sir William Parker's squadron of, I think, five line-of-battle ships; the admiral shifted his flag from the "Caledonia" to the "Queen," and we landed Lady Ward, the wife of Sir Henry Ward, the Lord High Commissioner, who had come out with us.

The line-of-battle ships were, if my memory serves me right, the "Caledonia" and "Howe," three-deckers; the "Prince Regent," "Vengeance," and "Powerful," two-deckers; with the "Thetis" frigate, and a good many steam frigates and sloops. From Corfu we went to Besika Bay and the Dardanelles to support the Turks in their refusal to give up Hungarian refugees, and thence we went to Salamis Bay, on account of the Don Pacifico business, which created some stir at the time in Parliament, Lord Palmerston being violently attacked for his coercion of Greece, as we established a blockade of the Piræus, seizing all the Greek merchant vessels, mostly brigs Each line-of-battle ship

had possession of several brigs, and our senior midshipmen were delighted to have charge of a brig, where they lived as they pleased, mostly in idleness, while they were able to indulge in spirits, which were not allowed in the "Queen's" gun room. We youngsters used to pull round in a gig and take our prize masters' provisions from the mess, and I am ashamed to confess that on one occasion I was so well treated by my independent friends that I was quite overcome, in fact, very drunk, much to my disgrace and dire terror of the consequences. I believe the whole affair was known to "Charley Wise," who looked daggers at me the next day; but he probably guessed that it was not mainly my fault, and he never said anything to me on the subject. It certainly was a lesson to me, and it had a good effect, for I have scarcely touched spirits since.

I remember well that winter in Salamis Bay. It was very trying, the weather being often bad, and sometimes bitterly cold.

I was lucky enough to get great credit on one occasion with the admiral. It was my middle watch, and blowing hard, the ship being inclined to drag down on the "Howe," when Sir William Parker, who slept in a cot in the fore cabin, sent for the "mate of the watch," and the officer of the watch sent the senior midshipman of the watch—who kept watch in the entry port on the middle deck, and perhaps had been keeping it mainly in a recumbent position—in to him. Shortly afterwards a message came for the junior youngster of the watch, and in fear and trembling I was sent down to comply with the unusual order. It was dark in the cabin, except a purser's dip in a horn lantern, and I did not see that anyone else was there. I was at once asked if it was blowing hard, and the direction of the wind. I confess I was not quite sure about the latter, but I said I believed it was N.W. I was immediately asked where the "Howe" was, and I said right astern. Sir William Parker then burst out at my unlucky watch mate, who I found near me, saying that he had sent for the "mate of the watch," who knew nothing, whereas the junior youngster had told him all he wanted to know. This was

my first experience of "a wigging," and has been my standard of that nautical phenomenon ever since.

It was rather a dreary time, as one could only land on an island; but we did a good deal of boat sailing between Salamis Bay and the Piræus. Our boom boats used to go into the Piræus to water, the filling up with water being, in sailing days, the greatest want, as, of course, there was no distilling. In the "Queen" we had two tiers of iron tanks holding 500 tons, but, except in cases of necessity, the lower tier were always kept full, as they were wanted for ballast; so that I believe they were never used all the commission, the water taken in at Plymouth being run out on our return to England three years later.

We were forced in those days to economise water, full allowance being one gallon per man, or five tons a day for our complement, which was roughly 1,000 men, including the admiral's retinue. In harbour there was usually a free tank, which meant that men could drink as much as they liked; but washing water was always strictly limited. When there was a free tank our expenditure was seven tons a day.

I need not relate the changes which took place from time to time in our squadron; but the "Ganges" had taken the place of the "Prince Regent," and during some bad weather ending in snow, which lasted for three days, her pinnace coming off with water missed stays and got ashore on the Island of Leipso, not far from the "Queen." As boats often remained in the Piræus, where the "Odin," a steam frigate, was lying, when bad weather overtook them, no anxiety was felt for some time, and when at last it was ascertained that the boat had left the harbour some three days before, search parties were sent ashore and the remnant of the crew were discovered, the larger part having died of cold and starvation.

The crew consisted of Lieut. Breen, Midshipman Chatfield, and sixteen men, of whom the lieutenant and eleven men died. Chatfield, now a retired admiral, had a narrow escape, his legs being terribly frost-bitten, but he recovered.

The following is Admiral Chatfield's description of the disaster:—

"On Thursday, January, 31, 1850, the pinnace of H.M.S. "Ganges" left the Piræus with water casks for the ship, which was lying in Salamis Bay. A gale of wind was blowing, with blinding snowstorms, and the ships in Salamis Bay were striking lower yards and topmasts.

"The boat contained Lieut. Breen, Mr. Chatfield, midshipman, and sixteen men. On getting outside the Piræus the boat shipped a good deal of water, and on trying to tack, beating out to the Fleet, the boat filled, and capsized about a mile off the Isle or rock of Leipso. Everyone clung on to the boat, which was drifting towards the rock. Mr. Chatfield stripped to his singlet and drawers and struck out for the rocks, which he reached much exhausted and cut about by the rocks in landing. It was then dark, and blowing and snowing hard; two men had got on shore before him. It was bitterly cold, and freezing hard; they huddled together and waited for the boat with Lieut. Breen and some of the men. Lieut. Breen told them all to lie as close as possible all together, and try and keep warm, which they did, and passed a terrible night. In the morning one man was frozen dead and the rest not much better; it was only by rubbing their legs hard they could get up and walk.

"Mr. Chatfield went off with five men, and fortunately found a small cave that they could just squeeze into, where they remained all that day and the next night. On the morning of the second day they were picked up by the search party under Lieut. Dunlear, almost insensible and unable to move; they were carried on board, frost-bitten in their legs and fingers. The five men all lost toes and fingers, and although Mr. Chatfield escaped that loss, he was in bed for five weeks, and for several years afterwards he suffered terribly from rheumatism. Lieut. Breen and the rest of the men (twelve) were all dead when found. The five men and their officer who survived were doubtless saved by finding the small cave in the rocks."

It would be tedious did I attempt to give a summary of

our log, of which I retain my midshipman's copy, or to give any detailed account of our cruises; but we cruised about in the Mediterranean a good deal, generally with the squadron, visiting various ports, chiefly in the western basin of the Mediterranean, and spending a considerable part of the year in Malta harbour. Nor was there much to remark in the routine of a midshipman's life. I was generally well and happy, but in 1851 I got Malta fever rather badly, just as I was passing for a midshipman, and I think I aggravated the malady through not going on the sick list till after I had passed. Admiral and Lady Parker, who were living ashore at what is still the admiral's house in Strada Mezzodi at Valetta, took me in for about three weeks, and I used to ride with the admiral and the Misses Parker occasionally, which was a pleasant change from gun-room fare and accommodation. But though I did not feel very ill, I could not shake off the fever, and after I had twice fainted and had had to take to my bed, I was sent to the Naval Hospital, where I recovered in due course; but I was so weak and pulled down that I remember I was weighed against a Newfoundland dog belonging to one of the doctors of the hospital, the dog being the heavier, and it was long before a sea cruise and being on "the night list"—*i.e.* I did not have to keep night watch—helped me to recover my normal health.

I may here mention that in Sir William Parker's time much attention was given to the health of the ships' companies, and that their health was remarkably good generally. The sick list of each ship was generally shown by signal at 8 o'clock every morning.

When one considers what service in a line-of-battle ship meant then, and the close way in which men were packed in comparatively small ships, it seems to me curious that the sick lists were so small. The "Queen" was considered a roomy ship, and her decks were fairly high, but she had about 350 men berthed on the lower deck, 250 on the middle deck, and 200, chiefly boys, on the main deck. The middle and main decks were not so bad, as parts of them were kept clear of hammocks, being officers' quarters, etc., and their ports could be generally open; but the lower deck was

crowded with hammocks, and the lower deck ports were carefully closed and "barred in" at sea before the rounds at 9 p.m. in all weathers, this no doubt being a necessary precaution, so that the only ventilation was down the hatchways. Fortunately, at sea one watch, or nearly half the ship's company, were always on deck, so that the crowding was not so great as appears on the face of the above figures. If my memory serves me right, the service allowance of space between the hooks on which the hammocks were hung was only fourteen inches, though fifteen inches were given if possible. From the above it will be evident that much care and attention had to be bestowed on the berthing of the ship's company, every available space being made use of in the fore cockpit, tiers, etc.

The only serious sickness I remember in the "Queen" was in September, 1850, when we had an outbreak of cholera and lost about fifty men in a fortnight. It began at Malta, but we were promptly sent to sea to cruise off the port. The cholera was almost entirely confined to the men, and chiefly to the forecastle men who slept in the fore part of the ship, only one officer being attacked, who recovered. In those days we were not quite so particular as to either nationality or colour as we are now, when all the seamen are entered as boys; and if my memory is correct we had nine coloured men in the "Queen," eight of whom died of cholera. The man who did not die was a pure negro, a cook's mate, his official name being "Black Jim," and he and others naturally thought that he would follow the majority, so that his state was pitiable, though to the astonishment of all and of Black Jim himself specially, he escaped. So much for memory; but on looking into my log I fear I must spoil my story, as I find that Black Jim did die after all; he escaped our first bout of cholera at the end of June, but was one of the first victims of our second and more severe attack in September.

Whilst referring to accommodation, it may be well to mention the arrangements for officers. To begin from the top. The portion of the ship under the poop belonged generally to the captain, though there were some cabins occupied by the flag lieutenant, admiral's secretary, master—I

think—and others. Then on the main deck the accommodation was reserved for the admiral, and must have been fairly roomy, as Lady Parker and three Misses Parker were often on board. This family arrangement, which was usual at that time, was put a stop to a few years later, as it was said that the admiral on the East Indian station would not take his flagship, a line-of-battle ship, to Rangoon, at the commencement of the Burmese war. I remember that there were a good many cabins on the main deck, and I think they were occupied principally, if not entirely, by the admiral's family and staff.

On the middle deck was the ward room, occupied by officers of ward room rank. These consisted of the commander, six lieutenants, master, three marine officers, chaplain and naval instructor, paymaster or purser, and surgeon. We were only allowed six lieutenants, the first lieutenant, gunnery lieutenant, and four watch keepers, though we often had supernumeraries, and on our passage out I remember there were two lieutenants in each watch, the junior keeping watch on the forecastle.

In the "Queen" the flag lieutenant also messed in the ward room at sea. There were cabins on each side of the ward room, and others outside on the middle deck, most of which, as well as some on the main deck, had guns in them which were practically never worked, the "cabin's gun crews" being used to fill up vacancies in the other guns. But I shall have something to say about the guns and gunnery later. To return now to accommodation. We next come to the lower deck, the after part of which formed the gun room, which contained two guns. There were no cabins on the lower deck, but once a month all bulkheads were taken down, the gun-room table disappeared, and the principal gun deck was clear fore and aft, all the guns being worked.

Those entitled to mess in the gun room were the mates, second masters, assistant surgeons, midshipmen, passed clerks and clerks, master's assistants, and naval cadets. When I joined the service the assistant surgeons, as they were then called, messed in the gun room, but after much agitation on the subject they were made ward room officers and given cabins. I think this was in 1851.

We had three assistant surgeons, and though they were capital messmates, and I feel personally indebted to one of them for special acts of kindness, I was glad to see them go into the ward room, as they were men of twenty-five or more.

Having got down now as low as the lower deck there remains only the orlop deck, which consisted of the fore and after cockpits, the tiers containing the huge hemp cables then considered necessary, and right aft the bread room. There were many cabins on the orlop deck, both in the fore and after cockpit, the warrant officers' cabins being in the fore cockpit. The warrant officers consisted of only three, the gunner, boatswain and carpenter; they had no mess, and messed by themselves in their own cabins. The gun room officers, as I have mentioned before, slept in hammocks over their chests in the cockpit.

It may be here advisable to refer to the dimensions of the "Queen." This I have to do from memory, though I am pretty confident that they are correct.

She was 204 feet long between perpendiculars, 247 feet over all from taffrail to knightheads. Her extreme beam or breadth was 60 feet, and she drew 26 feet water. The height of the mainmast, truck to water line, was 240 feet. Her mainyard was 111 feet long, foreyard 96 feet, and maintopsail-yard 78 feet. She was a modified Symondite—the name given to ships built by Sir William Symonds when Controller of the Navy—and a wonderfully good sailer for a three-decker, carrying her guns well. If I remember right her lower deck ports were 6 feet 6 inches from the water, this being considerably higher than most of the three-deckers of the period.

I well remember a certain general quarters when we were running up to the Dardanelles, and there was some sea on, when we triumphantly fought our guns to "Charley Wise's" great satisfaction, the "Howe" and "Caledonia" not daring to open their ports; but the green seas which flooded the lower deck, washing me nearly off my legs, for I belonged at that time to the foremost lower deck quarters, showed how little superiority we had to boast of.

now come to the armament. The "Queen" carried

116 guns, all the guns being, of course, smooth bore. Our lower deck battery consisted entirely of 8-in. 65 cwt. guns, an unusual armament at that time, when 32-pounders were still the heaviest guns carried in line-of-battle ships. On the middle deck we carried long 32-pounders of 56 cwt., on the main deck 32-pounders of 42 cwt., and on the upper deck mostly 25 cwt. 32-pounders on slides or improved carronades, which we called "gunades," with a few 42 cwt. 32-pounders.

It was a formidable battery, and now that gunnery has become so supremely important it may be interesting to describe as correctly as I can naval gunnery as it presented itself to us in the "Queen."

It was certainly not neglected. The guns were, of course, on trucks, and worked by handspikes and tackles; there was little polish work, even the linch-pins not being polished. Guns were kept clean and free from rust, locks kept in good order and vents clear. We had general quarters once a week, regularly on Friday, and divisional quarters by the officer of the quarters at times in the forenoons. At general quarters, Lethbridge, afterwards Admiral Lethbridge, the gunnery lieutenant, drilled all the guns, after which officers exercised their own quarters.

There was much smartness and rivalry. Guns were dismounted frequently, but the great evolution was three rounds of quick firing, "ships lying yard arm to yard arm," as "Charley Wise" expressed it, these three rounds being usually fired in about a minute.

The guns were fired by what was then called a trigger line, with a lock and detonating tube, sights marked to degrees being used and quoins for elevating, shell both with time fuses and Moorsom shell to burst on impact, as well as, of course, solid shot, though the lower deck guns fired a hollow shot weighing, I think, 56 lbs. We went to night quarters regularly once in each quarter.

These details are of only technical interest, and I must not continue them; but I may as well recall an amusing incident connected with night quarters.

We were cruising at the time somewhere near Malta

with the squadron, the admiral being on board. The usual custom at night quarters was for each gun to fire a blank cartridge as soon as the powder could be got from the magazine and the gun had been cleared and loaded; but it had struck Sir William Parker that this practice naturally led to indiscriminate firing without method or aim. There was no signal for an exercise of night quarters, but a special signal had been arranged, and, on this being made, captains were ordered to open a certain confidential letter of instructions. It was my middle watch when the signal was made, and we naturally beat off—the drum was always used then—to quarters. "Charley Wise" rushed to the signal office with his letter, and, as he had difficulty in making it out by a purser's dip in a horn lantern, I helped to read it. The order was that no gun was to be fired till all the guns were loaded and the ship cleared for action, when broadsides were to be delivered. Accordingly, I was sent down to communicate this instruction to the officers of each quarter, but this took some time in the darkness and confusion, and before I returned on deck several guns were fired. The admiral was pacing the poop in high dudgeon at this failure of his instructions, and, as I was his midshipman A.D.C., I was in close attendance.

As each gun fired, he was extremely indignant, crying "Oh, for shame! My flagship!" and so on, but at length there was a lull and the broadsides were duly fired; but the admiral was not to be appeased, and he insisted on seeing the miscreant who had fired the first gun. He was at length found, and he turned out to be a fine old sailor—Daniel Bryant, I think, was his name—who was captain of the afterguard. The admiral naturally abused him in no measured terms as he stood bare-headed, not daring to go away, asking him "if he was firing at the moon;" and he finished by asking him what ship he had served in last, where he could have learnt such bad practices. The answer was the "Hibernia," the admiral's last flagship, which had been in very good order. This naturally somewhat staggered the admiral, who, after another turn of his quarter-deck walk, turned

again to Bryant, saying, "And what ship were you in before that, sir?" Again the answer was an awkward one, for it came promptly, "The Cornwallis, sir," the admiral's flagship in China in the China war, and as a matter of fact this man had been with the admiral for the last ten years.

I could not help being amused, and, in fact, the man was not to blame, for he was captain of one of the guns always kept loaded on the main deck to enforce signals, so that he had no occasion to wait for powder or even for his gun to be cast loose, and naturally he blazed away long before any order had reached him.

I shall speak of smartness aloft in its proper place; but I may here refer to smartness in clearing for action, especially at night. The latter was a great ordeal in an old line-of-battle ship, for all the messes had "lower deck guns for a messmate," as the expression was; that is, that the mess tables and stools were placed between the guns, and had to be triced up to the beams or sent below on clearing for action. At night quarters all hammocks had to be brought on deck and stowed in the nettings the guns cleared and loaded, fighting lanterns lit, the magazines opened, and powder passed up. This naturally required great organisation and smartness, and was a scene of extraordinary confusion for a few minutes, to which modern ships offer no comparison. I think I am right in saying that the "Queen" on one occasion cleared for action at night quarters in ten minutes, which was really a wonderful performance.

The really interesting event of those days was "trial of sailing" between the respective ships, the usual signal being to "chase to windward." The "Ganges" at one time, and the "Superb" at another, were our crack sailing line-of-battle ships; but we were always proud of the "Queen's" sailing for a three-decker, and on one occasion off Malta, in a fair working breeze we managed to beat the "Superb." Much can be done by trimming the ship to make her sail, and in the "Queen" we had a tube

fitted on the orlop deck which showed the trim of the ship at sea, which, perhaps I should explain, means her comparative draught of water forward and aft, or how much she sat by the stern. Of course, various devices were resorted to to improve sailing, the most common being to run the bow and stern guns out of bow and quarter ports further towards the middle of the ship to relieve extremities, and it was not unusual to make the watch below turn into their hammocks with a thirty-two-pounder shot in each hammock. But in those sailing days jockeying to make a ship sail was a fine art, and some captains were noted jockeys.

The man who attained the greatest success as a jockey was George Elliot, afterwards Admiral Sir George Elliot, who as commanding the "Eurydice" and "Phaeton," had generally succeeded in beating his rival, the fine sailor Tommy Symonds, afterwards Admiral of the Fleet, Sir Thomas Symonds, who sailed his father's Symondite ships the "Spartan" and "Arethusa."

After the trials of the frigate squadron under Commodore Martin, in which there had been great rivalry between the "Phaeton" and "Arethusa," the former was sent to the Mediterranean, and it was beautiful to see how she hauled out of the line to windward on the signal being made to chase, and was soon well in the wind's eye of the line-of-battle ships.

This is a tempting subject to old sailors; but I can only touch on it here as it is mainly of technical interest. I will only remark how reluctant we were to acknowledge the power of steam, and that the poetry of sails and sailing ships was leaving us; and though I shared fully the prejudices against steam and steamers at that time—"smoke jacks," we called them, pitying the midshipmen who had to serve in them—I could not help seeing that with the advent of the screw propeller, the days of sailing vessels were numbered.

I remember this coming specially home to me on the occasion of a certain trial of sailing in 1851. The Mediterranean Squadron had recently been joined by the

"La Hogue," one of the old 74's fitted with auxiliary steaming power, one of a class afterwards known as the block ships, several of whom did good service in the Baltic. She was a full rigged vessel and was sailing with the squadron in a trial of sailing, of course with her screw raised. It was a good working breeze, and the "Superb," which was sailing very well, was well to windward of the "Queen," while "La Hogue" was to leeward. About noon the "La Hogue" was ordered to get up steam, and though only capable of steaming about six knots, by five o'clock she had overhauled the "Superb," the admiral almost sorrowfully remarking, that possibly by keeping off the wind, the "Superb" might have escaped her; but it was evident that a ship fitted with little better than rudimentary steam power would even in a fresh breeze overhaul a smart sailing ship, and one could not fail to perceive that sails were practically doomed.

Let me now say a few words on the question of "smartness," a term which means much in the navy, chiefly denoting not appearance, but general efficiency, and especially in those days more than half a century ago, quickness in evolutions aloft. The idea was, of course, that a ship which had had a sail split in chase, or a spar shot away in action ought to be able to replace it smartly, though undoubtedly "drill aloft" was a means of stimulating *esprit de corps*, and teaching both officers and men. The rivalry between ships was enormous, and led often to serious rows on shore, the great ambition of every ship being to hoist a cock as denoting that their ship was superior in all respects, this emblem being in consequence strictly forbidden to be displayed under any circumstances.

The "Queen" was undoubtedly a very smart ship, our principal rivals being first the "Caledonia" and afterwards the "Superb," "Bully" Dickson being commander of the former, and "Paddy" Boyd commander of the latter—both very smart men. And then, as now, it was the duty of the commander as senior executive officer to arrange details of organisation, and "carry on" or give the requisite orders.

There have been, and no doubt still are, many smart ships

in the navy, though of recent years coaling records, laying out anchors, torpedo nets and gunnery exercises have taken the place of work aloft; but it is certain that the "Queen" was really a smart ship, and that some of the times in which evolutions were performed are so marvellous as to make one feel almost doubtful as to their accuracy. Yet I firmly believe that they were correctly taken, and that my memory is not at fault in the times mentioned.

I will only mention two or three. First, there was great rivalry between the "Caledonia" and the "Queen" in the earlier part of our commission, and she was certainly smart aloft though there was little discipline, and I recollect seeing "Happy 'Caledonia,' and no flies," rudely painted in white letters on the rocks near the ships in the grand harbour at Malta, which we called the little dockyard, as boats were hauled up there occasionally for repair or cleaning out. Our system was different. There was little of the "Go-as-you-please" about our style in the "Queen," and this difference of discipline enhanced the rivalry of the two ships. However, I admit that the "Old Cally," or "Calliburnia" as the men called her, ran us very close in drills, and she was certainly not to be despised as a rival.

It was in Malta, in 1850-51, that we quite disposed of her pretensions, and relegated her to the second place. The two special occasions which occur to me were the "sending up lower yards and topmasts" after they had been struck on account of bad weather—which my non-nautical readers must take my word for was a very heavy piece of work—and "shifting topmasts," which is the heaviest drill possible, as it meant changing the three principal masts above the lower masts for the spare spars which were stowed among the booms on the deck.

Let me now turn to the times. On one memorable occasion the "Queen" sent up lower yards and topmasts and crossed topgallant yards in 4 mins. 45 secs., the "Caledonia" taking 5 mins. 30 secs.; and in shifting topmasts, which we only did once, we were 1 hour 23 mins., beating all the other ships by more than an hour I think. An amusing incident occurred after this last success. Our men had determined, orders not-

withstanding, that if we were first ship, as we expected to be when this grand "exercise" took place, a cock should be hoisted, and the midshipman of the maintop, poor Joe H., who afterwards had to leave the service, was a party to the scheme, so that a cock was in readiness in the hen-coops on the main deck, which was duly sent for when it was seen that we were well ahead.

It was safely brought aloft by a stout boy under his frock, and hoisted to the truck by the top halliards, where it fluttered furiously for some half a minute, when "Charley Wise" observed it; but under the circumstances he was too pleased, and sympathised too much with the men to treat it as a breach of discipline, so he contented himself with hailing the main top to "haul that d——d pheasant down." So after all we were not supposed to have disobeyed orders, the "pheasant" was again returned to the hen coop, and all hands were pleased; while I believe that the other ships were so occupied with their unfinished evolution that they scarcely noticed it.

This subject of drills and competitive evolutions is a tempting one, for it was the salt of our life, and I know that I was full of enthusiasm, though we never made use of such a word on the subject. I remember being signal midshipman one dirty breezy morning, about 7.30, with a "gregale" (the N.N.E. wind which blows right into the Grand Harbour at Malta) brewing, when a signal was made from the Palace Tower on shore, whence signals were often made, but very seldom those directing evolutions. I read the number of the signal, which I can remember now, 512 I think, and it struck me as an evolutionary signal, so I called to the signalman to bring the signal book, but he was an old hand, and said at once "It is down lower yards and topmasts"; he seemed so sure of this that I at once looked for the officer of the watch to report it, but he was rather a lazy man, and as he was not in evidence in the quarter deck I screamed out, "Hands down, lower yards and topmasts," which the bo's'n's mate immediately piped, and I was quite frightened at my own temerity. We had no gear rove, and had not expected it, but in ten minutes

everything was struck, we were an easy first, and I got credit for my bold initiative, for of course I had no right to give the order myself without authority.

Just one more drill recollection. We always took in one reef of the topsails after quarters at sea, and this took about a minute, the yard arm men swinging out by the top gallant studding sail halliards to save time, and I shall never forget the rush when "hoist away" was ordered almost before the men were all off the yard. We were pretty sure to be first, but the "Superb" was running us very close, and a new system of reefing having been introduced it was found that when she had topsails fitted with beckets or reef lines our men could not compete with her when our topsails were fitted with reef points in the old way. At that time I think most of the ships in the Mediterranean had one set fitted in the modern way, so our men came on deck and asked to be allowed to shift topsails and be on even terms with the "Superb," which was done, and we reasserted our superiority. Our usual times for reefing with all hands in fine weather was under fifty seconds—I think generally forty-eight seconds. We could reef with the watch in about 1 minute 5 seconds, and I was very proud of superintending the mizen mast as poop midshipman on such occasions.

I have alluded incidentally to discipline and the different methods adopted in different ships. It was certainly not red tape or stereotyped; everything was left to the captain, and if he was at all arbitrary much depended on his mood.

"Charley Wise" no doubt was arbitrary, and I have seen a man flogged for not wearing a hat ribbon. I should say, of course, for disobedience of orders, which was an elastic phrase covering a multitude of minor misdemeanours when an example had to be made; yet I think the men rather liked the captain, who, with all his severity and occasional injustice, had much sympathy with them and understood them, while all admitted his fine seamanlike qualities. In these ships, with their large complements, the seamen always expected to have a watch below both at sea and harbour, and they always got it in the "Queen." When the royals were set a sub-

division of the topmen kept watch in each top ready to furl the upper sails. Now no ship would dream of allowing the men a watch below in harbour, as there are plenty of drills to be carried out. On the other hand, they now go on shore much more often; in the days of which I am writing leave was given very irregularly, and frequently the men were kept on board for months and then given three days' leave so that they might have ample time to get drunk and sober again.

We thought we were very particular about dress. Lieutenants wore epaulettes, cocked hats, and swords at divisions on Sundays; the middies swallow-tailed coats; the men were clean and well dressed generally, but uniformity of pattern was not insisted on, and at night any dress was allowed. Some men were in fur caps or lammy (blanket) suits. Many of our older men wore earrings or short curls in front, and they would have been much astonished had any exception been taken to these idiosyncrasies. I am afraid a good many officers drank more than was good for them, though I scarcely remember to have seen an officer drunk in the "Queen." The men were generally sober enough on board, as they were sure to be flogged for drunkenness; but there was much drunkenness when they went on shore.

In those days there were ships notoriously known as being "wet ships," that is, that there was much drunkenness among officers and men. These were chiefly brigs and small craft, and I could mention two "wet ships" which were lost with all hands, to no one's astonishment.

I have already spoken of cleanliness of the ship. The decks were beautifully clean, owing to frequent holystoning, and woe be to the midshipman of the watch if a swab tail or rag was found under one of the guns; but enough attention was not given to keeping the bilges sweet, water was let in occasionally, the ship was rolled and pumped out by chain pumps often at the close of general quarters. It was the duty of the midshipmen of the watch to have the deck constantly swept, and I recollect our smart mate of the upper deck, poor Joe H., saying that it was the eighth wonder of the world that there was always some

dust however often the deck was swept. The proper lashing up and stowing of hammocks was considered of much importance, and the midshipman of the watch had to pay great attention to the stowage of the hammocks, while each midshipman had charge of a particular "netting," which he had to see cleared when the hammocks were piped down at 7.30. This was a heavy pull on a youngster who had to keep the first watch, 8 to 12, as he had no sooner reported his hammocks down to the commander than he had to go on deck again to keep his watch.

We went regularly to divisions (a morning parade) at 9 a.m., the divisions being according to parts of the ship, and to quarters at the guns in the evening.

Saturdays were not given up to cleaning, as now, but squaring ratlines and repairs of rigging were attended to.

In Malta we kept sails unbent, sails being bent on Monday morning for exercise aloft, Monday being our general drill day. It was in Sir W. Martin's time, some ten years later, that Sunday was made more of a day of rest, as much cleaning as possible being done on Saturday.

In the "Queen" we always holystoned decks, I think, on Sunday morning, which meant turning out at 4 or 4.30 a.m. and it was a rush to have everything clean by 9.30, so that there was some point in the old sailor's saw:

> "Six days shalt thou labour and do more than thou art able,
> And on the seventh holystone the decks and black the cable."

Let me turn now to the officers, and, first, the admiral, Sir William Parker, Bart., "the last of Nelson's captains," as his flag-lieutenant, afterwards Sir Augustus Phillimore, justly described him, as he had served under Nelson, commanding the "Amazon" frigate from 1802 to 1811, during which time he had seen much service and made not a little prize money, his principal exploit having been the capture of the French frigate "Belle Poule" in 1806, a vessel of similar force to the "Amazon." When I served with him he was still active, though sixty-seven years of age, and he had seen much service as a flag officer, having commanded in the China war: and he had already held the Mediterranean command for three years

when he hoisted his flag in the "Queen." He was certainly a good sailor and an able commander of the fleet. Personally, he was very kind to me, and I was for some time his A.D.C. and midshipman of the double-banked galley which he generally used, though he had a barge for State occasions. All the "Queen's" officers were supposed to be followers of Sir William Parker, and, as he considered that "smoking led to drinking," all the wardroom officers agreed, on joining, not to smoke; the gunroom officers simply were not allowed to do so. The "captain's orders" put this rather lamely, saying that it was "dangerous to smoke anywhere but in the galley, where the officers would be too much in contact with the men," so that smoking was prohibited; but all the same, the men smoked, and, naturally, they were not all accommodated in the galley.

As I remember Sir William Parker he was a rather short, sturdy-looking man, a thorough sailor, though like many officers at that day he had at one time spent sixteen years on half-pay. We were all taught to treat the admiral with much respect, and when spoken to by him we always stood with our hats off; but I don't think Sir William Parker cared much for show, and except on special occasions we did not have the guard and band to hoist him in or out of the ship. He was at the time of which I am speaking a vice-admiral, and practically the only vice-admiral we had at that date at all fit for command, either physically or from his professional qualification. In 1852 he was relieved by Rear-Admiral Deans Dundas, who was certainly not nearly so active or competent a man.

I may here refer to Rear-Admiral Sir Lucius Curtis, who was Admiral Superintendent of Malta Dockyard at that time. He took a passage with us once in the "Queen," and being a genial old man he used to tell us youngsters wonderful yarns of "1800 and war time," as we used to call it. He had been captain of the 36-gun frigate "Magicienne," in 1810, which was blown up after grounding at Grand Port, Mauritius, where we lost three other British frigates, the "Sirius," "Iphigenia," and "Nereide," in Captain Pym's unfortunate attack on the French Squadron under Commodore Duperré. He was certainly amusing; but in those

days "efficiency" was little thought of and a remarkably scarce article with flag officers who had spent the greater part of their life on half-pay, with no Paul Pry dockyard papers to prevent rusting or keep up service interest.

Of "Charley Wise" I need not say much here; he was a fine sailor and a kind-hearted man, though he certainly had an ungovernable temper. When anything went wrong aloft or at drill—and even in the "Queen" this did happen sometimes—he would often be very severe, but his favourite relaxation on such occasions was to bite his black silk handkerchief as he walked the poop, exclaiming, "She's the d——st privateer that ever swam the salt seas," which I always thought a decidedly quaint expression. But he had others as queer. I remember on one occasion something went wrong with the main topmast studding rail, which was in charge of the gunner's crew, the chief of which was the gunner's mate, a fine man called "Kit Kingdom," and as "Charley Wise" had lost his temper he kept vowing vengeance against him, saying, "Let my right arm drop out of the socket if I ever recommend him for a warrant," the point of which I did not understand at the time, but it was more clear to me when, a day or two afterwards, the same man was given a gunner's warrant, which he thoroughly deserved, no doubt on "Charley Wise's" recommendation.

Of "Tommy Codd" I have spoken before. He was our commander the first part of the commission, when he left on promotion, having got a death vacancy.

He was rather a small man, and he must have been near fifty; but he could be energetic enough on occasion, and was a good sailor. He had an amusing way of "carrying on." I remember he was especially grand when the anchor was to be catted—*i.e.* hauled up to the cat-head—to the music of a fife, on which occasions he invariably turned to the marine who used this instrument, his orders being, "Haul taut the cat (Drummer, stand by to strike up some lively tune). Away with the cat."

The second part of the commission our commander was William Farquharson Burnett, a very correct, hard-working,

and precise man, who, as commodore on the Australian station, was lost in the wreck of the "Orpheus" on the Manukan bar, New Zealand, in 1863.

He was a fine-looking man; but I confess I did not hold him in great respect, chiefly on account of his slow manner of "carrying on," and his pedantic way of using nautical terms as they are spelt, and not as usually pronounced on board ship, speaking of the "forecastle" and "boatswain" instead of "fo'c's'l" and "bo's'n." But perhaps I had another reason for my dislike, as he considered it his principal duty to worry the midshipmen. I am afraid I was always in trouble with him, though on a certain occasion, when I ought to have been killed on falling into the hold, he showed great kindness and solicitude. Perhaps I may as well tell the story here. It was after our arrival at Portsmouth in 1852. The "Queen" was in dock, and we had been hulked in an old three-decker, the "Camperdown." Her hammock netting being unprovided with hammock cloths, the ship's company's hammocks were stowed on the orlop deck.

I had been three years in the service, and had arrived at the dignity of keeping watch at the entry port on the middle deck. It was my morning watch, and the hammocks were just being lashed up when the commander ordered me to see the hammocks stowed on the orlop deck, which required me to go aft and down two ladders. But, knowing that the men would just be turning out, and that I should have to dodge them as they got out of their hammocks, I bethought me of a more expeditious way of reaching my destination, namely, going down by the wind sail, and as I feared that this not unusual way for me was scarcely orthodox, and would not be approved by the commander, I took advantage of his turning his back for a moment, and, getting on a grating, I jumped rather hurriedly for the wind sail, missed it, and fell down the main hold, about forty feet, on to the huge keelson, which was fortunate, as on either side lay iron ballast, and I should probably have been killed. As it was, I was light, I had on a great coat, and I got off with a severe shaking and a much bruised back. I was in bed for some days in the commander's cabin, till I was well enough

to go home to my friends; nor has it ever troubled me since, but I can feel some tenderness of the back even now. It was a narrow escape; and curiously, some three or four months afterwards a young master's assistant fell down the same hatchway, and was killed on the spot.

Burnett was very fond of haranguing the midshipmen about their duties, but his command of words was not great, and his peroration was invariably as follows: "And if I find these midshipmen will not do their work, I will see if I can make these midshipmen do their duty," the tautology of which, and the certainty that this expression would end the oration, always had an irresistible tendency to make me laugh, though I did all I could to prevent doing so. However, naturally the commander was annoyed, and, turning to me on one occasion, he said, "You seem to make light of it, but I will reduce you to a state of oil; I will bring your nose to the grindstone; I will make you smart for this"—the oil and the grindstone and the smart being represented by a period of standing on the bitts or on deck for punishment. This never troubled me much, and I knew that it was merely a midshipman's row, which did not mean anything, being, in fact, only a passing shower, for which I had chiefly myself to blame.

Of the lieutenants I need not say much, though I could give all their names. They have all long ago joined the majority. John F. Diggens, the first lieutenant, was specially kind and encouraging to me. All the lieutenants except the junior, Lethbridge, the gunnery lieutenant, had been six, seven, or eight years mates, and though Diggens was, I think, only a lieutenant of nine years' standing, when the "Queen" paid off and he was promoted to commander, he must have been about thirty-eight years of age.

I should here mention the master, John Jackson, who was a representative of his class, a good navigator and sailor, but with no pretension to scientific knowledge. He was not a favourite with us youngsters, being rather rough and having little sympathy with our youthful ways.

It may be worth while to look into the question of the paymaster's department and the issue of provisions and

clothing, which was radically changed soon after I had joined the "Queen."

The old system was in force in 1849. Old Nichols, our "paymaster and purser"—invariably called purser in those days, unless it was shortened into the familiar sobriquet of "neep cheese"—was a man of about sixty, and clearly a purser of olden days, a race now fortunately extinct.

I don't know exactly how the system was worked, but the purser had only a nominal pay of about £90 a year, and was expected to have a profit on the issue of provisions and clothing; and I have a vivid recollection of the way in which the purser economised on lights—"purser's dips," as the tallow candles were called. The system was entirely changed about 1851, the names purser and purser's steward, which had earned such an objectionable notoriety among our ship's companies, being replaced by that of paymaster and ship's steward; and of course the paymaster was suitably paid, though the lucrative position held by the purser of the "Queen" could no longer remain a legitimate aspiration.

Then there was our "chaplain and naval instructor," Joseph Ashton Burroughs, who was a clever man, a first-rate naval instructor to those he liked, and not a bad clergyman as naval instructors went. But there was naturally constant war between the naval instructor and the midshipmen, especially the boat midshipmen, whose boats had an extraordinary knack of being "called away" just as school commenced. At that time, soon after 9, the naval instructor used to write in a book the conduct of the midshipmen the previous day, which was then taken up to the captain, who, of course, supported the naval instructor. But the ways of doing so were curious. If a midshipman, for instance, was very careless or slovenly in working his navigation or "college-sheet," as it was called, he was frequently set to do it under the more favourable surroundings of a coil of rope on the quarter-deck! But this was a trifle, as in some other ships I know that midshipmen were expected to do school work, and even examinations, in the quarter-boat or at the masthead. Burroughs was rather amusing when, often in high dudgeon at the proceedings of the youngsters, as they noisily came

into school with their books, he sat down to write his record of the previous day's proceedings: "Very inattentive, noisy and boisterous," being a not uncommon description of a youngster's conduct. If Burroughs went out of school for a few minutes, and on coming back suddenly found a youngster "skylarking," he would address him: "What are you doing, Mr. P.?" "Oh, nothing, sir, nothing," being the answer. Then Burroughs would bring out his book and gravely record, writing fast and reading it out: "Mr. P. doing nothing, by his own admission, all school time." Mr. P. was a lazy and rather impertinent boy who, no doubt, was a trial to his superiors; and I remember well a little passage of arms between him and Burroughs, who had a considerable sense of humour. Says Burroughs: "Now, Mr. P., would you be so good as to attend and to do this?" To which P. replied, in an off-hand way: "All right, sir, I'm not dirty particular"; when B. turned to him, saying, "No, Mr. P., you are dirty without being particular," which was a very well-deserved rebuke. I certainly learnt a good deal from Burroughs, and as I never had the advantage of a naval instructor after my time in the "Queen," I learnt all my navigation from him, and my mathematics were improved.

My experience was not universal, as, like many schoolmasters, he soon got tired of instructing those who did not want to learn.

But enough of the ward room, and I come to the gun room mess. We were about forty altogether, the gun room being in the stern of the ship on the lower deck. Our mess place was roomy enough, with six ports in it, the two foremost ports having guns in them. I think we were fortunate in having passed the time of the old mates, our mates being only of eighteen months' or two years' standing before being promoted; but of the old mates, soured by long detention in a comparatively subordinate position, there were many traditions, such as putting a fork in the beam, which was a signal made at 8.30 or 9 p.m. for all youngsters to leave the mess and turn in—no great hardship, no doubt.

They appear to have been specially numerous and disheartened in the West Indies where they had a grim

toast, which ran as follows: "Bloody wars and sickly seasons; sudden death and quick promotion." However, to return to the "Queen," those days were fortunately past, and we had no bullying in my time; but I may mention here, now that the question of "ragging" in the sister service has been so much talked of, that though I have often heard of "cobbing" in the gun room as a threat, I have never actually seen this discipline carried out, though I think we were specially fortunate in these respects in the "Queen," where "Charley Wise" kept a close eye on the gun room mess. Altogether, I had little to complain of in my messmates, who were mostly good fellows, and I thoroughly enjoyed my midshipmen's days. One's greatest trouble was to keep one's log up, besides watch quarter and station bill correct, this being a big business, necessitating the writing every man's name or number three or four times over for his position in the part of the ship top, etc.; again at the guns, and stations for various evolutions, besides boat's crews, boarders, firemen, pikemen, winchmen, and sail trimmers. There were no ruled logs or watch bills in those days, and the work of keeping these books correct was incessant. We had to muster our watch or quarters by our own books, and any inaccuracy received condign punishment. Talking about logs, our log was supposed to be more or less a copy of the ship's log, though we were allowed to cut it short to some extent. This, however, was somewhat dangerous at times, as the following anecdote will show: We had given a ball at Port Mahon, which I remember enjoying thoroughly, the schottishe being much in evidence, and the Spanish girls very nice. Of course, much preparation had to be made, the guns removed from the quarter deck and so on, the log simply stating, "Employed turning ship into a ball-room," and the next day, "Employed unrigging ballroom," which one of our middies, Basil Hall, a nice, quiet boy, thought fit to put as follows. The first sentence he put as in the log, but for the second, he preferred to put "Employed turning ship into a man-of-war." This appeared to our good captain, always on the look-out for any reflection on

the ship, as a sarcasm, and he was most indignant, saying, "I'd have you to know, Mr. Hall, that the ship is already a man-of-war"; so that poor Hall had a bad time of it, though I believe he thought he had simply paraphrased the log rather neatly.

We had gunnery drill, boatswain drill for knots and splices, and occasionally drill aloft, but not often; nor had we any very thorough seamanship instruction, which we were expected to pick up from hints and personal help from our seniors.

Jewellery in a midshipman was not appreciated, "Charley Wise" especially having a strong objection to it, and, indeed, he never wore any himself. I had had a watch with a gold chain given me when I first went to sea, but I remember a few days after I had joined that the captain strongly objected to the chain, so it, of course, disappeared; but some two years later he suffered much from fever and went home for a change, returning with an albert chain to his watch, and after some hesitation I again produced mine, with the result that he remarked it, saying good-naturedly, "I suppose you think that because the captain wears a gold chain, you may," which I took to be sufficient warrant for my wearing it henceforward, and "Charley Wise" made no further remark, though Burnett called me a "fine gentleman" one day, no doubt on account of the fatal gold chain.

I have already told one story of "Charley Wise" and Basil Hall. The latter had entered the service young and had to wait for age, as he could not pass till he was nineteen, so his mother, who was a friend of the admiral's, had got leave for him from the admiral to spend some months of the winter with her at Rome. Probably the captain had not been consulted on the subject, and I remember his having us all in his cabin and telling us that the admiral had given Basil Hall leave, but that it was a great mistake, that he ought to have remained in the "Queen" learning his profession; and to Hall he concluded as follows: "Well, Mr. Hall, you're going to Italy, and you will probably return beringed and bejewelled, and not worth your salt."

Another *bête noire* of "Charley Wise's" was white kid

gloves; which I must say I never remember to have seen worn at that time, except at dances. I once had occasion to appreciate his objection to white gloves.

We were anchored for a few days in Rosas Bay with the squadron, and, as usual when on a cruise, we were on allowance of water. I was asked to breakfast with the admiral at 8.30, and as top midshipman I had to go into the main-top when yards were being crossed. It was rather warm weather, and the rigging had been blacked down not long before, so in a weak moment I put on an old pair of white kid gloves to keep my hands clean. As I went aloft rather before the men I heard "Charley Wise's" voice hailing in the usual way, "Main rigging, there!" which at first I did not think applied to me, so I took no notice, till I heard it repeated in rather an angry tone, when I looked down; on which "Charley Wise" said: "Take those d——d things off!" and I at once saw in what my offence consisted, so I took my gloves off and threw them overboard, which, I suppose, purged my offence, as I never heard anything more about it; though I fear my hands were not very clean at the admiral's table.

But I have dwelt long enough on the "Queen." My apology must be that she was my first ship; and not only does one's first ship generally give the tone to one's future career and the standard from which to start, but early impressions are the most valuable, as, later on, custom and habit tend to make one so much a part of the machine that things which struck one as strange or odd at first, and which are so to those not in the service, remain unnoticed as quite natural.

I aim, too, at showing something of the navy as it was more than half a century ago, and every year that has passed since has shown some change approaching more towards the navy as it is; so that I have felt bound to dwell on and make the most of my recollections of the navy as it was in 1849–52 in the good ship "Queen," the largest ship in the service and flagship of Sir William Parker, vice-admiral and commander-in-chief on the Mediterranean station.

CHAPTER III.

H.M.S. "SPARTAN." EAST INDIES AND CHINA.

A "Jackass" Frigate—"Billy" Hewett—Our Chinese Tailor—"Jemmy"—Charley Fellowes—The Art of Ship Sailing—The Loss of the "Eurydice" and the "Atalanta"—A "Ruse" and its Sequel—The Cape—"Bully" Wyville—"Batta" Money—Naval Officers' Pay—A Good Story—Our Ship's Company.

If my first ship, the "Queen," made a distinct impression on my character as a naval officer, I was anxious to get real sea experience in a smaller vessel, where there would be fewer officers, and a middy had a chance of being placed in a more responsible position; so as soon as I had somewhat recovered from my accident, it was arranged that I should be appointed to the "Spartan," a Symondite six-and-twenty, commissioning at Devonport for the East Indies and China station, these stations being then united in the same command.

The captain was Sir William Hoste, Bart., son of the hero of Lissa, a junior captain and a young man of thirty-six. He was an officer and a gentleman, as the phrase was, for I am afraid all officers were not gentlemen in those days, and a friend of my uncle's. But his sea experience was small, and his health very indifferent. However, he was a clever man, and undoubtedly he was a good sailor before the end of the "Spartan's" commission.

The "Spartan" hoisted the pennant on June 8th, 1852, and as she paid off on November 14th, 1857, she had a long commission of nearly five and a half years. Sir William Hoste remained in her all the commission. Only three other officers did the same, of which I was one; the others were Arthur Morrell, now Rear-Admiral Arthur Morrell, who joined as third and paid off as first lieutenant, and Drysdale, the master.

But I shall have to touch on the officers later, and

it is more suitable if I give some account of the "Spartan's" fitting out.

I did not go to Devonport till early in July, when the masts were in and the "fitting out" well advanced. The old plan of picking up crews was still in force, the "continuous service" system not having been introduced till 1853; but we had no difficulty in getting men, as the "Queen" and other line-of-battle ships had recently been paid off, and frigates were popular, as the men had their messes on the lower deck, where there were no guns, while in the line-of-battle ships they had, in sailor parlance, "lower deck guns for a messmate," and decidedly an inconvenient one. Some of our best sailors in the "Spartan" had been in the "Queen" with me, and this created a bond of sympathy between us.

The "Spartan" was only 918 tons measurement, 135 feet long, and 40 feet beam. She sat well on the water, and the decks were fairly high, so that she was a roomy ship for a small frigate, and had been a crack sailer in the last commission, when she was commanded by Tommy Symonds (afterwards Admiral of the Fleet Sir Thomas Symonds). However, during my commission she scarcely kept up her character as a smart sailing ship.

Her mainmast truck to water line was, I think, 147 feet, so that she was "all legs and wings," and I was very proud of her.

Sometimes she was called a "Jackass Frigate," but this rather uncomplimentary name we indignantly repudiated, as it properly belonged to an older class, the eight-and-twenty's vessels of 600 to 800 tons, of which it was said that they "could neither fight nor run away"; these latter were very low between decks, the lower deck especially being so low that one had to crawl on hands and knees under the hammocks. As I was hulked on board the "Alligator," at Whampoa, an old eight-and-twenty, I know them pretty well. The "Spartan," on the other hand, sailed well, was a fair height between decks, and had a good armament. The latter consisted of 39-cwt. 32-pounders, and two 52-cwt. 8-in. guns, We had eighteen guns on the main deck, including the 8-in. guns, and the remainder on the upper deck, twenty-six

in all. The captain's cabin was of course aft on the main deck. The lieutenants' mess, then called the "gun room" in a frigate, was on the after part of the lower deck, and the "midshipmen's berth" was also on the lower deck on the starboard side of the steerage. The midshipmen's berth was certainly small and dark, the scuttles being only about 4 in. in diameter, so that lamps were nearly always necessary. In the gun room we had three lieutenants, the master, two doctors (then called surgeon and assistant-surgeon), paymaster, chaplain, and subaltern of marines. The gun room was fairly lighted by the hatchway and skylights.

In the berth we had a good many midshipmen and cadets—eight, I think—one mate, one second master, one master's assistant, three passed clerks or clerks—fourteen in all, quite enough for the space at our disposal. "Billy" Hewett, afterwards Sir William Hewett, V.C., was our senior midshipman, and I recollect being struck with his ambition and determination to get on, which were very marked.

Of the others I need not say much. "Billy" Grove—a son of Mr. Justice Grove, as he afterwards became—was my chum, and I missed him much when he left the ship and the service in 1855. Another was C., not a very creditable character, but clever in various ways. He was well versed in Allison and James, but he had no conception of the good sense or technicalities which go far to make a sailor. He left us towards the end of the commission, and got into the War Office by open competition, being much helped, I believe, by his knowledge of Napoleonic campaigns, which formed part of the examination. He was our *mauvais sujet*, being always in money difficulties, so that washerwomen and native tradesmen, and even boatmen in China, knew him, and our ship had a bad name in consequence of his delinquencies.

One Chinese tailor, Aping by name, who had very vague ideas as to who owed him money, used to buttonhole me, saying, in his pigeon English, "My tinkee you owe me tree dollar harp," or, he would look helplessly into the berth and say, "Disee morning who man pay me?" which innocent remark would generally be received with a storm of derision. For my other messmates I feel bound to say that the delinquent was

nearly always C.; but we did not split, and C. sat tight, even when the poor Chinese washerwoman plaintively appealed to him to pay, saying, "I modder for you makey mend sew button." One other messmate I may mention, Davies, who left the service as a midshipman and joined the Guards, becoming a distinguished general officer. I remember that he and C. used to have many passages of arms, in which I must say that I think that, though all the respectability and good sense was on Davies' side, the wit was mostly on C.'s.

Two of our clerks were very uneducated. One of them, a West countryman, Braddon, commonly called the Bredoon, or "Jemmy," was a strange character, who told us stories of the West country, and one he was very fond of related to what he was pleased to call a "chance come dog," which got him into some trouble with the law. He used to sing us a curious song about "Three West countrymen," which was quite unfit for publication, but which I always thought must be the original of one of Caldecott's most amusing rhymes. Eventually he tried to pass for paymaster, and failed, after which he went home vowing vengeance against the paymasters who had plucked him "if he caught 'em in the West country." One of our middies, C., whom I have referred to above, was certainly not famous for his good looks. I remember Braddon rushing into the berth with a natural history book in his hand, saying, "I'll tell you now for all the world what C. is like." Of course, we said, "What is it, Jemmy?" when he repeated the same thing, and then said, "Like an ouranoutan man." "A what?" we said; and then, after looking at the picture, we found that he meant an orang-outang, of which creature he probably had not heard before. One of our other clerks was almost equally ignorant, though less amusing. He had to make out a paper for the captain to sign, discharging a man, so he put "discharged at 'is own request," on which he was ignominiously kicked out of the captain's cabin, and he innocently appealed to me, with the paper in his hand, asking what he had done wrong! In one of our messmates, J. D. Rogers, a master's assistant, we had one who had the gift of making us intimately acquainted with most of his previous messmates, and, curiously enough, I feel that I can recognise the truth of some

of Admiral Sir W. Kennedy's stories of the "Rodney," from Rogers' pictures. One of his stories about a middy who had served with him in the "Frolic" brig makes a neat comparison picture to Tichborne's translation of *laus deo semper*, as in looking at the Royal Arms the middy read the motto *Dieu et mon droit*, and, on a messmate telling him that he could not translate it, he did so as follows, "*Dieu* the lion, *et* and, *mon droit* the unicorn."

But I have, after all, gossiped about my messmates, and have almost forgotten the lieutenants in the gun room. Charley Fellowes, our first lieutenant, who died when in command of the Channel Squadron in 1885, was a fine-looking man and a first-rate sailor, with a grand voice and a commanding way of "carrying on" or giving orders; but he was very fond of power, impulsive, and not always fair, so that we had our ups and downs in his good graces. As an instance, I may mention that I had done something which pleased him at Madeira, I think, though I really don't remember what, but he astonished me by pointing me out as an example to my brother midshipmen; only a few weeks later my pride was taken down by his again singling me out, but this time as a warning, for some small dereliction of duty, though I cannot recollect what I had done. When we were in his bad books he would take one up to the captain and insist on the culprit, if a middy, being disrated, and I really think I was the only one who escaped disrating, chiefly owing to my being a friend of the captain's. It was amusing to hear the opinions of the captain and first lieutenant of each other, though they managed to get on well enough.

I have heard the former say that Fellowes was a first-rate boatswain; but he hinted, rather unfairly, that he was not much of a gentleman, while the first lieutenant said that Billy Hoste might be a very good man in a drawing-room but that he was not quite in his right place on board ship. This is perhaps putting it mildly, but it represents substantially the opinion each had of the other. Charley Fellowes was unquestionably a very able man, and he had a knack of making anyone who differed from him look ridiculous before all the ship's company, about which I could tell you more yarns, but I

think I have said enough. The second lieutenant, Wrey, did not stay long with us. The third lieutenant, Arthur Merrell, was a smart and very good-looking young lieutenant—I hope I shall not make him blush if he reads this. He remained in the ship all the commission, and for the last two years he was first lieutenant. Drysdale, the master, was a good navigator, and he, too, saw the commission out. Of the other gun room officers I will only mention our surgeon, Pickthorne, who was a good officer, a man of culture, and a decided addition to the lieutenant's mess. The chaplain left us at Hong Kong, and we did not have one the latter part of the commission.

We had no naval instructor, but the second master, Sarratt, gave us instruction in navigation occasionally; he was a good navigator, but he knew little mathematics, and he promptly told the captain that I knew more than he did, so I was not much troubled with school.

But to return to the "Spartan." I ought to have known her well, as I spent nearly five and a half years in her; but I think I remember the "Queen" better. Of course, both as midshipman, mate, and lieutenant I kept a good many watches in her, and had a good grounding in practical seamanship. She was certainly a handy craft, and a fair sea boat, though she could roll a great deal. I have given her dimensions and armament; the only other detail of importance is the question of water. If I remember rightly she only carried about sixty tons of water, and as our crew was 230 at the full allowance rate of one gallon per man a day, we required about one and a quarter tons, so that in a long cruise water had to be economised, there being no condensing in those days.

We were, I think, fifty-five days between Madeira and the Cape, so that our allowance was reduced to half a gallon a day, a severe privation when on salt grub in the tropics.

How little the navy of fifty years ago had changed since Marryat's days is shown by an experience of my own when the "Spartan" was lying in Plymouth Sound ready for sea, which almost exactly repeated one of Marryat's stories in "Peter Simple." He represents Peter Simple, then a

midshipman, in charge of a cutter going to Mutton Cove to bring off the last officers, mess gear, and live stock to his ship the "Diomed" frigate, then ready for sea in the Sound; how his men got drunk, and the difficulties he had in crossing the Devil's Bridge between Drake's Island and Mount Edgcumbe, and how he was received by the first lieutenant, Mr. Falcon, when he eventually reached his ship.

Now for my experience. I was a small midshipman of sixteen, and had charge of the second cutter. The "Spartan" was ready for sea, and I was sent to Mutton Cove to bring off officers and stewards, with orders not to allow any men to leave the boat.

We had to wait some time, and I was stern in my refusal to allow anyone to land. There was a crowd—chiefly women—on the pier, and one of the latter pleaded strongly with me to allow a man to land. I said "No," but perhaps not very decidedly, and in a moment the bow man had jumped out, as he said, "to say good-bye to his sister." He promptly disappeared behind the petticoats, and one after another, the coxswain included, landed to bring the deserters back, and they had not far to go, for most of them had found shelter in the convenient public-house.

However, they all turned up after some time, but when I shoved off I found half my crew were drunk, and I had the same unpleasant experience crossing the Devil's Bridge, with the wind against the tide, as Peter Simple, and a similar reception from Charley Fellowes to that received by him from Lieut. Falcon. I know I was in Fellowes's black books for a week after this, and no doubt I did deserve a wigging for being foolish enough to lie alongside and not shove off from the shore under such circumstances.

The "Spartan" sailed out of Plymouth Sound on July 29th, 1852, and there was no unusual experience to record in a gale in the Bay, and after spending three or four days at Madeira we arrived at the Cape, where we were glad to find ourselves, and to have a run on *terra firma*.

We arrived in Table Bay on October 13th, seventy-six days from England and fifty-five from Madeira.

One rather curious circumstance I may as well relate, and, as it touches on sailing qualities, I may here point out that in the days of dependence on sails it was quite understood that sails were a danger as well as a motive power. In the "Spartan" we were well aware of this, and precautions in not carrying too much sail, especially at night, were always observed, the mainsail being generally taken off her in squally weather. At night it was the almost invariable custom, as I have mentioned in my log of the "Queen," to take in one reef of the topsails after evening quarters. The midshipmen dined at twelve, the lieutenants at half-past two, and the captain at three, at sea, so as not to allow a late dinner to interfere with an emergency after dark. Our best seamen, indeed, knew when it was safe to "carry on"—that is, to keep a press of sail on the ship, and when it was necessary to shorten sail. I have mentioned that Tommy Symonds had commanded the "Spartan" the previous commission, when she sailed very well, and we used to hear many stories of his "carrying on" when necessary. One I remember was, that in the "Spartan," when carrying a press of sail, trying rate of sailing, he used to have "a hand" with a hatchet stationed at the main sheet, ready to cut at a moment's notice, and thus relieve the ship without waiting for the rope (for my non-nautical readers must remember that a sheet is a rope) to be let go. It was this instant action which seamen had at times to take in those days which did so much towards developing a quickness of decision which we hope our modern fast destroyers will make equally necessary for the advantage of the service. While digressing on the subject of seamanship, I should like to say that strict as discipline was in the navy fifty or sixty years ago, in the sailing days, old seamen petty officers would never have scrupled to let go halliards and sheets in a squall, even without orders, so that many a ship was saved even in spite of an ignorant or careless officer of the watch, and I am satisfied that a more military

discipline, which always waits for orders, has been responsible for many losses.

Ship sailing in those days was a fine art developed by practice, and was not to be learnt theoretically, or in steamers of little sail power. It is remarkable that, when I joined the service in 1849, I used to hear of the loss of numerous small brigs, which went by the name of coffins, which were very "tender," or in other words, were lacking in stability; but Sir W. Symonds, the then Controller, had built larger and stiffer vessels, and though there were some forty of these afloat of different classes, it was boasted that none had been lost. The brig sailors, who were almost a class apart, good seamen, but not often good officers—"Briggys" as they were called—accustomed to the "coffins," found the Symondite brigs quite safe; but as the officers who had served in steamers came to command the latter, several were lost one after the other —viz. the "Nerbudda," "Sappho," "Camilla," and "Heron." The three first were never heard of, but the last, which capsized off the coast of Africa in a tornado, told a tale, as some of her crew got away in a boat. The first lieutenant, who had served previously in a steamer, insisted on the dangerous practice of coiling up ropes in the middle watch shortly before four o'clock, so as to be ready to wash decks in the morning watch. The squall struck the ship soon after, so as the watches were relieving each other, sail could not be shortened smartly, and she turned over. We brought home a sub-lieutenant from her in 1857, who was saved.

To carry it further, we lost the "Eurydice" and "Atalanta," two small frigates, in '78 and '79, the latter a sister ship of the "Spartan." We do not know how the "Atalanta" was lost, but the "Eurydice" capsized in a squall near the Isle of Wight. These are remarkable facts, and I mention them here to show that practical seamanship cannot be learnt theoretically, and that routine, system, and comfort, ought to, and in fromer days did, yield to the necessities of seamanship.

I will now return to the "Spartan" and my story. We had a nice time at Madeira, a pleasant run down

the trades, and we had far too long a spell of the doldrums, but about 8° N. we picked up a fresh south-west monsoon, and were making good way close-hauled on the starboard tack, when a sail was reported on the starboard or weather quarter. This turned out to be a fine frigate-built ship, the liner of those days, called the "Marlborough," bound, I think, to Australia. She soon gained on us, and passed us in the afternoon, though we carried all our canvas; and for a smart frigate to be outsailed by any merchantship was intolerable, and not to be endured, so we were all much annoyed, especially the captain, who made some very uncomplimentary remarks about his own ship, which I cannot repeat. In due course, as she passed us, we exchanged names, technically "numbers" by Marryat's Code, then in use in the mercantile marine, the captain ordering the signal to be made. Our signalman, a smart little fellow with whom I was in alliance, shortly afterwards told me that he knew we had not shown the "Spartan's" number, but that the captain kept the signal book in his cabin, and he, the signalman, was curious to know what signal had been made, so I had the curiosity to steal down into the captain's cabin, and I found that he had shown the "Vestal's" number, a similar vessel to the "Spartan," which had been fitted out at the same time as we had, but for the West Indian, not East Indian, station.

This was plausible; but as a matter of fact we were 15° or 20° south of the track which would be taken by a vessel bound to the West Indies; but no doubt our good captain felt pretty sure that his trick would never be found out. Now for the *denouément*. I no doubt mentioned my discovery to my messmates at the time, but it did not interest them much, and was soon forgotten; but about a year later it happened that the "Marlborough" came to Hong Kong, and that the captain dined with our admiral, then Hon. Sir Fleetwood Pellew. The conversation naturally turned upon sailing, and the captain boasted that he had, in nautical parlance, passed one of our frigates "as if she was at anchor." No doubt he was proud of his

ship, and exaggerated somewhat, resulting in the flag-lieutenant, a Mr. Tonge, saying he did not believe him; when the captain said that he would produce his log, showing that he had exchanged numbers with H.M.S. "Vestal" in Lat. 8° N. This confirmed Lieut. Tonge in his disbelief, as he pointed out triumphantly that the "Vestal" could not have been in that latitude. I do not know much further, except that the dispute got so warm that it nearly resulted in a duel, but when it came to my ears I explained what had really taken place, and the difficulty was cleared up. It certainly was curious that this rather unscrupulous "ruse" of our captain's should have been found out so unexpectedly.

The Sir Fleetwood Pellew to whom I have above referred was a son of the great Lord Exmouth. He had been posted at sixteen, and had commanded a frigate in the war; but his last service before being appointed to the East Indian and China command had been, I believe, twenty-eight years before, and his old service notions were decidedly peculiar. I do not vouch for the twenty-eight years, but I think it is correct that his last service had been in 1825. He was very arbitrary, and it was he of whom it is told that he flogged a bandsman for not playing heartily at all times. Many things which he considered innovations he abolished. Among others the swinging booms where the boats lie usually, so that the "Winchester," his flagship, always had a long string of boats trailing astern of her. Eventually he was recalled, some time in 1854, I think, after being only a short time in command, owing to a disturbance on board which was suppressed by the officers with swords drawn, several men being wounded. The discontent was caused by the admiral's refusal of leave to the ship's company in harbour.

Sir Fleetwood gave one the idea of being "a first class fighting man," though not up to the times. He despised scientific gunnery, and always fired broadsides. He had left us before the Russian war broke out, so we had no opportunity of testing his fighting qualities, but he has often reminded me since of "*l'homme à l'oreille cassée*" of

Edmond About, with his old world notions of "1800 and war time."

Our stay at the Cape was very pleasant, as we midshipmen all had leave to go up to Cape Town, and had trips to Wynberg and Constantine, the pretty suburbs of the capital. I cannot say that I have a very distinct recollection of the Cape Town of that day, but it did not strike me as having many good buildings, and no doubt it presented a great contrast to what it does now. The streets were very rough and dirty, I remember. Of course we rode up the twenty-three miles to Cape Town, for there were no railways at the Cape then, and it was great fun galloping across the sandy bays along which the road ran.

Farmer Peck's, or the half-way house, then a very primitive affair, was, of course, patronised. It exists still, I am told, but I do not know if the quaint welcome over the door still remains. I wish I could remember it.

My chief reminiscence of our stay at the Cape is that it did much to aid us to forget our long cruise and to prepare us for the next. The captain was at Cape Town most of the time, and I remember he was pulled ashore by a crew in red frocks; but these did not last long, as of course they were not proper uniform, and the captain, if he chose to revel in similar vagaries which were not unusual at the time, had to do so out of his own pocket. On this subject I may mention that the captain of a frigate on the Pacific station, the "Constance," I think, had a fancy for dressing all his men in red, and they left England in this peculiar dress for sailors; whether the captain or the men paid for the clothes I don't know, but I believe red frocks got scarce after a short time on the station, and of course they could not be replaced, so that the captain had to make up enough red frocks for one watch, which naturally was the beginning of the end of the red frigate.

I mention this to show the extraordinary amount of independence then left in these matters to a captain; and those who are never tired of railing at the importance attached to details of seamen's dress by the Admiralty must remember that they had certain bad traditions on

these points to overcome. To present day croakers at changes it may be well to remind them that restrictions of the captain's power which have since been made, to the great advantage of the service, were viewed by a large number of senior officers as incompatible with discipline, and portending the ruin of the navy.

At the time to which I refer my old friend "Bully" Wyville was still commodore at the Cape in the "Castor" frigate; and this reminds me of a story which was told me by a man who came from England to take up his appointment to the "Castor" as first lieutenant at the Cape, but not I think in that commission, which shows the "happy go lucky" nature of the arrangements in some ships half-a-century ago. Soon after joining he found it necessary to man a cutter, and he asked the chief boatswain's mate which was the cutter for duty, the usual practice being, of course, to have first and second cutters. "Oh," says the boatswain's mate, "we haven't got any regular boats' crews." "What do you do then," said my friend, "when you want to man a boat?" "Oh, we hoorooshes them in," was the answer, which was, it appears, then considered quite satisfactory. There were many good stories told of Commodore Wyville, some of which I hesitate to repeat; but one may be mentioned. It was the custom to return all keys of storerooms, magazines, etc., at evening quarters, when they were given to the commander, who afterwards returned them to the commodore's cabin. The commander had put them on the capstan for a time, intending to return them all together, but the commodore, probably considering this to be somewhat careless, and seeing the keys of the magazine among them, pocketed them. The commander, thinking he had all the keys, duly returned them, not noticing the deficiency. Wyville said nothing, but in the middle of the night he went to night quarters, and when the keys of the magazine could not be found he rated the commander soundly, and having duly had it out with all who might have lost them, he quietly produced the missing keys, which was certainly an effective method of preventing a similar negligence in future.

At the Cape we heard something of Kaffir wars, and we met a few naval warriors, but we were pushing on to Burma, where we hoped to see a little fighting, so that we were not very jealous. The stories of slave cruising on the east coast and in the Mozambique were more exciting, and afforded the smaller vessels on the Cape station a considerable share of danger and adventure, especially to midshipmen, who were often away for weeks in boats, and there was the chance of promotion and prize money. The "Castor" had one or two senior midshipmen, who came on board us and spun yarns which were not always strictly accurate about these matters. Prize money for the capture of slavers and bounty for pirates were generally to be earned on most stations at that time. On the west coast of Africa (then separate from the Cape), the Cape, which included the Mozambique, as I have stated, South America, the West Indies, being all stations where slavers were found, and in China, which included the East Indies, Borneo, and the Straits of Malacca, slave dhows and pirates were numerous; so that on nearly all foreign stations except the Mediterranean something besides one's pay was to be hoped for, and the Jews used to come on board before a ship left England, who would make their bargains with the midshipmen, and offer small sums down on the chance of prize money, which they took care to be able to claim legally. I am glad that, as far as my experience went, these offers to the midshipmen to sell their birthright were seldom accepted.

In India our officers were always paid batta money, most of which went to the captain; but a small sum was paid to the lieutenants, which was merged in the mess money. The midshipmen got nothing, which was thought a great grievance. It was said that the Company—for, of course, it was John Company in those days—offered each midshipman's mess a chest of tea monthly, but this was not appreciated, so the offer was withdrawn.

I am inclined here to touch briefly on the question of naval officers' pay, which has been considerably increased since the "Spartan's" days. A junior captain, like Sir

William Hoste, only got £399 a year throughout the commission, I think, and there was no command money. Commanders got £300 a year whether in command or not, and all lieutenants received £180 a year, there being, I think, 1s. a day extra for first lieutenants. All these ranks have had considerable increase of pay from time to time, not to mention half-pay; but, curiously enough, the junior lieutenants, sub-lieutenants (then mates), and midshipmen receive the same pay as they did then.

The "Spartan" was now on her way to her station, having left the Cape, and as I am touching on pay I may as well refer to the loss by exchange in cashing our bills, all officers being paid by Government bills at that time, as I have previously mentioned, the loss being often ruinous on the China station.

In India the currency was rupees, 1s. 9d. to 2s. a rupee, at the time of which I speak. They were current at Hong Kong, but at a depreciated value; the Mexican or Cap dollar being the proper currency, though a sovereign would generally be taken at 4 dollars, 80 cents. But up at Shanghai the Chinese would only take what they called "pillar dollars," Spanish dollars of Carlos or Isabella. These changes, which one could not provide against, and which affected our private bills as well as the Government ones, were a great tax on the officers. At Hong Kong one could then cash a bill at 4s. 6d. to 5s. the dollar—a considerable loss; but at Shanghai, when we were there in the winter of '53-'54, the "pillar dollars" were so scarce that the exchange went up to 7s. 1d. the dollar; and officers cashing their bills at that rate lost nearly half their pay. I remember that I thought myself specially lucky in cashing a Government and private bill, which I had kept for some time, at 5s. 9d. the dollar; but this was through one of the principal merchants there, and I think I was given more than the market price. Of course this was very unfair, being a direct surtax on officers serving on foreign stations. The injustice was more or less rectified before '57, I think, as the paymaster had to pay us in the currency prevalent on the station; but this was so done as to leave a profit

to the Government, which continued to a recent date; but officers are now paid fairly according to the average price of the current coin of the country, whether dollar, rupee, yen, or other currency, during the previous quarter. This exchange difficulty had some compensations, as we were bound to talk of exchange, and to acquaint ourselves somewhat with monetary problems; but it certainly led to difficulties of calculation, and those who were careless in money affairs suffered and often got hopelessly insolvent. The practice now in force, to which I have referred, is due in great part to Admiral Sir Vesey Hamilton, who pressed the just claims of the officers on the Admiralty when he was in command in China in '85-'86.

I used to hear a good story of a noble lord who commanded a ship in the West Indies, but who was generally out at elbows, and was accused of dubious monetary transactions. A friend of his, a naval paymaster, who held a harbour appointment and lived on board ship, and who was well known as "Sammy T.," liked to be on good terms with the aristocratic captain, but he did not carry his complaisance so far as to wish to lose his dollars. The captain, just after quarter day, pulled alongside T.'s ship and hailed him: "I say, old chap, you'll cash my bill, won't you?" To which T. cautiously replied: "What's the amount?" as he was very willing to cash a Government bill, but he declined to take the captain's private paper. On which the captain promptly replied: "Oh, the old thing, £97 5s. 2d., I think it is"—this being the proper amount of a captain's quarterly pay—"send the money down, there's a good chap, and I'll send the bill as soon as I get on board." Of course T. thought it was all right; but when he received the bill, which was duly sent to him, he found that it was a private bill which the captain had drawn for the same amount as the Government bill, and which I fear old T. found of no value, though he got little sympathy from his friends, who put his loss down to his desire to stand well with his aristocratic acquaintance.

Let me turn now to our ship's company. We certainly had a good one in the "Spartan;" but all our men were

entered for the commission, and as they were not continuous service men, the system worked differently from our present one. On the one hand we had little hold on them, and there were numerous desertions; on the other hand, though we did not maroon men or land them on a desert island, we did sometimes get rid of bad characters by the simple method of landing them, and giving orders to the ship's police not to allow them on board again. On the whole, our men had, I think, easier times than at present; they were no doubt frequently hard put to it in bad weather at sea, but generally there was not too much for men to do, and a man-of-war's man expected, and generally got, his watch below both at sea and in harbour, so that any employment of all hands, except in cases of emergency, was looked upon as a grievance. In the "Queen" our men always had their watch below, and this was usually the case in the "Spartan;" now, as is well known, there is no such thing as a watch below for the bluejackets in harbour. The strain and stress of naval competition was not then on us as it is now, and though we had traditions to live up to, and rough work at times, there was considerable leisure for both officers and men. Personally I was fond of reading, and in my midshipman's days in the "Spartan" I read through Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," Allison's "History of Europe," Shakespeare, Byron, and many standard works; while James' "Naval History," over which I talked and argued with some of my messmates, became a household word with us, and though I have seldom looked into this reliable, though somewhat dry, work since, I think there is scarcely an action recorded by James that I am not fairly acquainted with. In this way many naval officers of my day did much to make up for defective early education, and I think our knowledge of naval history was generally superior to that of our better instructed successors, who are too much inclined to think that there is nothing to learn from obsolete sailing strategy and tactics. We had rather a good passage to Madras, arriving there on December 8th. In making this passage it was necessary to run well east before the strong

westerly gales in about 40° latitude, called the "roaring forties," and I know that all the seams opened, and that the water poured into the berth at each roll of the ship, and that there was not much comfort. I remember D.'s coming off deck one morning watch and chaffing the midshipmen, who were just turning out; but the laugh was against him when he approached the place where his chest should have been, near the main hatchway, on looking down which he saw it bottom up, with most of the contents strewn about on the tanks. I may mention that our chests were, of course, cleated down to the deck, but that the quick motion of the ship had jumped the chest out clear of the cleats. I don't think our pendulum marked near enough degrees to show the rolling of the ship, which must have been often 70° or 80°, as she certainly was very lively; but with care the little ship was perfectly safe, as she had ample stability.

We stayed at Madras for five days, and most of us got our clothes washed, and had a run ashore. There was, of course, no harbour or pier then, and we landed in the Mosulla boats, or large surf boats, manned by natives. This was the usual, and indeed the only way for us to land, as the surf was very heavy; but the natives came through the surf in the catamarans, which were simply small logs of light wood, which were pushed through the surf. I remember the catamaran admiral coming on board and showing us a "bogus" commission as admiral, given him by Lord Exmouth, when he was commander-in-chief about forty odd years before, which he carefully preserved in his turban to keep it dry. In very fine weather he substituted an old naval cocked hat for the turban.

At Madras we were on our station, having made about the usual passage—rather over four months from England—and it was to be more than four-and-a-half years before we left the station to go home. Certainly, I must admit that these long sailing passages were at times monotonous; but as a midshipman one was much interested in the work of the ship; and the hopes and fears incident to the changes of wind and weather in a sailing ship did much to relieve the tedium of a

voyage in the days of sails, even in the case of a mere passenger.

I have often been asked whether I did not find the time hang heavy on my hands, to which I can only reply that it never occurred to me to be tired or bored with the daily experience of service of those days, and that notwithstanding some necessary discomforts, I think I enjoyed the life.

Having now arrived on my station, and endeavoured to give some account of the "Spartan" and my surroundings, I must defer a description of my service in China to another chapter.

CHAPTER IV.

H.M.S. "SPARTAN," EAST INDIES AND CHINA STATION.

PART II.

The Burmese War—A Narrow Escape and Fortunate Return—Passage up the Chinese Seas—"Fanny Adams"—Hong Kong—Rival Clippers—Position of Island—Piratical Expeditions—Getting Ashore—Shanghai—Imperialists and Rebels—Guards Ashore—Attack our Settlement—Capture of Chinese Camp—Distinguished Consuls—A Grand Attack—Boarding—Sailed in the old "Sally"—Climate of China—A Boat Trip with the French Missions—Missions—Wearing Chinese Dress—Docking at Whampoa—Seamanship—Imperialists and Rebels—Boarding the Mail Steamers—The First Life I Saved—Russian War—The New Admiral—Sailing for the North—Our Disappointment at Returning to Hong Kong—Our Naval Operations in China—Petropavlovsk Attacked—Criticism of Strategy—Pirates—A Bad Decoy at Coulan—My Information—Insubordination—My Captives.

At Madras we inquired anxiously about the Burmese war, and we were relieved to hear that it was still going on briskly, so our hopes were high of seeing some service when we sailed for Rangoon on December 12th. We heard that our Admiral Austen had died, but that Commodore Lambert in the "Fox" had hoisted his pennant as first class commodore, in command of the station. The north-east monsoon was blowing, and we had a stiff beat across the Bay of Bengal; but we sailed up the Irrawaddy on December 29th, and were towed next day to an anchorage off Rangoon, where we found the "Winchester," fifty guns, the proper flagship, the "Fox" (flying Commodore Lambert's flag), and most of the East India and China Squadron. I remember being much struck with the pallid faces of those who came on board to greet us, as there had been much boat work and fighting done by the navy in the war, and a good deal of sickness in the squadron. It was news to me that there had been many invalidings through mosquito bites, and that not unusually the midshipmen slept in the tops to escape the annoyance of these pests. We heard much but did not see much, as our hopes of distinction

were blighted by our stay being only four days in Rangoon, when we were ordered on to Hong Kong to relieve the "Cleopatra" as senior officer in China. It was rather an irony that we received the Burmese medal with clasp for Pegu a long time time afterwards, and we midshipmen received £50 "batta money."

I think the boats returned after the successful attack on Pegu while we were at Rangoon, but we did not land a man or send a boat up the river. Altogether it was a great disappointment to us, and we were inclined to blame our captain for not pressing more strongly our claims to take part in the warlike operations. However, it was clear that some ship had to go to China to relieve the "Cleopatra," a sister ship to the "Spartan," which had completed a commission on the station; and though we might perhaps have made some stay at Rangoon, most of the boat work and naval service was supposed to be over. I may mention, however, that Capt. Loch, who commanded the "Winchester," was killed in the unsuccessful attack at Donabew some months after we had left, and half the men of the ships at Rangoon were away on service when the "Spartan" arrived.

One episode is worth mentioning. There was an entertainment on board the "Winchester" one night, which was attended by some of our officers. The current and tides ran very strong, and in endeavouring to return to the "Spartan" in a native boat, about 11 p.m., two of our messmates, Hewett and Rogers, missed the ship, and the strong current drifted them down the river, towards the sea, into the Irrawaddy. The Burmese boatmen got frightened, or were treacherous, and, getting near the banks, they jumped overboard, taking their paddles with them, and swam ashore, our officers being left helpless in the boat, and naturally they were afraid to land in a hostile country; so that there was nothing to be done but to let her drift. Thus they passed the night, expecting any moment to see their canoe men return with armed Burmese, or dacoits as we called them, to murder them. However, in due course the tide turned, and their hopes rose as, towards daylight, they saw the masts of our ships off Rangoon; and, luckily, the boat drifted over the bar and the canoe capsized

under the bows of one of the "Spartan's" boats, which was lying "at the boom," and they scrambled out safe and sound. So they reached their own ship after all, though they had an unpleasant experience, and had been seven or eight hours drifting about.

Well, our hopes of distinction were over, and there was nothing for it but to pursue our way to Hong Kong. We touched at Penang and Singapore, and had a long beat up the China seas against the north-east monsoon, arriving at Hong Kong on March 7th, after a passage of thirty-five days from Singapore.

However, the weather was fine on the whole, and we had not much to complain of, except that we were living on salt provisions, and I remember that a porpoise which we managed to spear from the dolphin striker was a great luxury to us middies. I may mention here that though preserved meats had been made a part of the seamen's dietary some years before this, they were not only very inferior in quality, but often had been badly preserved, so as to be uneatable and Goldner's preserved meats, or "Fanny Adams," as the men called them, were a byword; so that preserved meat day was a "banyan" or starvation day for the men.

I don't remember the derivation of "Fanny Adams," but it sounds harmless, though it was a term of opprobrium in those days. Such was the prejudice caused by the Goldner contract against preserved meats that the Admiralty wisely abolished their issue as a ration for many years soon after the time of which I am speaking. That the prejudice was not unreasonable was shown by our having to condemn thousands of pounds of preserved meat at the victualling yard in Hong Kong soon after our arrival there.

Let me now say something of Hong Kong, as it struck me in '53. It was even then becoming an important commercial port, and more picturesque than at present, as the fine clippers and opium schooners had not given place to steamers. Most of the trade in those days was in the hands of two great firms, Jardine, Matheson & Co., still probably our most important China merchants, and Dent. Their clippers raced out with coal and sundries and home with tea,

while their opium schooners were almost man-of-war-like in their smart appearance. The latter were well armed, as they had to defend themselves against the pirates which infested the China seas. There was great rivalry between Jardine and Dent at that time, and I well remember both firms expecting the arrival of their clipper ships from England, and how the "Stornoway," coming out in eighty-three days, beat the "Granite City," Dent's ship, by about ten days, to the great triumph of the supporters of the former, and the corresponding disappointment of the Dent faction. Hong Kong at that time consisted only of the town on the north side of the island; there was a signal station at Victoria Peak, but no one had dreamt of building in that exalted position, while there was only a narrow footpath connecting the signal station with the town. It used to be a common afternoon excursion with me to go to the signal station, but I more often scrambled up the side of the hill than followed the path.

Sir John Bowring was the governor, and opium, tea, pirates and exchange formed the principal topics. There was a club which we middies were allowed at first to join, but on the rules being remodelled all boys were excluded, which we thought a great hardship. This was the natural result of the conduct of some of the midshipmen of the "Hastings," the flagship on the station a few years before, who were said to have ridden on the punkahs, and to have been guilty of other boyish pranks. At the time of which I speak Hong Kong was decidedly unhealthy, and the Happy Valley cemetery had its full share of customers. The harbour was then, as now, full of junks, many of them well armed, and not a few of them pirates on occasion. Already there were some good European houses, but the Chinese town was an insanitary Alsatia, where our men when on leave got much bad liquor and too often sowed the seeds of terrible diseases.

Pedder's Wharf, then a long wooden pier, was the usual landing place, and the dock and victualling yard was then near West Point, almost opposite Green Island, and not in the middle of the town, as it is now.

The removal, I may remark, was of doubtful advantage,

looking to the expansion which would infallibly be necessary in future; and I have a decided opinion that the dockyard should have been moved to Kowloon when it became a British possession, on which I shall have more to say when treating of the time when I was commander-in-chief in China, some forty years later than the period of which I am now speaking.

The monotony of our stay in Hong Kong in 1853 was varied by numerous boat expeditions against the pirates which infested the port, but these were mostly without result, as the border line between legitimate traders and pirates was seldom clear to our officers, or even to the police authorities, who generally accompanied them. In August of that year, however, the new admiral, Sir Fleetwood Pellew, came to Hong Kong in the "Winchester," and we had a grand expedition against piratical strongholds in the vicinity; but the demonstration of the squadron did not lead to much result, though some of these pests were destroyed, and piracy lay low for a season. I had the honour of commanding one of the "Spartan's" cutters, but only remember that I lived for some two or three days on raw salt pork and biscuits, and that we did not see as much fighting as we had expected. It has always seemed to me since that our information was singularly bad, and that a little more appreciation of the importance of correct intelligence would have made our expeditions much more successful; but I have often remarked, not only that this shows a want of "intellectual development," to use Mr. Arnold-Forster's phrase, when speaking of naval intelligence, but that very few men have the capacity for (or consider it sufficiently important to give their minds to) obtaining what is all important in military operations, in which, of course, I include naval, that is correct intelligence.

In the autumn of 1853 we were ordered in the "Spartan" to Shanghai, arriving there on September 14th. Off Woosung we got badly ashore, but hove ourselves off again after laying out our bower anchors, which afforded us some valuable experience; but the ship sustained no damage, and we were towed up to Shanghai.

Shanghai was already a European settlement of importance, chiefly British, with a "bund" and some good

houses, the harbour being filled with fine clippers ready to take their cargoes of tea home; but trade was slack, as the native town was in the hands of the Taepings or rebels, and there was an imperialist army close by besieging it in a leisurely manner.

We used frequently to visit the Imperialist camp, where might often be seen the heads of rebels on poles, and occasionally our more adventurous messmates would penetrate to the city, for our sympathies were very cosmopolitan, rather inclining to the rebel side, I think. The Chinese forces used frequently to make ridiculous attacks on the city, which had high walls, the forlorn hope being represented by one man, who was generally killed, his head placed on the wall in the orthodox fashion, after which the attacking force retired.

On one occasion while watching an attack I was suddenly knocked over by a crowd of fugitives coming down a narrow street, whence I was observing operations, which were followed by gingall shots from the walls. However, I was not hurt, though I observed more caution in my future inspections.

Our object was to preserve the European Settlement from molestation either by imperialists or rebels, and as a considerable portion of the native city was flanked by the settlement, the imperialists were prevented from attacking from that side.

During most of this winter, our ships had guards ashore occupying the principal bridges and roads whence the enemy might penetrate into the European concession, and we used to patrol the settlement at night. We had an old paddle steamer, the "Salamander," with us at Shanghai, and Commander E., who commanded her, had to come round and inspect the post held. I remember, soon after our arrival, being in charge of a bridge which crossed a canal separating the town from the settlement; my orders were not to allow anyone to approach the bridge at night, and my sentry, a marine of the "Salamander," called my attention to some one stealthily approaching the bridge about 10 o'clock.

He hailed, but received no answer, and the sentry asked my leave to fire. I gave him leave, but told him to fire over the object. The next moment the commander of the "Salamander" showed himself, and I believe the sentry knew perfectly well who it was, as it was a custom of Commander E., who was not popular, to try and catch sentries keeping a bad look out. The commander was naturally very angry at the course which I had taken; but it was clear that my action was entirely *bonâ fide*, and, however much he might suspect the sentry, the latter persisted that he thought a Chinaman was endeavouring to approach surreptitiously, and Commander E. could not deny that he had hailed; so the only result was that the sentry had given his commander a bit of a fright, and had effectually checked his unfair attempt, as we thought, to find us napping.

Our guards at Shanghai gave us some interesting experience, as both rebels and imperialists were in the habit of "loosing off" at any object seen at night rather indiscriminately. Fortunately their matchlocks were not very effective weapons, and they were bad shots, so we seldom had any casualties. The rebels constantly fired across the canal to which I have referred, and Commander E. had the credit of paying a boy to go fifty yards ahead of him with a lantern when he required one, so that the shots might be fired at him vicariously

On only one occasion do I remember that a real attempt was made to force an entry into the settlement. This was by the imperialists, who suddenly appeared in force from the direction of the racecourse about 11 p.m., and we all landed in a great hurry to repel them. I believe that some guns had been sold by merchants to the rebels, and that the imperialists wanted to seize them. On these occasions there was a decided element of burlesque in the situation, for there was little method in the Chinese attack, and our Shanghai volunteers would turn out against them with any arms handy, or even without any. It was on this occasion I think, that some young Englishmen who had been playing billiards at the hotel, hearing that the Chinese were in the settlement, came out with their billiard cues, and one

of them, fencing with the leading mandarin, knocked him off his pony; but the odds were rather too great, and in endeavouring to repeat the feat another mandarin nearly cut his hand off.

I landed with the reinforcements, but our guard of about a dozen men had repulsed the Chinese before our arrival, killing a good many, and we had only to pursue them to their camp. We had only a few men wounded, but I remember seeing the bent bayonets and torn uniforms of some of our marines, who had behaved splendidly, and our boatswain, who had been in charge of the picquet and was a very strong man, had cut a Chinaman almost down to the waist with his cutlass, which was really a fearful sight.

I thought nothing of it at the time, but I cannot even now think of it in cold blood without a shudder, and this has been my uniform experience of similar horrors. When in action it produces no effect on my mind, but it makes me faint and uncomfortable if they are dwelt upon subsequently, when nothing is going on.

I may mention that soon after we left Shanghai, having been relieved by the "Encounter," Capt. O'Callaghan, the imperialists became so troublesome in their raids on the settlement that it was decided, with the approval of the consul, to carry their camp on the racecourse just north of the settlement by storm, and this was done successfully by the "Encounter's" and volunteers with small loss. I remember that I was very jealous of a small midshipman friend of mine who was wounded in the attack. At that time, Alcock, afterwards Sir R. Alcock, was our consul at Shanghai; Wade, afterwards Sir Thomas Wade, was the vice-consul; and Parkes, afterwards Sir Harry Parkes, was our consul at Canton. All these distinguished men became subsequently British ministers at Peking.

There was one grand attack made by the imperialists on the city by water. They had bought a British barque, the "Glenlyon," and had armed her with some old guns, and having made a bargain with a piratical fleet, the latter agreed to assist them against the Taepings. This was really fairly conceived, and I enjoyed watching it from

the main top of the "Spartan." The "Glenlyon" and another armed vessel attacked on one side nearest the settlement, and the junks ran in under a rebel battery further up the river. It seemed to promise success, but eventually the rebels succeeded in repulsing the attack, several junks being destroyed. I may here mention that these pirates or "Pylongs" were really a fighting force, and desperadoes as they were, they did much to keep up the virile character of the Chinese nation, which was never appreciated or held to be of any account by the Chinese mandarins; and I believe that the complete collapse of China in her war with Japan was in great part due to the decay of fighting capacity resulting from the suppression of piracy.

One incident of our stay at Shanghai I well recollect. It occurred to our captain, who was senior officer, to have some boarding practice. First, the "Salamander" was to arm and man boats and board the "Spartan"; after which the reverse was to be attempted. The object was, I believe, to try our captain's system of "man and arm ship," every man being ready to resist boarders, of which he was very fond. Sir W. Hoste had commanded a brig, the "Ringdove," on the East Indian station some years before, when some Malay proas were captured, and were lying alongside, their crews having, as it was supposed, been removed; but it appears that some of the pirates had remained undiscovered under hatches, and in the middle of the night they rose, killed the sentry and officer of the watch, and nearly captured the brig; hence the man and arm ship practice, which was not then general. To return to our boarding practice. When the "Salamander's" men attempted to board the "Spartan" they were, of course, promptly disposed of, though some of their men did succeed in getting on our upper deck, in spite of thrusts from butt ends of pikes and muskets; one group got on the forecastle with their cutlasses, and I remember our boatswain, who I have mentioned before, breaking one man's cutlass and throwing him over the netting into his boat. In short, they were rather roughly handled, and

when it was our turn to board there was more than friendly competition shown. The result was, that though we boarded and carried the "Salamander," a smaller ship with low bulwarks, it almost became a serious fight, as we had seven wounded, and the "Sally" a good many more—twelve, I think. The first lieutenant of the "Sally," who was rather a violent man, wounded one of our seamen severely with a cut from his sword, and I assisted in securing the lieutenant. I remember this curious episode specially from my friend Billy Grove's having had a nasty wound in the thigh, I think, by a bayonet thrust; and it was fortunate that nothing more serious than a few wounds, mostly slight happened, for we all had our weapons in our hands, though there was of course no ammunition for the fire arms. This is my only experience of what boarding a man-of-war would be like, and our captain took very good care not to repeat the risky performance. I often wonder how we kept our health at that time, for of course we could not condense, and we drank the water from the river, which was much contaminated; and as fighting was continually going on, dead bodies would frequently be caught in our accommodation ladder, soon making their obnoxious presence evident to one at least of our senses when they had to be pushed clear.

I do not remember that we suffered much from dysentery or typhoid at that time, though undoubtedly the health of the ships' companies on the China station has much improved, since it is the order to drink only condensed water except at Hong Kong, where there are good naval reservoirs.

The "Salamander," or old "Sally," as she was generally called, was one of our oldest paddle steamers, and as she was decidedly old-fashioned in many respects, I may as well give some account of a cruise I had in her. I was sent to her for a few days to keep watch, and her commander had, at sea as well as ashore, a habit of trying to find out if a bad look-out was kept, in which of course, I cannot blame him; but we did not think his proceedings quite open and above board. I used often to watch carefully for him when all was quiet at anchor, and when I heard him stealing silently up the ladder,

I would get behind the funnel casing, and as he went round the deck I avoided him till he had quite made up his mind that the officer of the watch was off deck and asleep, and would call the quartermaster or officer of the watch, when I would reply innocently, much to his astonishment. I am afraid he did not command much respect, though he was, I believe, a worthy man enough. To show the difference between one of our early paddle steamers and the present day, even in a destroyer or other small vessel, I mention the following, but the names are altered slightly:—

From the bridge of the "Salamander" one could see the steam gauge, and if the steam was up to its proper pressure, it should have marked 7 lbs.!—not 200 or 300 lbs. as at present. The chief engineer's name was Hoggs, and the commander's Eltham. They did not get on very well together, and I often heard the following dialogue, the difficulty of aspiration being about equally divided between the two officers.

The commander would look down, and seeing the steam gauge up to 5 or 6 lbs. only, would call out, "Keep the steam up, Mr. 'Oggs!" the answer coming promptly, in an annoyed tone from the engine room, "Hall right, Captain Helltam." I am afraid that my knowledge of the old "Sally" did not raise my opinion of service in a "smoke jack," and when my old friend Lieut. Pidcock, the first lieutenant of the "Rattler," asked me, about this time, to join the latter ship, I decidedly refused, poor Pidcock being a short time later killed in an attack on piratical junks.

I need scarcely speak of the climate of Shanghai, which is well known to all old China birds; but for stay at home English people, who have a general idea that China is a warm country, oblivious of the geographical fact that it covers some 25° of latitude, it may be as well to mention that it was at times bitterly cold at Shanghai during the winter, and there were no stoves in the midshipmen's berth. However, I enjoyed my stay at Shanghai, which was a pleasant change from Hong Kong, and we were all invigorated by the fine wintry climate, which was generally bright and clear. Notwithstanding the disturbed state of the country, we used to land and endeavour to get some shooting; but we were not very successful, though

an occasional pheasant rewarded our sportsmanlike instincts, and we were lucky if we escaped a more or less serious misunderstanding with the inhabitants.

Sir W. Hoste took me with him to Ningpo, where we had some really good duck shooting in company with some of our Shanghai merchants in house boats, which I much enjoyed. I think Mr. Antrobus was one of our party, who was always very kind to me when I was a small middy. He is one of the few of my "Spartan" days who is still with us, and if he sees this he will be glad to know that even boys do occasionally have some gratitude for kindness shown them.

I may here mention another incident of my middy's days, and the responsibilities of a boat midshipman.

The captain had promised the French minister, Mr. Bourbelon, to send him to a French Roman Catholic Mission some distance up the river, and as I spoke French I was told off to take him. I was ordered to go up to the mission with him, and was much interested in seeing the Roman Catholic priests in Chinese dress, and the apparently flourishing nature of their mission.

I do not propose here to touch upon the question of missions generally, but I may express my belief that much of the hostility shown to missions in China is due not so much to the religious teaching, but to their Western civilising influence which the mandarins and literati clearly see is undermining their position and conservative traditions. If, as we think, the Chinese civilisation, notwithstanding its respectable antiquity, is deadening and infructive, it is ignorant and shortsighted to rail at the missionaries, as is sometimes done, as the source of all our troubles in China.

In saying this I am speaking, of course, to the Gallios who care little for Christianity, and not to the supporters of missions who believe in the duty to go into "all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." I should like to say a word, too, about European missionaries wearing Chinese dress to propitiate the natives. It sounds generous, as showing that it is wished to Christianise rather than to Europeanise the people, while incidentally it may make a European missionary less conspicuous in a crowd; but the conservative Chinese are apt

to argue that as our Europeans find their dress more suitable than our own, their practices and beliefs are equally superior to ours, and that there is no necessity for them to change from Confucianism or Buddishm; while no Chinaman ever mistakes the appearance of a European, who is known by his marked features and "big nose," as they consider it. But I did not propose to write about missions, which is a large subject, but rather to tell of a middy's experience.

I was justified in leaving the boat on this occasion, as I have stated, but I got back to see all ready for the minister a short time before him, and was horrified to find one of the men decidedly drunk and very noisy, having got some samchu or Chinese spirit. I thought it the best plan to have him tied down in the bottom of the boat, and he was effectively gagged before the minister's arrival. We were, of course, one oar short, but we had the tide with us and soon pulled back, so that I hoped that the minister had not observed it; but on my return to the "Spartan" I reported what had occurred, and my rather strong measures to save a scandal were highly approved of by the first lieutenant, who was very complimentary, in his impulsive way, asking what he could do for me. I reminded him that he had promised to report me to the captain a day or two before, for a dereliction of duty, for which no doubt I was to blame, though I was shown up really on account of *trop de zèle* on my part, so that some black list man or men under punishment split on me for doing once what some of my messmates made a practice of. However, I had been technically to blame, and I really was afraid of my middy's patch, so that I reminded the first lieutenant of my delinquency, which he gladly forgave me in his appreciation of my action, which was quite warranted by the custom of the service, though not precisely in accordance with the articles of war. And here I may remark, that on certain occasions one is obliged to act promptly without too close a consideration as to the regulations of the Naval Discipline Act, 1866, which has taken the place of the old articles of war, a fact which stay at home philanthropists often fail to appreciate.

In January, 1854, we were ordered to Hong Kong, to dock at Whampoa, as our bottom was very foul, and having taken out our guns to lighten the ship, which were left on board the "Minden," an old '74 hulk at Hong Kong, we were towed to Whampoa on the Canton river. There were several docks at Whampoa at that time, but they were not regularly built docks, the gates being formed by stakes and mud, and the dock being emptied by means of Chinese, who worked pumps with their feet in a manner common throughout China. The whole arrangement was primitive enough, but it was found we drew too much water, and we had to lighten the ship of everything possible. Our officers and men were hulked on board the "Alligator," an old 28-gun frigate to which I have alluded before, and our main and mizenmasts were got out. The ordinary draught of the "Spartan" was eighteen feet, but she sat so much by the stern when light, that she drew nearly as much in her light condition aft as when loaded, so a raft composed of tanks was built under our stern and shored up to our overhanging taffrail; these tanks became what is technically called a camel, and when pumped out raised the stern, bringing the ship almost on an even keel.

The preparations for the camel and getting the main and mizen out showed the seamanship of our first lieutenant, and were a good experience for the midshipmen. The masts had, of course, first to be unrigged, caps, tops, etc., removed, and as I was midshipman of the foretop, I learnt a good deal. The mizenmast was then lifted out by making a derrick of the mainyard, the mainmast being subsequently removed by sheers, the foremast was stripped but left standing, and I think we kept the bower anchors at the bows; the rudder was unshipped and landed. All this took some time, and the "Winchester" having followed us to Whampoa, the admiral came often to look at our work, which resulted in Lieut. Fellowes being appointed to the flagship, whence he was not long afterwards promoted for service against pirates.

We were docked at last on February 26th, and remained in dock for ten days. On leaving dock a camel was formed

by taking a hawser round the stern, the parts being frapped down under the keel, numerous casks being lashed to the hawser; these, of course, lifted the stern when the water was let into the docks. I do not remember how much we lightened the ship by the means adopted, but I think to thirteen or fourteen feet.

Of course, when we were undocked the masts had to be got in again and rigged, and I think we all appreciated the lessons thus afforded in practical seamanship which were among the experiences of those days.

While we were at Whampoa there was a good deal of fighting between imperialist and rebel junks, and numerous executions of rebels took place when the former were successful, but to the midshipmen these fights seemed to be chronic, and not likely to result in anything decisive, so that beyond affording us some interest we did not trouble ourselves as to the policy or the effect it would have on our trade. All this time the imperialists held Canton, where I went several times and trade did not seem to be much disturbed in spite of the rebels.

While we were lying off Whampoa the mail steamers from Hong Kong to Canton used to bring our mails, but they would not stop unless they had officers or men for us, expecting us to send to Canton for our mails; while even if they did stop they proceeded again almost before the communication was complete.

On one occasion I was sent in the jolly boat, a small six-oared boat, to get some boxes from the mail steamer, which I succeeded in boarding some distance down the river, so that I wished to have a tow back. She proceeded at speed, and I soon saw I should be swamped, so I ordered the painter to be cut; but I was too late, and we were all washed out of the boat, which was towed by the mail steamer far from us before our mishap was discovered. There was a strong current running, and on such occasions Chinese boats always steer clear of possible drowning persons, for whom the Chinese consider that they make themselves responsible if they should die when in their hands; so any sampans near gave us a wide berth, and as some of my men could not swim I did not feel

at all happy about them. However, I was a good swimmer, and I soon saw five out of six of my men holding oars, but the sixth, which I had seen not long before at some distance, had sunk, so I feared he was gone; but I swam to where I had last seen him with an oar, and in due course he reappeared again, much to my delight, like a jack in the box, his straw hat coming up first, and though he was much exhausted, as he had sunk once before, I succeeded in keeping him up till we were rescued by a boat from the "Spartan." I had Wellington boots on at the time, and, of course, was fully dressed, and I thought I had done rather well; so I was rather astonished at being soundly abused by my captain when I got on board, no doubt, chiefly on account of his anxiety for my safety, as he said frequently, "No, I'm d——d if I am going to write a letter about you," a phrase to which I got quite accustomed subsequently, when I came back from piratical expeditions in which, perhaps, I had run some risk.

At all events no one was drowned, and I was not the worse for my ducking, though having been fortunate enough to gain several medals for saving life from drowning in later periods of my career, I often think of the reception I received when I saved my first life in the "Spartan"! But I do not think that such things as Humane Society's medals existed in those days; at all events, they did not come within our horizon.

This mishap did me some service, as I was ordered always to be sent on board the mail steamer; at first as a punishment, I think, but afterwards it was found that I was nearly always successful in boarding these boats, one of which (the "Tartar," a small P. & O.) would pass us at about fourteen knots without slacking speed; but by pulling hard and steering so as almost to touch her accommodation ladder, my bowman could throw his painter round the stanchion, and as this was done all hands came aft, so that she towed easily. It required smartness and good steering, as I remember a brother midshipman, who had attempted the same thing, having got about six inches too close, so that the stem of the boat was taken clean off by the steamer's sponson as she passed.

As I liked the job and nearly always succeeded in getting the mails, I had plenty of this useful experience.

All the time we were at Whampoa the rumblings of the approaching Russian War were making themselves heard, and we hoped to see some service against the Russian squadron in the Far East. Hewett, who had passed his seamanship examination for lieutenant, and had become acting mate—the name of sub-lieutenant was not adopted for some years later—got orders to go home to pass his navigation examination at the Royal Naval College, but he also wished to serve in the war, and I think he won his V.C. before Sevastopol, when still an acting mate. He was certainly wise in his generation. I may mention here that I, too, got ordered home, but this was not till '55, when the war was approaching its conclusion, and as the admiral gave me an acting-lieutenant's vacancy, I agreed to remain on that station.

We returned to Hong Kong in March, and shortly afterwards proceeded to Singapore, where we met Sir James Stirling, who had come out to relieve Sir F. Pellew, the latter having been recalled. We returned to Hong Kong in May, where the admiral hoisted his flag in the "Winchester," and we found most of the squadron assembled there, ready to proceed north on war being declared.

On the arrival of the mail at Hong Kong on May 25th we heard of the declaration of war, and the admiral immediately sailed for Shanghai, the squadron consisting of the "Winchester," "Spartan," and "Barracouta," our hopes being high that we should proceed north, and attack the Russian settlements in Kamtschatka; and it seemed quite possible that some of the Russian men-of-war which had been recently in Hong Kong, and still later at Shanghai, might be caught before they could reach the protection of their ports.

Two days later we found that our main-yard was sprung; this had been probably caused by getting out the mizenmast, but it was not serious, and we made the signal that it could be fished on the other tack; however, the admiral was, it appears, glad of an excuse to send us back to Hong

Kong, and we were ordered to return there, much to our disappointment, which was very strong with our men.

However, we had to obey orders and bear up for Hong Kong, while the "Winchester" was taken in tow by the "Barracouta" and proceeded to Shanghai, as we then thought on her way to glory and distinction in northern seas.

This brings me to our naval operations in China during the Russian War, which is a painful theme, of which I can scarcely now write without a blush. I am very reluctant to give pain to any of the descendants of the admiral, who was very kind to me personally, but unless, as is possible, he had orders not to press the Russians in the Far East, rumours to which effect were current from time to time, his conduct was most extraordinary. It appeared to us then, and the more one thinks of it the more clear it seems, that unless he had some such orders as I have referred to above, his conduct throughout showed lamentable weakness and indecision. Of our experiences in 1855 I shall have more to say; but to finish up 1854 I have only to mention that the "Winchester" remained at Woosung, near Shanghai, all the summer; some of the steamers belonging to the squadron being sent to sea "*under sail only*, on account of the high price of coal," and apparently no attempt was made either to find the Russian squadron or to attack the Russian settlements. Meanwhile, our Pacific squadron, in concert with a French squadron, had attacked Petropavlovsk in Kamtskatcha, though it was on the China station; the story of which is best shrouded in oblivion so far as our national prestige is concerned, yet as an object lesson of how not to carry on war it is worth a moment's attention.

We had several steamers on the China station: the "Encounter," "Rattler," "Styx," "Barracouta." They had only one, the "Virago," in the Pacific. When Admiral Price had moved north to attack Petropavlovsk the "Virago" had to tow the six ships of the Anglo-French squadron in to engage the Russian batteries defending the harbour. I have never seen any good account of the operations; but

it appears that if the French admiral took any part at all it was a *quantité negligeablé*, and the whole responsibility fell upon our Admiral Price, who had been long on shore. He committed suicide as the "Virago" had the ships in tow, and the command then devolved on Sir Frederick Nicholson, Bart., commanding the "Pique," a fine 40-gun frigate. Subsequently most of the Russian batteries were silenced by the fire from the ships, when it was decided to land a force to attack the town. This force was ambushed, and there was a *sauve qui peut* to the boats, after which the attack on Petropavlovsk was abandoned.

Now, why was the weaker squadron allowed to leave its proper station to engage in hostilities on the Asiatic shore; or, if this was considered advisable, why was it not reinforced by steamers from the China squadron? One would certainly have thought that it was primarily the duty of the China squadron to attack Petropavlovsk, or that if it was decided that this was to be left to the admiral on the Pacific station, proper arrangements should have been made to reinforce him. In due course we heard of Petropavlovsk through the English papers, and "no fellow could understand" why our ships had been fatuously fooling round near Shanghai when active operations were in progress on our own station.

Well, for us in the "Spartan" we were tied to Hong Kong, our second trying summer there, resulting in a good many invalidings, and we had to be content with the crumbs of news of the larger operations in the Baltic and Black Sea, while our only variety was an occasional short cruise, or a piratical expedition.

Indeed, the pirates were very bold and practically blockaded Hong Kong, so that our boats were constantly sent out cruising, with more or less success.

I was fortunate enough on one occasion to capture two small piratical junks while in charge of a five-oared gig, and curiously enough we had no loss, as I surprised the junks, of which we had information. They were lying in a small bay, and could not see us till we rounded a point close to them; I know I was out of sight of the other

boats, and if I remember rightly I had heard of these junks while our larger boats were away in another direction. On this occasion "stink pots" were thrown, which might have caused serious damage, but in their hurry the Chinese failed to throw them into the boat, and as their crews were numerous I was not sorry to allow them to escape to the shore. It was a long job to get the junks back to the ship, and as the result I had sunstroke, and my captain, who was very kind to me, "was d——d if he would ever let me go away again."

Soon after this we had placed a small gun in one of the junks I had captured, and this decoy boat, as we called her, was sent away with one of our cutters in charge of Lieut. Morrell, Billy Grove being in charge of the cutter. This was not very successful, as the decoy boat fell in with a strong piratical fleet and the junks opened fire at her at a distance at which her gun was useless, and she could not close. The position was certainly an awkward one, and they were much relieved when a large armed lorcha approached, and the pirates made off.

One man was badly wounded by a shot from a gingall. I was not away on this occasion, as I was unwell in the captain's cabin. After this failure the decoy boat was given up, but it had clearly been successful as far as the decoying went, and it always struck me that two similar junks with one good gun each might have done valuable service.

As I have said, our expeditions against pirates were numerous, but only partially successful, and I need not dwell on them. I will, however, give an account of one which was of rather more importance, and attained a greater degree of success than the others.

It was in October, 1854, that news reached Hong Kong of a more than usually bold piratical attack near at hand, a Chilian barque having been taken and sunk near Coulan by the pirates. The captain, an Irishman called Rooney, had escaped in a small boat and come to Hong Kong to tell the tale, but a Chinese merchant and a French lady (?), who were passengers, were believed to be prisoners in the hands of the pirates. Sir William Hoste, on hearing the

facts, chartered a small merchant steamer, "Anne," and our expedition consisted of about seventy men and officers under Lieut. Palliser, the first lieutenant, with our two pinnaces mounting 12-pounder howitzers, and the jolly boat. The other officers were Lieut. Morrell, Sarratt, the second master, and myself as midshipman in charge of the jolly boat. We arrived off Coulan at daylight on the morning after leaving Hong Kong, and, seeing some junks under way, our boats immediately gave chase. The junks ran ashore, the pirates escaping, but fortunately the Chinese merchant and French lady were left in one of them. I attempted to follow the crew of one junk with my boat's crew of six men, but without success; though on reaching the top of a hill I could look down on a bay at the head of which were numerous junks, evidently a piratical stronghold.

I returned to the "Anne" with this information, but Lieut. Palliser had decided to attack another piratical village, where it was hoped we should find some of the barque's cargo. The latter, I may remark, had been gutted and scuttled. This was attacked successfully, and though there was some opposition—the pirates firing small guns loaded with copper cash for luck—there was no loss, and some of the cargo was recovered. I was left in charge of the "Anne," but, observing two small junks, I gave chase to them in the steamer's gig, and eventually captured them; and here I may as well relate an episode which shows, at all events, what my ideas of discipline were in those days. We had chased some fifteen miles from the "Anne," which was out of sight, and one of my crew, whose name I remember well enough, though I will call him P., got frightened and declined to pull his oar. I was very angry, of course, but he lay down in the bottom of the boat, and we picked up the junks at last, the pirates jumping overboard to swim to the shore.

We were, however, close to the junks, and I was able to overtake two Chinese who were swimming. As soon as P. saw there was no danger he got up, and, taking his musket, prepared to shoot at the defenceless Chinamen. Of course, I ordered him to put down the musket and not to fire,

but, as he disobeyed, and got into the bows to have a clear shot at the Chinamen, I said, "If you fire at those men, I'll fire at you," and I held a revolver towards him. P. fired notwithstanding, and I immediately fired at him, wounding him in the hand, as I had intended.

No doubt there was some commotion on this assertion of my authority, for I remember telling the stroke oar that if he did not sit down and pull I would shoot him; but P. was not much hurt, and in due course I succeeded in getting the junks near the "Anne," where I had to destroy them. To finish this story, I confess that I did not report the incident, but P. did after our return to the ship. Neither the captain nor the admiral, to whom the captain reported the circumstance, knew exactly what to do. I was under arrest for some time, and then matters were hushed up. I was told by some friends among the men that my crew wanted to throw me overboard, but I suppose they did not dare to do so; and I was also warned that P. meant to "do for me;" but he was a cowardly scoundrel, and the threat did not trouble me much. Fortunately for me, perhaps, the papers were not so numerous or active as they are now. No doubt my action was partly prompted by a determination to assert my authority; but though I believe that the junks were really pirates, they were small vessels with only a few men on board, and I could not prove much against the men, so that I was acting in the cause of humanity. The two Chinamen were, I believe, eventually released after inquiry, although suspected of piracy.

The next day our three boats pulled up towards the stronghold which I had reported, and on entering a rather deep bay, we were received by a brisk fire of comparatively heavy guns from the shore, while the numerous junks at the head of the bay fired wildly, churning up the water near them, their fire being quite thrown away. Some of the larger shot, however, came near our boats, and as our two larger boats were full of men, we should have been in a difficulty had one of them been sunk. I remember Palliser's calling to Morrell, and saying: "They're too strong for us, Arthur, my boy," when we turned round and pulled round a point, where

we were protected from the fire. Here a sort of council of war was held, in which I was not much consulted, and it was decided, much to my disappointment, to return to the "Anne." I was in command of the jolly boat, and a fine old seaman, a boatswain's mate—Joe Jackson by name—was with me. He had, I think, got some samshu, or Chinese spirit; at all events, he persisted in smoking whilst sitting in the bows of the boat as we pulled in. One of the larger shots fell close to the jolly boat, splashing us considerably, and putting Jackson's pipe out in a double sense. Hence, at every pause in the conversation, after our retreat, he constantly called out, in a loud voice, "D—— it all, let's have a go at 'em!" a sentiment which I thought too good to be checked, and, curiously enough, Palliser took no notice of it, though he must have heard it.

Well, we returned to the "Anne," when I immediately went below and made a rough sketch of the bay, and where we could land to attack the junks from the shore, so as to avoid the batteries which had annoyed us.

Shortly afterwards Palliser again consulted the officers, the others agreeing with him that the pirates were too strong to be attacked; and at last it came to my turn, when I developed my plan, which was to take advantage of the Chinese having no muskets, and leaving some twenty or twenty-five men in the two pinnaces with the twelve pounders the boats carried at the head of the bay to shell the junks as they came out, to land the remainder, and carry the Chinese defences from the rear. I was much in earnest about my plan, which was gravely considered for some minutes, when it occurred to Palliser that a midshipman's plan (I was about eighteen, and young looking for my age) must be ridiculous, and I was told to go about my business, and that it was an impertinence on my part to have any opinion differing from that of my seniors.

Of course I was much disappointed, and I am confident that my plan would have been successful. It was a splendid chance lost. However, Palliser, like Hotham when he took two French battleships, as related by Nelson, was quite satisfied, saying, "We have done very well," and was disinclined to risk more, so we returned to Hong Kong.

Palliser was promoted for this and other piratical expeditions, and received the Legion of Honour from the French Emperor. I may mention that some months after, on the return of the admiral to Hong Kong, this stronghold was taken by the boats of the squadron, about one hundred junks being captured. We lost three men by a round shot. Unfortunately the "Spartan" was not present.

This piratical cruise has rested on my memory as it was the best chance we ever had of a really smart action with the pirates.

So far as we were concerned in the "Spartan" we might have been at peace with all the world, though the Russian War was raging, and the newspapers were eagerly scanned telling us of Alma, Balaklava, and Inkerman. We were in Hong Kong when the news of the "soldiers' battle" reached us, and it must have been still warm, for our *jalousies* were down in the midshipmen's berth, and we would easily hear the discussions on the subject in the marines' mess just outside. Our sergeant of marines, Morris, was a fine man who had served in the Guards, but rather ignorant, and I remember his summing up the discussion on one occasion. He said, "Them Rooshians fought well, but, poor fellows, what could 'em do against we?" A fine British sentiment, which I am sure he sincerely felt.

I remember well the Christmas Day, '54, when we were in Hong Kong. I had seen some Christmas Days before, and I have seen many since, but this was certainly the worst I remember. One Christmas Day in the "Queen," I remember two men died, one a petty officer whom I knew well. He had come off from leave rather the worse for drink, but he was laid under the mess table in his mess, where he was found dead, probably choked; and a marine had died from eating too much. But in the "Queen" the men, though allowed some license, were kept in hand and there was no disorder. The Christmas to which I am now referring was different, as the men to a great extent took charge. I had heard from my friend the signalman, under the seal of secrecy, that much grog had been saved for Christmas, and I believe that the ship's police were afraid to stop liquor coming into the ship.

My friend, whilst sympathising with the men, was rather nervous about it, saying, "We shall have an awful Christmas," but he assured me that any attempt to thwart the men would result in a mutiny. At all events I said nothing, and I fancy others were in the secret. When Christmas Day came it was certainly a terrible scene of drunkenness towards evening, though there was no ill-feeling or direct insubordination. I had the first watch, and at 9 o'clock I was called upon to assist Palliser and some other officers in clearing the main deck, which we eventually succeeded in doing, forcing the men below on to the lower deck, many of whom were very drunk. I remember Palliser, who was a big man, having a regular fight with a drunken Irishman, in which he was successful, and he was cheered by the men.

There was literally a pile of drunken men under the main hatchway, many of whom were making a noise; but after a time I distinctly made out that one man was groaning and evidently much hurt, so on our second doctor coming on board, about 11 p.m., we determined to get at him, and eventually he was unearthed from a pile of drunken men, and, unfortunately, poor fellow, his neck was broken.

He was a marine, and I think there was another death. In neither case was there any reason to suspect foul play. They were simply drunk, and fighting indiscriminately. Certainly in these respects the modern navy has nothing to learn from the "good old times."

CHAPTER V.

H.M.S. "SPARTAN." EAST INDIES AND CHINA.

PART III.

Hong Kong—Arrival of the Arctic Ship "Enterprise"—Commodore Elliot's Squadron—The "Spartan's" Cruise to the Kuriles—The Castrics Bay Fiasco—Eight o'Clock Island—French Co-operation—The Gulf of Tartary—Russians in Castrics Bay—Our Admiral and Commodore—The "Pallas"—Result of a Long Peace—Cruise with the Commodore—Seamanship Examination—Commander and Navigator—My Seamanship Examination—Illustrations of Seamanship Examinations—Sir Sydney Dacres—Fog on Siberian Coast—Off the Amoor River—An Inglorious Episode—The Crew of the "Diana"—Russians on board the "Spartan"—Japan in 1855—Promoted to Acting-Lieutenant—The Spare Cabin Rats and Cockroaches—The Straits of Malacca—A Visit to Sarawak—A Chinese Raid—The Bishop of Labuan—The Hill Dyaks—Rajah Brooke—Tigers in the Straits—A Long Commission—A Heavy Gale—Return Home after Five and a-half Years—Paying Off—The "Queen" and "Spartan."

We were now in the throes of the Russian War in the winter of 1854-55—that terrible winter in the Crimea when the splendid British Army, which had landed at Old Fort only a few months previously, was dying of exposure and privation in the trenches before Sevastopol; and with the returning spring of 1855 we hoped that at last our squadron in China would do something, and that a little active service would fall to our lot. How little this was, and how ignoble our war service was to be, we fortunately did not know, and I can only record our proceedings as lessons of how not to do it. Our time in Hong Kong this winter passed quietly enough, and there is only one episode worth recording in the arrival of the "Enterprise" one morning in November, after some four years spent in the Arctic regions. I remember her arrival well enough. It was about 7 a.m. on a fine morning in November, '54, that an old, battered, whaler-like barque sailed through the Lymoon Pass, and, curiously enough, though so unlike a man-of-war, she had

a navy signal flying. The "Winchester" had observed the flags, but evidently could not make them out; they were not very plain, but they appeared to be a man-of-war's "number" or name, which our signal-book gave as "Endymion," at that time an old frigate not in commission. Our signalman was puzzled, when it suddenly occurred to me that we had changed the signal-books on the outbreak of war, and that I had seen the former books still in the captain's cabin a few days previously; so I stole down to the cabin and, looking in the old books, I saw the name of "Enterprise" against the number shown, so that I was able to convey the information to the flagship. Her four years' cruise was a sad story, and I do not pretend to give any opinion as to where the fault lay; but she had accomplished little, as, soon after she was fast in the ice, the commander, Collinson—afterwards Sir Richard Collinson—had quarrelled with his officers, all of whom were under arrest.

They were, I think, immediately released by order of the admiral, and I remember how wild they were, and their vows of vengeance on the captain after their three years' confinement. Much allowance must be made for the close proximity of life on board ship under such circumstances, with no court of appeal to decide disputes and clear the air. We had something like this in the case of Sir H. Stanley's memorable expedition. Eventually the admiral lent some officers, the "Enterprise" came home, and the difficulties were hushed up on the ship's arrival in England. Collinson was never employed again, though he was subsequently knighted, and most of the lieutenants were promoted. It was a curious episode, but it gave me a lesson of the importance of having some means of settling difficulties promptly by superior authority.

But to return to our share of the war. The "Sybille," a fine 40-gun frigate, commanded by Commodore Hon. C. J. B. Elliot, one of the youngest captains of his standing in the navy, had come to Hong Kong from India, and had been filled up with provisions, the "bread" or biscuit "hard tack," in naval parlance being stored "in bulk" (*i.e.* being turned out of the bread bags to stow closer) in the

bread-room, preparatory for a lengthened cruise. We hoped to have accompanied him, in accordance with his wish I believe, but early in '55 the "Sybille" sailed, with the "Hornet" of seventeen guns, a screw steamer, and a 12-gun brig the "Bittern." The Commodore had sealed orders, in accordance with ancient custom, and it was understood that active operations were to be carried out, though why the squadron was so small, and why the "Hornet," a small-powered steamer which had recently arrived from England and had an indifferent crew, was the only one attached to the squadron, were points which "no fellow could understand." As to what this squadron did, I shall have more to say presently.

It was understood, at the time, that the "Spartan" was to have a cruise to herself, and we sailed on April 13th with sealed orders, which were to be opened 120 miles east of Hong Kong, thus we had little clue to our destination, and few among us thought it necessary to provide ourselves with warm clothing. I remember that my provision for the cruise was to buy a Dean and Adams revolver, as we hoped to see some fighting somewhere.

It was on Sunday, April 15th, that we reached our rendezvous, and it was given out that we were bound north. I believe now that we were to go up to Petropavlovsk in Kamschatka, to join the Pacific squadron in attacking that place, if we could get there in time; but neither our admiral nor our captain seemed to be in a hurry. However, our hopes were high on hearing the news, and we thought it a good omen when in the Psalms of the day (75th Psalm) our chaplain read, "For promotion cometh neither from the east, nor from the west, nor yet from the south." We did not, however, take much by our motion, for our cruise was a bootless one; we sailed quietly up to the Kurile Islands and among them till we got within 300 or 400 miles of Kamschatka, our furthest north being 48 degrees on May 19th, when we returned south, reaching Hakodate, in the northern island of Japan, where we expected to have found the admiral, on the 31st May.

It was a dreary cruise. Few of our officers or men had

warm clothing; we were strictly on salt provisions in the gun room, the ward room was not much better off, and it was bitterly cold, the islands being covered with snow. However, the weather was tolerable, though my log showed that we frequently had to close reef. I shall not forget the feeling of monotony, caused to a great extent by disappointment.

On our arrival at Hakodate, we found that the admiral had sailed in hot haste a few days before, the "Bittern" having arrived with information that the commodore, with the "Sybille" and "Hornet," was blockading a Russian squadron in Castrics Bay, at the northern end of the Gulf of Tartary. Our orders were to remain at Hakodate, and naturally we cursed our luck, as we supposed that the admiral, who had one or two steamers at his command, would naturally have gone north without loss of time; he had, indeed, we were told, left Hakodate a few hours after hearing Elliot's news. We were accordingly much surprised at the arrival of a cutter from the "Winchester," the same afternoon, towed by H.M.S. "Tartar," a P. & O. steamer, which had been hired, and which reported the admiral to be at anchor some 40 miles from Hakodate, with the "Bittern" in company. This gave us an opportunity of asking leave to join the admiral, which was given, and we then proceeded, in company with the "Winchester" and "Bittern," in a leisurely manner towards the Gulf of Tartary. But even then we did not go up the Gulf, and satisfied ourselves by cruising at the southern end of it, hoping to encounter the Russians if they came south. There was an island at the entrance, called Monneron Island, which we sighted every morning, and as we cruised to and fro for some days, the men nicknamed it "Eight o'Clock Island." One excuse I must give for the admiral's conduct—we were to have been joined by two French frigates, the "Sibylle" and "Constantine," but they delayed their coming unaccountably, though they joined us later, and it is supposed that we were waiting for them. I may mention here that the French frigates joined us on July 1st, off Monneron Island, and cruised with us till July 6th, when the French "Sibylle" left us, having 100 men sick with scurvy. The "Constantine" stayed with us till July 25th. The scurvy was unac-

countable, as, before parting company, the "Sibylle" gave us some of her provisions, which were excellent, the salt meat being certainly better than our own navy rations, yet we had no scurvy in our ships.

I have a strong opinion that the co-operation was not very cordial; at all events the Frenchmen were always astern, and seldom in sight in the foggy weather which prevailed. To return to my narrative. We had left Hakodate on June 2nd, and had joined the flagship and "Bittern" the same night. We had the "Tartar" with us, but though the admiral made a brave show in sailing at once, we did not reach Eight o'Clock Island till June 7th, where the "Sibylle" joined us, the "Hornet" following two days later. We remained cruising round the island till June 15th, when we anchored; the steam sloop "Styx" joined us on the 16th, and on the 17th we sailed quietly up the Gulf of Tartary. As I have my midshipman's log I am able to give these dates and those that follow accurately. It was remarkable that we kept carefully on the east side of the Gulf, or the Saghalien side, that large island which forms the east side of the Gulf being at that period nominally Japanese, though now Russian, and that we seemed to avoid looking over towards the Siberian or Russian side of the Gulf. On June 22nd the "Styx" and "Tartar" sailed south, so that we were left with the "Hornet" as our only steamer, and on June 25th we anchored in Jonquiere Bay on the north-east of the Gulf of Tartary, nearly opposite Castrics Bay on the Russian coast, where our "Sybille" had seen the Russian squadron. Commodore Elliot was allowed to go over to Castrics Bay in the "Hornet," as we were told with positive orders to be back in thirty-six hours, and in due course he returned, reporting, as we were not surprised to hear, that the Russians had left. After remaining at anchor till June 29th, the "Hornet" having returned, the squadron sailed quietly down the Gulf of Tartary again, keeping carefully the Saghalien coast on board, and we reached our old friend Monneron Island on July 1st, where, as I have stated, we were joined by the two French frigates.

I must now give such account as I can of the Castrics Bay incident. It appears that Commodore Elliot, with the "Sybille," "Hornet," and "Bittern," arrived off Castrics Bay about the middle of May, finding there the Russian 40-gun frigate "Aurora," with I think three or four corvettes, and a small steamer, the "Vostock," which we had seen at Hong-Kong and Shanghai not long before the declaration of war. The Commodore stood in to the bay in the "Hornet" cautiously, as there was practically no survey, and I believe he fired a shot at the Russian ships, after which a council of war was held, which decided that the Russians were too strong to be attacked, and the "Bittern" was despatched to give the news to the admiral, Commodore Elliot blockading the Russians for several days with the "Sybille" and "Hornet"; but the Russians did not come out, and the commodore, who, as far as I could ascertain, had had no communication from the admiral, stood south, and joined the admiral at the entrance of the Gulf on June 7th, as I have stated.

Before criticising the conduct of the commodore, it is well to state what was known of the Russian ships. The "Aurora," and certainly one of the corvettes, had been at Petropavlovsk when it was attacked in '54, and expecting an attack by a stronger force in 1855, they had come to Castrics Bay about the end of April, having left Petropavlovsk on April 15th. They were fortunately about a month before us in the "Spartan," and though our ship's company at all events were "all in love with fighting," we might have had too much of it. They were full of stores, and the ships were, I believe, not in fighting trim, so that had Elliot attacked he could probably have destroyed them without much difficulty.

After Elliot had left, it appears that stores, guns, etc., were removed, and the ships lightened so as to enable them to get through the shallow northern channel separating Saghalien from the Siberian coast, and ultimately they succeeded in getting into the Amoor River; probably even on June 25th, when we were in Jonquiere Bay, this was only half accomplished, but apparently we made no attempt to bring them to action, our admiral acting on Dogberry's advice to the

watch as to their conduct, if they met a thief to "take no note of him and let him go."

I have said enough about the admiral. We certainly had a notion that he had orders not to press the Russians in the Far East. The commodore was, however, credited with a great desire to follow up the enemy, and there was much excuse to be made for him, as his force was apparently very inferior to that of the Russians. That he might have done more I have shown; but his great error was in ever losing sight of his opponents, and he had the advantage of having one fairly good steamer in the "Hornet." His best course would probably have been to have kept his three ships together, to have strictly blockaded the Russian squadron, and to have sent his launch south to meet the admiral. The distance was no doubt considerable, between 500 and 600 miles, but the Gulf of Tartary is a smooth sea, and the winds were mostly favourable at that season.

By so doing, the Russians would not have escaped without an action, and even if Elliot avoided an action they could not take their guns out to go north; while had they run to the south, so far as the admiral had any strategical notion it appeared that this was what he expected them to do, so that our two squadrons would have joined and overwhelmed the Russians. It is probable that our ships were far better sailers and better found in all respects than those of the Russians; while I have no doubt that our officers and men were better seamen, so that our object would naturally be to fight under way. Our conduct was so extraordinary that it is inexplicable. The admiral might have had the "Spartan" and "Styx" with him, and his hand would have been forced had Elliot persisted in blockading. As it was, the admiral kept the "Bittern" with him, and with only two ships, the "Sybille" and "Hornet," Elliot did not consider himself justified in courting an action with what was apparently a very superior force.

Before leaving this melancholy episode, I may mention that the "Pallas," a 50-gun frigate, had been anchored in a bay on the west side of the Gulf of Tartary, and that she was blown up some time this year. Evidently the Russian ships had no intention of fighting, and we might have risked

a good deal if our object was really war and not playing at war.

"Something must be left to chance," to use Nelson's words in naval matters, and, though in this instance, no doubt, as in others, our information was of the most meagre description, from the immature state of the Russian settlements in the Far East at that time, we should have been justified in assuming that their ships would be ill provided, and that we could dare much. We were paralysed, possibly, by orders from home, but more, I think, by the fear of responsibility which pervaded both services at that time, probably from a generation having grown up which had seen no fighting, and in peace cruising the safety of their ships had been the aim of all endeavours.

Our navy was, in fact, in many respects in the position referred to by Captain Mahan when speaking of the failure of Mathews in 1744 and Byng in 1756. Previous to this period, as he points out, the last great naval action had been that of Malaga in 1704, and he accounts for the "shyness" of Burril and other captains in 1744 as due in great part to the long peace.* He says: "The tendency of this want of experience, followed by the long period, not of peace only, but of professional depression, resultant upon inactivity and national neglect, was to stagnation, to obviate which no provision existed or was attempted. . . . The stimulus of occupation, and the correctiveness of experience being removed, average men stuck where they were, and grew old in the routine of the service, or what was, perhaps, worse, out of the service, in all but name;" and, in speaking of the "incipient degeneracy," which, after fifteen years of peace, had succeeded to the stirring naval battles of Charles II.'s time, he remarks that "completeness of military achievement became in men's minds less of an object than accurate observance of rule, and in practice the defensive consideration of avoiding disaster began to preponderate over offensive effort for the destruction of the enemy."

These remarks of the distinguished naval strategist were directly applicable to the majority of the admirals

* Types of Naval Officers, page 69.

and captains serving in the Russian War; they had grown up in peace service, and had never considered warlike operations; while in many instances from having spent long periods on shore, and from lack of professional employment, as well as from age, they were inefficient as officers and seamen.

To continue my story of our operations. On July 1st, having been joined by the two French frigates, we parted company from the admiral, and the "Spartan," being placed under the commodore's orders, the four frigates stood to the south, and, rounding the south of Saghalien, we anchored in Aniwa Bay on the east coast. There the French "Sibylle" left us, as I have stated, and we received large supplies of good salmon from the native Ainus in compensation for our not hauling the "seine" which we had intended doing. This salmon was much appreciated at first, as it was a welcome change from salt provisions; but before long it palled upon us, as it was preserved in various forms, and, though it was good enough, we did not appreciate it as a main article of diet. I do not know what amount we received, but it was piled up between the guns on the main deck, and I see in my journal the entry for three days running: "Received salmon for ship's company."

I have mentioned journal and not log, for during this cruise I passed for a lieutenant, and I have my midshipman's log up to June 15th, and mate's (now sub-lieutenant's) journal after that date.

The passing was, of course, an event of great importance to me, and I may as well mention details. I had entered the navy on May 8th, 1849; consequently, my six years' service, then the regulation time, viz., two years as naval cadet and four years as midshipman, was completed on May 8th, 1855; but then, as now, a midshipman could not pass till he was nineteen. Accordingly, my passing day was on my nineteenth birthday, June 15th, 1855. As we were at sea I passed provisionally before my own captain and the officers of the "Spartan," receiving a first-class certificate in seamanship, this provisional passage having to be confirmed by a board consisting of three captains or commanders.

Accordingly, on our arrival in Jonquiere Bay, an examination was held by the admiral's order, there being two or three others to be examined besides myself. The "passing captains" were Captain Wilson, of the "Winchester;" Commander Charles Fellowes, then commander of the flagship; and Commander Forsyth, of the "Hornet."

This examination was an instance of how seamanship examinations were frequently conducted in those days, though it was certainly more systematic than one mentioned, I think, by Captain Basil Hall, in his "Voyages and Travels," where the candidate, who was of good family, was asked how his father was, and if he would take a glass of wine, after which he was told that he had passed. A good yarn of comparatively modern times is told of a certain flagship on a foreign station which seldom went to sea, and where the officers were mostly related to the admiral, so that she was known as "a family ship," famous for easy going slackness generally; but she was "a happy ship," and the great object of the captain, who was a humorous man, was to keep things quiet and comfortable. It appears that one of the midshipmen, who was a nephew of the admiral's, had to come up to pass his lieutenant's examination, the passing officers for the provisional certificate being the captain, commander, and navigating officer of the flagship. He, unfortunately, knew little, and the commander and navigator thought he ought to be rejected, but, being a relation of the admiral's, the captain thought otherwise, and, taking the commander on one side, he said, "Now L., you promised the admiral when you came to the ship that there should be no rows, and if this young fellow is rejected there must be rows and unpleasantness," on which the commander and navigator agreed to give the boy a third-class certificate, but on the captain again pressing upon them that there must be "no rows," he was eventually given a first-class certificate.

To return to my own case. There were, I think, four of us, and our examination was to take place one forenoon, as we were to sail in the afternoon. We only spent some half an hour or less each in the examination, and we all got second-class certificates. I confess I was much disappointed, while some of the others were agreeably surprised; indeed

their subsequent careers showed that they were not satisfactory, as none of them got beyond the rank of lieutenant, and one certainly was dismissed the service; yet we were all tarred with the same brush. In my own case, I confess that I was not a little nervous, and that I answered indifferently certain questions about cutting and fitting standing rigging, which I had never seen done; but we had come to the fittings of the "Spartan," on which I felt more at home, and I expected more practical questions of ordinary seamanship, when suddenly the examination came to an end. I was sensible that I had not done myself justice, and hesitated to leave, on which Commander Forsyth, who had asked no questions at all, said, "What are you waiting for? We're quite satisfied," and he then offered me a glass of wine. My examination occupied some twenty minutes, I think, and on examining the headings of the examination paper, on most of which I had been asked no questions at all, they all appeared as "good," or "very good;" so that as far as the details were concerned, I might have been given a first-class certificate. However, it did not seem to occur to anyone, except myself, that it mattered a "tuppenny dam," to use Wellington's phrase, what class certificate was given, and the admiral at once promised me the first vacancy for lieutenant which occurred in his command. At that time, death vacancies were absolutely at the admiral's disposal, and shortly afterwards I heard that there was a death vacancy for lieutenant in a ship in Australia, then under the China admiral, which, I believe, would have fallen to me, but it turned out that it had occurred before I passed, and I was not eligible, so it was given to a more deserving brother officer, now an admiral of the fleet.

I have given the above details, because the seamanship examination was then and still is far too much of a fluke, though it is true that it is conducted in much more systematic manner now than it was formerly; but it depends entirely on the examining officers, and their standards are different, while often the "exigencies of the service," or possibly the private affairs of the examining officers, cause

the time at their disposal to be limited and the examination is hurried through.

I am tempted to give some other illustration of the uncertainty of the seamanship examination. When I commanded H.M.S. "Doris" '74-'76, a navigating midshipman of my ship, named Bell, had to pass for a navigating lieutenant, the examination being precisely the same as that of a midshipman for lieutenant except that the examination was conducted by three navigating officers presided over by a captain.

The "Doris" formed one of the detached squadron, and we had come out to India on the occasion of the Prince of Wales's visit in 1875-'76. We were at Calcutta, I think, and the examination was to take place on board Capt. G. Tryon's ship the "Raleigh," Tryon being the presiding captain. Now, I considered Bell to be one of the best of our young officers, and Tryon knew that I took some pains to instruct them, as several "Doris" midshipmen had passed very creditable examinations before him. Tryon and I were the two junior captains in the squadron, and we were accordingly generally on the examination boards of each other's midshipmen.

In this case, it being a navigating midshipman, Tryon had left the examination chiefly to the three navigators. He had been away on some duty for about an hour, and as he had seen the very high certificate which I had given Bell both for conduct and proficiency, he was much astonished on his return to hear that the three navigators proposed to reject him. He was a strong man, and he declined to accept their view. Taking the boy in hand himself he soon found that he was especially good, and eventually Bell got a first-class certificate, which he fully deserved. Owing to Tryon's action he got early promotion through getting his "three ones," and he would probably be now well up the captain's list had not his health broken down when he was a commander, so that he had to retire.

I have not mentioned the names of the examining officers, nor do I know exactly what they asked Bell, but I believe they were chiefly abstruse questions of ropemaking

and sailmaking, of little practical importance; while, until Tryon interfered, the unfortunate "passing number" was not asked anything respecting ordinary seamanship.

I could mention another case where two midshipmen from the same ship had to present themselves for examination at the same time. One received a first-class certificate, the other being rejected. The amusing part of it is that the one who received his first-class told me himself that most of the seamanship he knew was taught him by his unfortunate rejected friend.

Strange as this may appear I believe it to be true, and I think I could produce my witness to the statement.

The fact is that seamanship covers much ground, that time is often limited, and that as it is *viva voce*, much depends on the assurance of the young officer. This is rather a hobby of mine, so perhaps I may be pardoned for citing other instances. One occurred when I was commander of the "Eclipse" in New Zealand, in 1865. I was one of the passing captains, and the candidate was a fine young fellow whom I knew very well as a brother cricketer. I was the junior examiner, and my seniors had asked most of the questions, receiving rather unsatisfactory replies, on which they wished to turn the candidate back. On his leaving the cabin I objected to this, pointing out that he had not been examined in handling a ship or in the ordinary deck duties, in which I had heard that he was decidedly good. The result of this was that I was asked to put these questions, but the candidate answered them so badly that I concurred in his rejection. I was rather amused afterwards at hearing that the candidate, who was rather a violent young man, and his friends were vowing vengeance against me, as having been the brute that had turned him back. He left the service soon afterwards.

Another case, which occurred about 1854 or 1855, shows even more clearly the uncertainty of the examination.

At that time there were regular examination days in each month, both at Portsmouth and Plymouth, when any midshipman who had completed his time could present himself for examination. A midshipman, whom I afterwards

knew very well as a lieutenant—for he never got higher than a lieutenant, though he retired with the rank of a commander—and whom I will call C., presented himself before the board at Portsmouth. Undoubtedly he was a very stupid fellow, who, under the happy-go-lucky system which then existed, could be, and was, crassly ignorant of any professional knowledge. Accordingly, neither his friends nor he himself were surprised when he was ignominiously rejected and informed by the examining officers that they did not propose to examine him again for some months; but he had no document showing his rejection.

Taking advantage of this, and of the passing day at Plymouth being a few days later, Mr. C. packed up his logs and proceeded to Plymouth, where he duly presented himself for examination and passed, obtaining, I think, a second class certificate.

This was undoubtedly rather a smart thing to do, but I am afraid C. did not take much by his motion, for one of the Portsmouth examiners was Capt. Dacres, subsequently Admiral Sir Sidney Dacres, G.C.B., a fine sailor, afterwards First Sea Lord of the Admiralty. Now Dacres rather prided himself on two things—first, on his knowledge of young officers; and secondly, on not being done.

This was unfortunate, for Dacres never forgot C., or the trick he had played him, and when he was "captain of the fleet" in the Mediterranean subsequently he used to look out for C., then a lieutenant; but C. wisely avoided the admiral, and I have often taken his turn as officer of the guard, as we were serving in the same ship, to enable him to keep out of harm's way.

I heard the story from both sides; it was first told me by C. and afterwards by the admiral, who was very curious to know why C. never seemed to be officer of the guard.

This is a big digression, for which I have already apologised, and I will now return to our cruise with Commodore Elliot.

We remained in Aniwa Bay enjoying our salmon till July 9th, when the squadron sailed, consisting of "Sybille," "Spartan," and "Hornet," and the French "Constantine." The

French "Sibylle," as I have stated, left us on July 8th, and I may here mention that though the "Constantine" remained with us off and on till August 8th, she was constantly absent for days, and when nominally with us was usually out of sight astern.

This coast is notoriously foggy in the summer time, and my journal records day after day "thick fog" as we stood to the north, rounding the north of Saghalien, anchoring occasionally, and reaching the Gulf of the Amoor in 54° N. on July 22nd.

We British ships had managed to keep company fairly well in spite of fog, and I found it good experience keeping close to the "Sybille," for I was keeping officer's watch regularly since I passed, though I had often been in charge of the deck temporarily as a midshipman. Our French friend was generally out of sight, even when the fog lifted, and she was always astern.

On the 17th, off Cape Elizabeth, we were joined by H.M.S. "Barracouta," which reported Petropavlovsk and Ayan in the sea of Okotsk deserted. The "Barracouta" and "Encounter," the former a paddle, the latter a screw corvette, belonged to our China squadron; they had been detached to join the Pacific squadron under Admiral Bruce, to strengthen him for his attack on Petropavlovsk in 1855, but it was found that the Russians had deserted the place. The "Encounter" joined us a few days later.

On July 25th we had got near the mouth of the Amoor River, where we anchored; but, strangely enough, my journal shows that the "Hornet" and "Constantine" left us that day, and the "Bittern," had joined. However, the squadron which had anchored after dark consisted of the "Sybille," "Spartan," "Encounter," and "Barracouta," or two frigates and two steamers without counting the "Bittern," which after all was only a brig.

And here I must recount what I remember of the only warlike episode we experienced in the "Spartan" during the Russian War.

On looking round at daylight on the morning of the 26th, we observed a brig at anchor, hull down, towards the Amoor

River, and as we had heard of a Russian brig being due from Sitka, and most of the whalers we met being barques, we felt little doubt as to her nationality, and the "Barracouta" was ordered to chase the stranger, the "Spartan" following somewhat further in shore than the rest of the squadron; but we soon got into shoal water, and had to anchor. The "Barracouta," in endeavouring to close the brig, got ashore, but got off again, and rejoined us to report. It was most exciting; the captains held a council of war on board the "Sybille"—we were in sight of the enemy, and this was serious. Then we manned and armed boats, but the attack of a brig armed with six guns by the boats of the squadron was considered too hazardous, and the "Barracouta" was sent away again with some boats to sound and enable her to close the brig. Thus was occupied the whole of the 27th, but about 8.30 on the morning of the 28th, the "Barracouta" having neared the brig, the latter, which had been cut off from the narrow channel by the boats, blew up. This was the psychological moment. It so happened that I had got my glass upon the brig's masts, which was all we could see from the "Spartan's" deck, when the explosion took place, but the after part only was blown up, and the masts remained standing. I reported this to my captain, but just then he was signalled for by the commodore, and on his return to the "Spartan" I was told that there was a steamer coming out of the Amoor, firing shell at the boats. I am afraid I was rather insubordinate, and ridiculed the idea of the steamer; but I was ordered to the mast-head to look for her, and could only report the brig burning; so at last I was kept at the mast-head for punishment, where I spent the day till 7 p.m. Meanwhile the commodore had attempted to recall the "Barracouta," but her commander would not see the signal, and I remember that the "Spartan" stood closer in, with the Dutch ensign upside down, the recall signal, and firing guns to enforce it. The net result was that the brig was burnt, but most of the crew escaped into the Amoor, and they had landed their furs, though one boat, containing fourteen men, was captured by our boats.

It was certainly an object lesson. We knew that the

Russians had no effective steamer out there, and the "Barracouta" was a well-armed steam sloop, yet the commodore recalled her as unequal to meeting a supposed Russian steamer, even when supported by three more British ships, on which she could retreat.

On this particular day I think we were all rather mutinous; I remember that I was, and after an interview with my captain, who threatened to put me under arrest, I thought it prudent to remain at the mast-head till seven, when I came down on seeing a boat approaching which, I thought, might bring some news. When she got alongside, I remarked that our captain asked about the brig, and that the phantom steamer was not referred to. But really, as I recall this experience, and our loading with case shot in view of an attack by Russian gunboats, this being, I believe, the result of our sighting a few Ainu fishing boats, I feel that even good officers can be demoralised by the causes to which Capt. Mahan referred, and it has convinced me of the absolute necessity of a fighting service keeping always before it the object for which it exists. Unless this is done—and few officers did this before the war with Russia—officers brought up in a peace school, where cleanliness, smart appearance, and safe navigation are the ends to be attained, are utterly incapable of taking war risks, and act like poltroons.

I have given this inglorious incident in full detail as it points to the above moral, and our subsequent service need not detain me long.

On July 29th the squadron proceeded to Ayan (lat. 56° N.), in the sea of Okotsk, where we anchored on August 2nd, and remained a few days.

Ayan was deserted, and of no importance. There was good water to be had there, and our servants went on shore and washed our clothes and their own. It was a bleak place, with snow in the clefts of the rocks, and is only free of ice for two or three months in the year.

We remained there till August 9th, and then sailed south for Aniwa Bay, and after staying there a few days, we proceeded to Hakodate, arriving there on August 31st.

The only thing further worthy of remark is that on August

3rd the "Barracouta" joined us at Ayan with 275 Russians belonging to the "Diana," a fifty gun frigate which had been wrecked in Japan.

This vessel had been at anchor off the Japanese coast when there was an earthquake and tidal wave, which left her stranded. Possibly our admiral had some information on the subject. The 275 men captured by the "Barracouta" were on board an American brig, the "Greta," endeavouring to escape to the Russian coast.

Some 120 of these men, and two or three officers, were on board the "Spartan" till we arrived at Hong Kong in October, being kept as prisoners of war. They were of fine physique, but were stolid and apathetic. They slept on the main deck, whence all arms were removed, and gave no trouble. It appeared to me at the time that we took insufficient precautions with regard to these prisoners, but we certainly treated them well.

I have said that we took few precautions, and certainly none were required at sea, when one watch was always on deck; but when in harbour, though we had two or three armed sentries, there was only a quartermaster and an officer of the watch, but even so there was no great danger when with a squadron.

We were, however, by ourselves when, on October 17th, we anchored off Amoy on our way to Hong Kong. It was my first watch that night, when, about 9.30, I was informed by one of our men that he thought that the Russians were preparing to rise; that they were all in their hammocks, but wide awake; and that their officers were on the alert, while all our men were on the lower deck. They had no arms, it is true, but there were plenty of handspikes and other possible weapons available and handy. On hearing this I looked quietly round for myself, and certainly things bore a suspicious appearance, as, besides what I have mentioned, I had once or twice seen heads looking up the hatchway on to the upper deck, apparently reconnoitring. On realising the state of affairs, I quietly got a few of our men on deck with their cutlasses and revolvers, and we were soon fully prepared, after which I informed the captain. He was quite satisfied with the steps I had taken,

and from that time, so long as the Russians were on board, we had always in harbour half the watch on deck with their arms.

Sir William Hoste made some inquiries, but nothing could be proved, and we got rid of our prisoners at Hong Kong soon afterwards; but I have a strong opinion that but for the timely warning I received, and the preparations made, the Russians would have taken the ship, or at least have escaped to the shore, probably making short work of the few men on deck.

Our "service" (?) in the Russian War ended with our arrival at Hong Kong on October 20th; but I must refer here to our experience of Japan as it then was. In 1853, the Americans had made some attempt to open up the country to European trade by sending a squadron to Japan under Commodore Perry, but practically Japan was still a closed door to European influence when the Russian War broke out. At Hakodate, indeed in the northern island of Jeddo, then called Matsmai, we were allowed to land, to water, and we middies rambled about pretty freely, though we were usually attended by Japanese soldiers with a sword in each hand. But Hakodate was far removed from Tokio, and scarcely considered of importance in the Japanese body politic at that time. In the autumn of '55 a considerable squadron of British ships under Admiral Sir James Stirling, of which we formed one in the "Spartan," anchored in the outer harbour of Nagasaki, remaining there some days; but we were only allowed to land on a small island in the harbour, large enough for the officers to play quoits and to have sports not requiring extensive grounds. The inner harbour was jealously guarded by a string of boats which stretched right across the harbour, and it was generally supposed that if the ships forced their way into the inner harbour some high Japanese official would have to commit hari-kari.

The object of the admiral's visit was to make a treaty with Japan, and something was done in this direction, as the day before we sailed a large number of officers landed and had some refreshment to celebrate the occasion of the treaty being signed. The Japanese were, however, so jealous at that time of European interference that the streets through which the

officers had to pass were all boarded up on each side, so that the houses and shops should not be seen.

I see that we were at Nagasaki, in the "Spartan," from September 23rd to October 10th. Our squadron was a fairly strong one, as we had present, at one time, the "Winchester" (50 guns), flagship; "Nankin" (50 guns), recently arrived from England; "Sybille" (40 guns), "Pique" (40 guns), recently arrived from the Pacific; "Spartan" (26 guns), "Encounter," "Barracouta," "Hornet," "Styx," and "Tartar," steamers; French frigates, "Virginie" and "Sibylle;" and "Saracen," surveying ship.

No doubt the parade of a strong force was suited to overawe the Japanese; but one could not help thinking that with such a squadron we should have swept the Siberian coast clear earlier in the year, capturing everything Russian afloat.

The remainder of my "Spartan" service need not detain me long. After remaining at Hong Kong from October 20th to November 4th, we sailed for Singapore, and the rest of the commission was spent in the Straits of Malacca, our captain being senior naval officer, until we sailed for England on July 4th, 1857.

In December, '55, I was promoted to acting-lieutenant of the "Pique," a lieutenant of which ship had been invalided. As I was then only nineteen and a half, I was, of course, lucky, and I left the gun-room for the ward-room for good, which, as my naval readers know, means the right to a cabin and largely increased comfort, though my substantive promotion from the Admiralty was not dated till January, 1857, over a year later.

It may be worth while to refer here to the question of rats, which often swarmed in wooden ships.

On my promotion, I was allowed to occupy a spare cabin well aft, which, although far from commodious, I fully appreciated. It was cleaned and whitewashed, and I established myself fairly comfortably. It appeared, however, to be a favourite place of reunion for the rats, but as I slept well they did not disturb me; but when I was awoke to keep the morning watch the first night of my occupa-

tion of the cabin, my candle, which I had carefully placed in a silver candlestick, had practically disappeared, and many of my boots were much damaged. These rats were perfect pests, and were only kept down by numerous cats. On the passage home our men had provided themselves with Java sparrows, which were too great a temptation to the cats, so that the latter were got rid of by being thrown overboard. The rats then had their chance, and became such a nuisance, eating the hard parts of the men's feet at night, and in other ways, that they were often afraid to turn in.

Cockroaches in the tropics were also terrible scourges. One saw little of them in fine, dry weather, but in damp, wet weather they seemed to come from every hidden corner. Possibly more attention to cleanliness would have kept them down; but our remedy in the "Spartan" was to make the boys catch them—on pain of being caned—and as the boys naturally decreased in number through being rated, and the cockroaches, whose eggs contained forty or more, multiplied exceedingly, the tale of cockroaches was gradually increased, till I believe I am correct in saying that before we left Singapore for England our boys, who had become reduced to six, were expected to produce six dozen cockroaches each every morning. They used to keep a stock in large pickle bottles, and on a favourable night they would catch ten dozen or more. I forget how much an egg counted, but there were plenty of eggs to be found, which helped matters. One brig, the "Lily," was so overrun by cockroaches that the officers' clothes smelt of them.

I may mention that at that period we nearly always wore uniform on shore, except when going shooting.

In order to join the "Pique" I left the "Spartan" to go up to Hong Kong in the "Nankin," but on my arrival in Hong Kong, after a long passage against the monsoon, I found that the admiral had filled up my place in the "Pique," which had sailed for the north, and that, on Sir William Hoste's application, I had been reappointed to the "Spartan" as third lieutenant, Lieut. Grant, our second lieutenant, having been ordered to England. Accordingly

I went back to Singapore in the "Encounter," flying the admiral's flag, where he was to be relieved by Sir Michael Seymour; and in April I was again in the "Spartan," where I remained till we paid off at Plymouth on November 13th, 1857.

Our stay in the Straits of Malacca was mostly uneventful. We sent our boats away after Malay pirates once or twice, but without result, and we cruised near Singapore to Malacca, Penang, and Borneo. Our principal amusements on shore were snipe shooting and playing American bowls. At Penang the captain generally occupied a bungalow on the hill, where I often stayed with him; and we made riding excursions and bathed in the waterfall, which I much appreciated. I was always fond of swimming, and both in the Mediterranean and at Hong Kong I was much in the water. At the latter place we middies used to bathe so often that the doctor thought it bad for our health, and it was very properly restricted.

At Singapore we were not allowed to bathe on account of the sharks, which we frequently caught from the ship.

But I must not forget one trip we made to Sarawak, in Borneo. Sir James Brooke, the rajah and founder of the British protectorate of Sarawak, was then living, and he was very kind and hospitable to us when we went there.

It was, I think, in March, '57, when some Chinese who had been working gold mines up the river, at some distance from Sarawak, became discontented, and came down to Sarawak, where they surprised Rajah Brooke and took possession of the place for a time, killing most of the Europeans. The rajah himself had a narrow escape. He was in bed, and awoke when he heard a noise, and on looking through the wooden partitions of his bungalow he saw that his large sitting-room was full of excited Chinese; but he fortunately escaped through his bath-room, swimming an arm of the river. He had a sword in his hand, and he nearly cut down his English servant, who was coming up from the bath-room, which was below the rajah's bed-room. On the Dyaks being collected the Chinese were driven out

and nearly all killed on their retreat by the hill Dyaks—a small, savage race, who were "head hunters," like the inhabitants of the interior of Formosa.

The Bishop of Labuan, McDougall, remained in his house with great courage; and, curiously enough, though often threatened, he escaped.

He had some influence with the Chinese, whom he had visited, and he refused to escape, as he knew that a Mrs. Cruikshank, the wife of one of the rajah's officers, was wounded and in the hands of the Chinese, and she was lying in a path exposed to the sun. Eventually his efforts were successful, and Mrs. Cruikshank, a very pretty young woman, was given up to the bishop and restored to her husband, who had also been wounded.

The Chinese were practically in possession of the settlement for several days, and the rajah sent over to Singapore for assistance. We immediately started for Sarawak, and though, of course, the rajah had recovered his authority long before our arrival, our presence strengthened his position, and we sent boat expeditions to some of the outlying stations as well as up the river. We used to anchor in the Moratabas River, about twelve miles below Kuchang, the capital.

I remember that I was sent up to Bellida Fort, a small fort in the middle of the river, in charge of our two cutters, some twenty-five miles above Kuchang, where we remained two or three days.

I was accompanied by Prince Victor of Hohenlohe (Count Gleichen), who had come out as a lieutenant with Harry Keppel in the "Raleigh," and had been lent to us. We amused ourselves very well, making trips in canoes up the river, and paying visits to the hill Dyaks, who showed us how they had ambushed the Chinese on their retreat from Sarawak, and their heads, of which they were very proud. I much enjoyed this trip in such good company, the only inconvenience being the mosquitoes, who generally succeeded in making Prince Victor and myself hideous after a night in the fort, where we slept, for we both slept well.

I ought here to say something of that remarkable man, Sir James Brooke. He was very kind and pleasant to us, and

courteous to everyone, both Europeans and natives, his personal influence with the latter being immense. In appearance he struck me as a vigorous, active man of about sixty, and one could not help feeling some national pride at the remarkable position which this English gentleman had succeeded in making for himself through his strength of character and administrative abilities.

Whilst in the Straits of Malacca I was lucky enough to come across a tiger on two occasions.

On the first occasion we were lying in the new harbour at Singapore, which at that period was surrounded by jungle, and I had been out snipe shooting with Grant, our second-lieutenant. Our sport was not very successful. We were strolling down to the boat through the jungle, and I had discharged my gun, a muzzle-loader, at a small bird, which I stopped to pick up. While so doing Grant had got some distance ahead of me, when I saw a large animal bound across the path between us, but considerably nearer Grant than myself. At the moment it did not occur to me that it was a tiger, but then, remembering that I had heard of a tiger being in this jungle, I felt certain it was one; and after calling in vain to Grant, who had wisely made for the boat, I put a couple of bullets into my gun and looked for the tiger for some time, fortunately, probably, without success. After this I came down to the boat and joined Grant, who had seen the tiger, which had been quite close to him. Grant was much relieved at my appearance, telling me he had never expected to see me again. I may mention that at that time tigers abounded in the Island of Singapore, an average of one or two lives of coolies who lived in the jungle being victims to these animals daily; but it was not often that they were seen near the town. This tiger was killed not long afterwards.

On another occasion, when we were lying at Penang, which island is situate about 2 miles from the mainland of the Malay Peninsula, it was my middle watch. I was sitting on the stern lockers when the sentry on the gangway reported that some animal was foul of the accommodation ladder and trying to get up it. I supposed that it was an alligator, as there were plenty of them about, and did not take much notice, but I

sent the quartermaster to see, who immediately returned saying that some great animal, a tiger he thought, was trying to come up the ladder. I rushed to the gangway and saw the head of the tiger, though I could not distinguish much; but I ran to the after ladder to get a boarding pike to resist this formidable boarder, and on my return, which was in about a quarter of a minute, I heard a splash, and a creature went astern with the tide. I manned a dingy and tried to find him, without success; but shortly afterwards he tried to board a steamer astern of us, where he was fired at, and eventually he was found in the early hours of the morning in a "go-down" of one of the merchants ashore. The poor beast was much exhausted, and fell an easy victim to a few men of the native regiment who were sent to despatch him.

No doubt he was trying to get some rest on our ladder, but had he succeeded in getting on deck he would certainly have enlivened the monotony of the middle watch, though it would have been rather an unpleasant surprise to us watch keepers.

I do not propose to give any detailed account of our passage home in the "Spartan," and I have already mentioned that we sailed from Singapore for England on July 4th, 1857. We were then over five years in commission, and though many officers had been changed or had invalided, Sir William Hoste had been captain all the time; Morrell, who had joined as third-lieutenant, had become first-lieutenant; and I had risen from midshipman to third-lieutenant; while Drysdale, the master, also commissioned and paid off in the ship. There may have been others, but these are all I remember.

It was an unusually long commission, and there seemed a fatality against our being relieved, but at length the "Amethyst," a sister ship to the "Spartan," was commissioned to relieve us, and then, to our astonishment, she sailed for the West Indies. This must have been due to some misunderstanding, as from Halifax she was sent to Singapore, where in due course she arrived, but by that time troubles had broken out in China, so she was ordered to Hong Kong, and we had to wait till the "Racehorse," a sloop, arrived from Hong Kong; then it was the south-western monsoon, and she

had to beat down, making further delay. But we sailed at last, and touching at the Cape, where we remained about ten days, we reached Plymouth Sound on November 1st, 1857, having left in July, '52.

The only noticeable thing on the passage home was a very heavy gale off the Azores, which I remember well, as in my middle watch the jib, a new one, got partially adrift, and the captain of the forecastle, a fine seaman who had been in the ship all the commission, told me that with the green seas washing over the bowsprit "no man would go out such a night as this." The matter was serious, as the bowsprit, and even the foremast, were far from secure, so I determined to try what I could do, and taking a good seaman's knife, and telling the midshipman of the watch to do nothing if I was washed overboard, as it was impossible to lower a boat, I went out to cut away the sail.

This, however, was not an easy task, as I had to hold on to a slippery spar, which was more like a whip than I could have imagined possible, and several times I thought that the flapping sail would have knocked me overboard, while once a heavier plunge than usual was all but fatal; but I had at last got to the jibboom end, and was trying to cut the sail adrift, when I heard voices, and some half-dozen good seamen, including my friend the captain of the forecastle, had come out and managed to stow the sail.

Like many other officers I have often, as a midshipman, gone on the topsail yard to assist to stow a close reefed sail when example was required, but this is the only occasion that I recollect when I really thought there was absolute danger, and I mention it here to show that it is to our officers mainly that the men naturally look for a leader in dangerous exploits, but that with a lead we shall seldom find any difficulty in being followed by the willing hands of our seamen.

Well, it was a great joy to see England again, and in Plymouth Sound, bordered as it is by the beautiful wooded hills and glades of Mount Edgcumbe, with Maker heights, and the conspicuous church "that topped the neighbouring hill," and, on the other hand, Bovisand Fort, with its green, west country background, one finds oneself at once in a

haven, with the green beauties of English rural scenes on which Mr. Taine loves to dwell, within easy reach.

But much as storm-tossed seamen can and do enjoy these peaceable scenes, there was, no doubt, at least as much appreciation of the good cheer of the west country, and especially of the bread and butter, such as we had not tasted since we had left the old country five years and four months previously.

Our paying off was an easy process. We lay alongside the yard, and everything was landed without much regard to order. We went alongside the "sheer hulk" to have our masts taken out, and as a sheer hulk ourselves, with the pennant flying till sunset on the bitt head, I left the "Spartan," after spending nearly five years and five months in her. As I have remarked previously, it was undoubtedly one of the longest commissions I know of, and I was disappointed in not taking part in the Russian War, either in the Black Sea or Baltic ; but in this small frigate I had good experience as a sailor, which was of great use to me in my future career.

I paid off as third lieutenant, having been promoted by the Admiralty in January, '57, on the receipt of a special report in my favour by my captain; but my substantive promotion was dependent on my passing in gunnery and navigation, which must form the subject of another chapter.

If I took my first lessons as a naval officer from the "Queen," my time in the "Spartan" gave me my real sea experience, and, I believe, to a great extent, formed my character; while, in my gradual transition from a position of small importance as a middy, in the midshipmen's berth, to that of responsibility as third lieutenant, messing in the ward room, I had a good opportunity of studying the service from different points of view which were of special value.

CHAPTER VI.

PASSING—"ROYAL ALBERT" AND "NEPTUNE."

Paying off in 1857—Passing in Gunnery—"First Quarters"—Passing in Navigation—A Bout of Fever—Flag-Lieutenancies—Sir C. Fremantle Hoists his Flag—Channel Cruising—Signal Logs and Spy-Glasses—The "Nankin"—Systems and Discipline—Yarns of "Royal Albert" Days—Captain of the Fleet—Capt. H. Moriarty—The Master of the "Royal Albert"—Knowing the Signals—A Regatta—A Toy Boat—Signals—Redl's Cones and Admiral Colomb—Flag Hauled Down—Passage to the Mediterranean—The Old "Megera"—The "Neptune"—A Bounty Ship's Company—Outbreaks in Ships on Mediterranean Station—Admiral Sir W. Martin—Sir Geoffrey Hornby—A Naval Yarn—Promotion to Commander—Passage to England—Half-Pay Again.

THE "Spartan" paid off on November 13th, and I may mention that paying off at that time was a serious affair, the men having often considerable sums due to them, so that it was superintended by Rear-Admiral Sir James Plumridge. Certainly there is no change which has done so much for the comfort and good conduct of the men as the arrangements which have been made from time to time for enabling them either to draw their pay monthly, or to dispose of it as it became due, according to their own wishes. Now a man can "allot" to his wife or other person a portion of his pay monthly, or he can "remit" to any friend or relation any money due through the paymaster, or he can buy postal orders from the paymaster, so that no one knows to whom he sends, and this is a favourite custom of the bluejacket; or he can put it in the Savings Bank on board, leaving it to accumulate there at interest or ready to be drawn out at short notice; or lastly, he can simply leave it to his credit so as to get a better payment next month.

But at the time of which I speak, 1857, though I think the allotment system was in force, the greater portion of the pay was paid on paying off, and there was another

difference from the present custom. Now, all our blue-jackets are "continuous service men," and this system had been introduced in 1853, during the "Spartan's" commission; but the great majority of our men had only entered for the three years' (?) commission, and when they paid off it was not, as now, a case of clearing up accounts, six weeks or two months' leave, and joining the barracks, but a man was discharged altogether, though of course he could re-enter in the Navy if he chose, and a suitable ship was commissioning, and he became entitled to a pension after twenty-one years' service in the Royal Navy.

I, too, went immediately on half-pay, though I was bound to pass in gunnery and navigation within three months of paying off, but there was no question of joining the Royal Naval College at Portsmouth or the "Excellent"; theoretically we were supposed to be prepared to pass at once, though as this was impossible we were allowed as a privilege to go on board the "Excellent," to be instructed in gunnery previous to the examination.

Accordingly, as soon as I had seen something of my friends I went to Portsmouth, and taking lodgings in Britain Street, St. George's Square, Portsea, I used daily to go on board the "Excellent." We, for there were about ten "passing numbers," acting mates, or acting-lieutenants besides myself, had to go on board in a shore boat, and to be ready for drill by 9 a.m.; while as we were under no restraint whatever on shore many were none too regular in their habits, so that there were numerous failures. We all of us used to have special instruction on shore from one of the instructors in the "Excellent," for which we paid according to results. I think the tariff was £2 for a first class, £1 for a second or third. Of course, these men had nothing to do with the examination, which was conducted by the lieutenants of the "Excellent."

Our principal instructor on board was a gunner, of the name of P., a smart fellow and good drill, but his scientific knowledge was small. I had quite innocently taken a former instructor, who had recently been replaced by P., as my private tutor, and a very good one he was; but, as I was rather a

promising pupil, this much annoyed P., who daily prognosticated my failure ; and, of course, I used to retaliate by laughing at some of his mispronunciations, or putting the letters in the wrong place when he had to instruct us in some elementary problems of trigonometry, which always puzzled him, his usual way of getting out of the difficulty being, "Of course, Mr. Fremantle knows better, but that's the way we 'dooes' it in the 'Excellent!'" No doubt, we were rather an unruly class, but I, for one, worked hard and got my first class, and was first of my class, being congratulated by P. who said, "I knowed you'd be all right, sir."

Our examination was fairly conducted by the staff officers of the "Excellent," and was by no means a farce. The senior staff officer when I passed was Lieut. Field, now Admiral Field, subsequently the well-known M.P. for the Eastbourne Division of Sussex.

I think I deserved a good certificate, but I was somewhat favoured by fortune, as there was one thing we dreaded, namely, having to drill the "first quarters" or all the guns, some of which were manned by officers, before the captain. It was rather an ordeal, as any mistake was at once noted, and we knew that all hands would laugh at it. However, as I said, I was lucky. The first called upon, who had been a shipmate of mine, was ill-primed and made numerous mistakes ; while the second, who knew the drill, was nervous, and afraid to hear his own voice. It had just occurred to me that I might do better than my brother "passing numbers" when I was called forward, and, as I knew the drill, and as acting lieutenant I was not afraid to give orders, I acquitted myself well. I mention these points, as they show the luck attending any *viva voce* examination, for had I been first called upon I might have entirely failed through nervousness.

Having passed in gunnery I went home for Christmas, but I was far from well, having an attack of low fever, which I could not shake off, and when I went up for my examination in navigation the following month, though I was quite well prepared, and the examination was chiefly in practical navigation, I felt unequal to any strain. However, I got through it very well till towards the end, when nothing would come

out right, as I could clearly see, and with a swimming head I gave it up in despair, after writing "wrong" all over my "lunar." A few days later we had to be examined in "instruments," and I told Mr. Jeans, one of the examiners, that I feared I had not passed. He asked me why, and I told him that my lunar was all wrong, and that I had so much fever that I could not go on with the examination. "Oh," he said, kindly, "if you're the gentleman who wrote 'wrong' all over his paper, you gave us a great deal of trouble: but I think you've passed."

Curiously enough, I passed first, losing very few numbers. I have said that the examination was chiefly in practical navigation, according to the ordinary rules; but an extra sheet of simple mathematics had recently been added, which we called the grocery sheet, and in this examination, I think, for the first time, some questions of algebra were included. The consternation this produced can scarcely be described, and I think I was the only "passing number" who tackled this intruder. From this grocery sheet has grown the present R.N. College examination for sub-lieutenants, where the old "college sheet" occupies a comparatively humble position, though the whole examination is still termed passing in "navigation," which "surprises in itself" not only a fair show of mathematics and natural science, but such subjects as French and steam.

Our examination took place at Portsmouth. I went there for a few days to pass, and returned home to endeavour to shake off my fever. This was rather a long job. In my five-and-a-half years in the "Spartan" I had always kept well, and, if my memory serves me right, I was only on the sick list for ten days with sunstroke, after a piratical expedition at Hong Kong; but after passing in gunnery, a low fever stuck to me for months, and I did not finally get rid of it till June, '58. This is not, I think, a very unusual case, the change of climate (and in my case, the going on board the "Excellent," and drill in the winter after a prolonged stay in the tropics) was, no doubt, the "exciting cause."

I remained ashore till July, 1858, and was just going to apply for the "Excellent" to pass for a gunnery lieutenant, the captain having specially asked me on passing to do so,

when I was told that my uncle, Sir Charles Fremantle, was about to hoist his flag in command of a Channel squadron, which was then being formed, and that he would take me as flag lieutenant. I accordingly remained passive, and early in August the flag was hoisted on board the "Renown" at Spithead, and I was flag lieutenant to my uncle.

To the uninitiated I feel bound to explain about flag lieutenancies. At that period it was a rule that any admiral was allowed a "haul down vacancy" on striking his flag, *i.e.* the right to claim a promotion to commander; this was usually given to the flag lieutenant, who was often a relation. This custom was abolished many years ago, but it was long maintained, as it offered opportunities of early advancement for a certain number, so as to leaven the age of the flag officers. Frequently, no doubt, the young officer so promoted had no merit whatever, and his promotion was a gross injustice to older and better men; but many of our best admirals of recent years have owed their early advancement to "haul down vacancies," their promotion having been an incentive to them to qualify themselves for high command; while there is much force in the argument that an officer learns to take responsibility by being placed early in command, and not being kept too long in a subordinate position.

I may mention such distinguished men as the late Sir Geoffrey Hornby, Lord Alcester, and the present Lord Charles Beresford, all of whom owed their early promotion to haul down or death vacancies.

The "Renown" was then lying at Spithead, and we went to Spithead in the "Sprightly," a paddle steamer. The late Lord Lyons who had just returned from Cherbourg after his command of the fleet in the Mediterranean during the Russian War, had his flag in the "Royal Albert" which was hauled down that evening, and he landed with us in the "Sprightly." His health was then much broken and he was somewhat irritable. I remember his flag lieutenant, the present admiral of the fleet, Sir A. Lyons, and Lord Lyons's nephew, rejoicing in the close of the commission and in the prospect of promotion. Indeed, a flag lieutenant's billet in a sea going fleet with an active or exacting admiral was by no

means a sinecure. He was responsible for all signals, and in many cases, certainly in mine, when the admiral wanted to know anything either by day or night, it was a case of "send for the flag lieutenant," whose life, it may be imagined, was not altogether "a happy one."

The ceremony of hoisting the flag being over it was transferred to the "Orion," Captain d'Eyncourt,* who was a friend of my uncle's, and the admiral was ordered to go for a cruise with some of the ships of the newly formed Channel fleet, the proper flagship being the "Royal Albert," which was to be paid off at Devonport and recommissioned by Captain Edward Rice.

We had about six screw line-of-battleships and two or three frigates, our cruising ground being usually lat. 50° N. and long. 12°, and we seldom used steam except to go in or out of harbour, and frequently the squadron weighed and came to under sail.

This cruising was decidedly monotonous; but cruising under sail always possessed some interest, and as I had always been fond of signals I soon became proficient as a signal officer.

It would be tedious to mention our several cruises in detail, and we were constantly changing the ships of the squadron between July, 1858, and October, 1860, when the admiral's flag was hauled down, as he resigned on account of his wife's illness; but I propose giving a few incidents which occurred of an amusing character which could scarcely occur in the present day, illustrating the navy as it was then.

I could give details of ships with us pretty well, as I have my signal log, written mostly by myself, and I may mention that this was a private book, as at that period the signal log was not official, and it was usual to buy a book and keep it in such a form as was thought most suitable by the flag lieutenant or signal officer. At that period, too, no spyglasses were supplied by the Admiralty, and I had to present the chief signalman with a good spyglass, and to lend another for the use of the signals generally.

* Captain d'Eyncourt died recently in his 90th year, and Sir Edward Rice, who subsequently held high command as an admiral, died in 1899.

It was while I was in the "Royal Albert," about 1859, that official signal log books and Admiralty spyglasses were sent to the flagship on trial, which shortly afterwards were issued to every ship, being included in a ship's necessary establishment. The admiral's flag was kept in the "Orion" till the end of October, 1858, when the "Royal Albert" hoisted the flag, remaining flagship the rest of my uncle's time.

In our first cruise with the flag in the "Orion," the ships we had with us were "Cæsar," "Renown," "Brunswick" (battleships), the "Euryalus" and "Diadem" (frigates), and "Racoon" (corvette).

We wintered that year at Berehaven and Queenstown, and I remember finding the constant wet weather very trying. Most of these ships went to the Mediterranean. The "Victor Emanuel," "Nile," and "St. Jean d'Acre" joined us during the winter, but the ships were constantly changed, several being detached to the Mediterranean, and in April, 1859, we took the remnant of our squadron, consisting of three line-of-battleships and the "Racoon," to Gibraltar, the "Royal Albert" returning alone to Portland, where we found a squadron of newly commissioned line-of-battleships waiting our arrival.

These ships were the "Hero," "Algiers," "James Watt," "Conqueror" (line-of-battleships), "Mersey" and "Emerald" (frigates). Most of these ships had indifferent ship's companies, having been commissioned hurriedly on war breaking out between the French and Italians and the Austrians, and in 1856, on the conclusion of the Russian War, we had done our best to get rid of our seamen, so that there was a decided lack of good men. This, however, was our first squadron in 1859, and all the battleships went to the Mediterranean, I think, except the "Conqueror," which was lost in the West Indies; but later that year we had another squadron, manned anyhow, a £10 bounty having been given to so-called seamen, and a rough lot they were, compared with whom the ship's companies manning the above ships were splendid.

Among these ships were the "Edgar," "Queen," "Trafalgar." "Aboukir," "Majestic," "Donegal," "Mars," "Topaze,"

"Melpomene," a fine squadron as regards numbers, generally, some six line-of-battleships, and six fine frigates, besides two or three smaller vessels, if my memory serves me right—but here my signal log fails me—but most of them were very badly manned. A rear-admiral second in command was appointed this year, with his flag in the "Edgar." This was Rear-Admiral John Erskine, who had his nephew, now Admiral of the Fleet, Sir James Erskine, as flag lieutenant, and, in addition, Rear-Admiral George Elliot was appointed as Captain of the Fleet.

Our cruises took us to Lisbon, to Milford Haven, Holyhead, St. Margaret's Hope, Firth of Forth, Yarmouth; the two latter we visited early in 1860. Of course Portland, Spithead, Torbay and other Channel ports saw us often, for we were a good deal at sea, and nearly always under sail.

I have said enough of our cruises generally. We of course had frequent drills aloft, both at sea and harbour, nor was gunnery neglected, though it could scarcely have been considered to be reduced to the fine art it is at present. We were sailors, or tried to be, and old-fashioned seamanship was considered all important.

I have spoken above of the ship's companies of those ships commissioned later, in the year 1859, and they certainly were curious specimens; nor were the officers much better in many cases, for the sudden increase of the fleet had obliged the Admiralty, both in 1859 and in the Crimean War, to "dig out" officers who had long been on the shelf, with curious old navy notions; for at that period there was practically no age or non-service retirement, and these men, whether commanders or lieutenants, had naturally good seniority, so that they paralysed the efforts of good captains and lieutenants junior to them.

The captains used to dispute at that time as to which had the worst ship's companies, and certainly there was not much to choose between several of them. I remember the admiral's inspecting the "Neptune," ninety guns, at Spithead, then commanded by my old captain, Sir William Hoste, which was full of bounty men, and I think her company might well have been compared with Falstaff's recruits. As I served in her

later, I had good opportunities of judging of their merits. The "Neptune," however, went to the Mediterranean, and did not remain under my uncle's command. The "Aboukir" was the only ship manned by sailors, having been commissioned by Capt. Schomberg, who had held an appointment at Liverpool, and though they were nearly all merchant seamen, unaccustomed to man-of-war routine or discipline, they were of good physique.

As an instance of what was possible in those days, as regards officers, I may go back to the "Nankin," a fine frigate of fifty guns, in which ship, as I have stated, I took a passage up the China seas in 1856. She had been commissioned during the war, and, by some good luck, she had a very fair ship's company, but her captain and senior officers were, to say the least of it, very old-fashioned. When I was in her, she had an efficient first lieutenant—there were no commanders in frigates in those days—but the first lieutenant, who commissioned in the ship and came out to China in her, despised all routine or system, so that I was told that the hammocks were not even numbered, every man marking his as he thought proper, while when, shortly after leaving the Cape, a large ship was fallen in with which, it was thought, might be a Russian frigate (this was in 1855), gun's crews had to be hurriedly told off to the guns, which, I believe, had no sights, so that nothing but point blank fire would have been possible! It seems a pity that we had no gunnery busybody, like Mr. Arnold White, in those days to point out our deficiencies!

I may as well finish with the "Nankin." Lieut. W., the first lieutenant, who had been some eight years on shore before being appointed, left soon after the ship's arrival in China, and the next first lieutenant was tried by court martial for disobeying the captain's orders in various ways, such as marking hammocks, etc., and was dismissed the ship; and my friend, Lieut. Curme, who died afterwards as commander-in-chief at the Nore, did his best to put the ship in some order without directly going against the captain's idiosyncrasies. It may be asked, what were the admirals about to allow such a state of things; but, as I have mentioned before, there was a sort of theory that a ship was practically a captain's

freehold, and even a strong man like Sir William Parker hesitated to interfere in what were considered details of discipline. However, I had reason to believe that in the case of the "Nankin," the admiral did take some steps to improve matters, so that some semblance of discipline and good order had to be maintained. It is curious, but if I remember right, notwithstanding the general slackness and easy-going ways of the "Nankin," the captain flogged three or four men one morning, for some nominal breach of discipline.

After this digression, I will return to 1859 and the bounty ships. It was at Portland, I think, that the admiral was dining on board the "Trafalgar," commanded by Capt. (now admiral) Sir Edward Fanshawe, who was then well known as a first-rate captain; but he was ill supported by his officers, and the ship's company was distinctly a bad type of bounty men.

It had transpired before dinner that much of the captain's dinner, including sweetbreads and other delicacies, had been "cut out" from the galley, and when, in the course of the evening, the admiral was appealed to as to which ship's company he thought the worst, he good-naturedly gave it against the "Trafalgar," as no other ship's company, he said, had gone so far as to steal the admiral's sweetbreads.

Now these are old stories, but I relate them as showing how much we have advanced in system and discipline in the last forty years, and how rough and ready we were in the navy, even after the Crimean war. It is not, however, my intention to point the moral that we may now rest and be thankful, but rather to remind too conservative anti-reformers that when, about this time, stricter regulations were brought out by the Admiralty, enjoining more system and routine and regulating punishments, there was a feeling among the senior officers that this interference would sound the knell, not only of their practically irresponsible power, but as many of them honestly believed, of the efficiency of the naval service. I commend these remarks to those of my brother officers who are making tearful complaints as to the future effect of Lord Selborne's new schemes for up-to-date training of officers and men.

Now for some stories of what I may call our domestic life on board the "Royal Albert." Rear-Admiral George Elliot was appointed as captain of the fleet in the Channel, in 1859. We had had no captain of the fleet previously; there had been one for a short time in the Baltic during the Russian War, but no such appointment had ever been made before in peace time, though one was at the same time appointed to the Mediterranean. My uncle had been appointed by the Conservative Government in 1858, and when Elliot was appointed as captain of the fleet by a Liberal Government, we were none of us well pleased in the "Royal Albert," as it was looked upon as a mark of want of confidence in the admiral. Historically, it is interesting to note that during the revolutionary war there was usually a captain of the fleet attached to every large fleet, who was often styled first captain, and was, I think, in those days, always a senior captain, though he ranked with a rear-admiral.

The proper duties of the captain of the fleet, as defined by the Admiralty instructions in 1859, were mainly to look after the supplies of the fleet, coaling, victualling, ammunition, etc.; but he was, in addition, chief of the staff, and in that capacity it was not clear where his duties began or ended. That in a large fleet some senior staff officer is required there can be no doubt, and in the French and in most foreign navies the admiral's staff is much larger than in ours, but it is recognised that the directness of command, which is so important in naval matters, is liable to be impaired by a too numerous and influential staff, and in the British Navy there has always been a strong prejudice against a captain of the fleet, the admiral's staff consisting only of the secretary, who must belong to the accountant branch of the navy, and his clerks, and a flag lieutenant In the absence of a captain of the fleet, the flag captain is nominally the chief of the staff, and ordinarily carries out minor details, but he is captain of his own ship, which should occupy most of his time, and in his hands the wants of other ships are liable to be disregarded when they compete with those of the flagship. Recently, in the Mediterranean, a chief of the

staff has been appointed who is practically captain of the fleet, though he has not admiral's rank, and he is more directly the mouthpiece of the admiral or commander-in-chief.

The prejudice against a captain of the fleet owes much of its force to reminiscences of the old war, when both Curtis on June 1st, and Calder before Copenhagen, were credited with having been too cautious advisers, who were more of a hindrance than a support to the admirals in those actions.

It does not need to be a student of naval history to see that this must often prove to be the case, and we all remember that Nelson seldom had a captain of the fleet, and that in none of his great battles, including Trafalgar, had he such an officer on his staff.

When Elliot joined, he brought with him a secretary and a flag lieutenant, He was not, I think, allowed a flag lieutenant, but he brought one, and, as I was a very junior lieutenant, not unnaturally he was senior to me. Here was a complication; I was flag lieutenant to the admiral commanding, and had been in charge of the signals for about a year, and I could not and would not resign my position; yet Lieutenant Annesley, Admiral Elliot's flag lieutenant, could scarcely work under me, a difficulty which was mainly solved by my doing nearly all the work and Annesley having nothing to do. This added much to my work, as Admiral Elliot was an active man, who found it more effective to send for me than for his own flag lieutenant, and I had to serve two masters to the best of my ability. As I was often the go-between from the admiral to the captain of the fleet, and *vice versa*, I had to exercise tact in modifying the messages with which I was entrusted, for there was not a little friction between them. As a rule Elliot had a pretty free hand, and he made most of the signals; but often the admiral would reverse all his arrangements, I am afraid, much to the amusement of myself and the commander, Watson, afterwards Admiral Sir George Watson.

As Elliot was always personally very kind to me, and I could not but respect his energy and seamanlike qualities, I should not like to say anything unfavourable to his

reputation; but I am bound to say that he did appear to some extent to put himself in antagonism to the admiral, and that, consequently, we of the flagship did not mind tripping him up when occasion offered. Perhaps on account of this he was often suspicious of me, and he strongly objected to a custom I had of giving out nearly all the general signals by heart, and he would call for the signal-book to see that it was all right; this, of course, I could not object to, but when he was in a hurry and wanted me to give out the signal at once, it was my turn to call for the book, while he chafed at what he called my nonchalance.

One very amusing episode between the captain of the fleet and myself I well recollect. The "master" of the "Royal Albert"—now Capt. Henry Moriarty, C.B.—who is still alive, will, I hope, pardon my story. He was a splendid navigator, and he rather resented, generally satirically, any doubt as to his accuracy or capacity, so that it used to be a joke with me to send down and tell him that a pilot boat was in sight, as he hated the idea of a pilot. To return to my story. It was in the afternoon, when we were cruising with the squadron well out of sight of land, that the look-out man at the masthead reported "land ahead." It certainly did look like land, and the officer of the watch reported land to the captain (Capt. Rice), at the same time asking me to report it to both admirals, which I declined to do. However, Elliot came up, and both he and Rice agreed that it was land, but I still refused to report land to the admiral, and Moriarty was sent for. Elliot was angry with me for being obstinate, as he thought; and though I was quite willing to tell the admiral what others thought, I was convinced it was not land, and unwilling to make an incorrect report, so Elliot went down himself to the admiral.

Shortly afterwards the admiral's orderly came for me, and at the same time the master came on deck, rather ruffled at the idea of his being out of his reckoning; and I heard Rice say; "Mr. Moriarty, what land is this?" On which Moriarty, quietly looked at the clouds, which we had mistaken for land, remarked that it had "every appearance of St. Helena." I was, of course, chuckling at this as I

went down to the admiral, who asked me, Admiral Elliot being present, "Why I had not reported the land?" On which I replied that "no land was in sight." He turned to Elliot, remarking that he could scarcely believe it to be land, and then said: "Has Mr. Moriarty been on deck?" I said: "Yes, Sir." He then said: "What does he say?" and I could not resist answering that he had said that "it had every appearance of St. Helena." Possibly it was pert of me, but I could not help my triumphant answer, as I had been supposed to be so obstinate in not reporting the land. I am afraid it was a great satisfaction to me to put Elliot in the wrong.

Elliot knew the signal book pretty well, but not the flags; and when he ordered certain flags to be shown he often made mistakes. On one occasion, when we were lying at Portland with the squadron, Admiral Elliot's orderly came to me with an order to "hoist letter L at the main." This was the "preparative," and when hoisted at the main it was a general signal to all the ships to "clear lower deck" and prepare for "exercise aloft." It was unexpected, but it was just after the dinner-hour, and there was no reason why the admiral should not wish to have a surprise evolution, while the order seemed distinct and clear enough. Accordingly, all the ships prepared for general exercise, and, as Elliot had not come on deck, I went down to him and told him that all the squadron were ready.

I soon found that he had made a mistake, and he was very angry with me, calling me up before the captain and other officers, to explain to them how *my* mistake had put him into a difficulty, as he stated that he had not ordered the preparative to be hoisted, which I insisted had been done by his direct order. At last I got him to send for his orderly, who at once said that he had brought me an order to hoist letter L. at the main, on which I thought I had made my defence clear, as I supposed that every officer knew that letter L. and the preparative were the same thing. However, in this I was mistaken; the letter L. had been hoisted at the suggestion of the commander of the "Mars," who came to see Admiral Elliot, and who had

given orders to his launch, which was rigged as a schooner according to a plan of Elliot's, to come under the flagship's stern if letter L. at the main was hoisted. Such a mistake shows the necessity for senior officers understanding signals, which was extremely rare in those days when there were no "signal courses," as now, for senior officers, and officers serving on distant stations might seldom see a signal during the whole commission.

I do not know exactly why Admiral Elliot gave up his position, which he did in 1860, but I think it was our visit to the Firth of Forth, which was too much for him. The fleet, a big one, had sailed up the Firth in single file, the "Royal Albert" had anchored, and my uncle had gone below, leaving Elliot to carry on, with the result that he made very numerous, I thought too numerous, signals to the ships coming in, so that they were confused by all the flags shown, and we did not then use the semaphore.

Sir Charles was looking on from his stern walk and he sent for me to ask what all these signals were about, which I explained. This resulted in his coming on deck and giving me an order to "haul them all down," which Elliot did not hear, and I am afraid I had every flag on deck before I told him of the admiral's order.

While we were lying at St. Margaret's Hope we had a regatta which was, probably, the immediate cause of Elliot's resignation. In the pulling races there was as usual an "all comers" race, and as both Sir Charles and Admiral Elliot had fast double banked galleys, the race was expected to be between them. My admiral's boat was a fine ten-oared galley, very fast, and a good sea boat. She had been built on the lines of Sir William Parker's galley, of which I was midshipman for some time, which boat had been in the "Albion" when my uncle commanded her. Elliot had a double banked galley built to beat her; she pulled two extra oars, had a flatter floor, was lower in the water, and was certainly faster in smooth water, but as I thought was not a good sea boat. I, of course, put two more oars into our boat, but Annesley did the same for Elliot's boat. On the pulling race day it was beautifully

fine, but there was no time for the all-comers race, which was put off to the next day, when the sailing races were to take place. In the afternoon, when the race took place, there was a fresh breeze and a lop of a sea on. Admiral Elliot's galley shipped a good deal of water, and had to give up, and my admiral's galley won easily from a fair number of competitors.

One of the reporters, who took great interest in Admiral Elliot on account of his nationality, asked one of the stewards of the race, a naval officer, how it was that Admiral Elliot's boat, which was expected to win, had done so badly. "Oh," he said, "it's a toy boat, a fine weather boat," and this found its way into the papers, much to Admiral Elliot's annoyance.

It was scarcely fair, I admit; though there was too much truth in it to be palatable. It was shortly after this that Elliot applied to be superseded.

I have mentioned these yarns, as they show how a clever man, from the want of a little tact, can set everyone against him, till at last he feels bound to resign. He got very fair support from the admiral, I think, but he frequently exceeded his authority in dealing with the captains, who appealed against him. With all his faults, I rather admired George Elliot, who had been one of our best frigate captains. I learnt a good deal from him, as he was very free in his remarks, and I was really sorry when he left. He was succeeded by Robert Stopford, eldest son of Sir R. Stopford, who commanded at St. Jean d'Acre, as captain of the fleet, who remained till the admiral's flag was hauled down.

Before leaving the "Royal Albert" time, I may as well mention something about the signals in those days.

All signals were made by flags, the semaphore not being used except from fixed points on shore and the harbour flagships. I know that we had signal halliards on all the lower and topsail yards except the freeyard; and, in Elliot's time especially, long vocabulary signals were frequent. We, however, tried Redl's cones, which consisted of two double cones, which opened and shut, by which all numeral and vocabulary signals were made. This was the first occasion in the fleet of

making signals by means of a negative and affirmative; and I have frequently signalled from the shore with my arms by a code which our signalmen perfectly understood, somewhat similar to the Morse code. The late Vice-Admiral P. H. Colomb, then a lieutenant, was sent on board the "Royal Albert" by the Admiralty to try the Redl's cones, and we devised together the principle of the flashing system of signals still in use in the navy, which Colomb subsequently perfected while I was at sea as a commander. It was an invention, and I think that Colomb deserved all the credit for getting it adopted by the Admiralty in spite of much opposition; but to me, I confess, it was no novelty, and I was more struck with the barrel-organ contrivance arranged by Colomb to regulate the length of the long and short flashes than by anything else, though this was soon afterwards dropped.

My admiral hauled down his flag rather suddenly, after commanding the Channel Squadron for two years and three months; but, as the period of command was for three years at that time—it is only two now—he had not retained his command for the full period, and the question arose as to whether he should be allowed a haul-down vacancy.

It was my cue to lie low, as, of course, I had no claim from my own services; but, after about a fortnight, I thought I would go to the Admiralty to find out about it, and I had rather an amusing interview with Sir Charles Eden, then a Lord of the Admiralty. I knew him very well, but he could be brusque at times, and he asked me sharply what I wanted, my reply being that I wanted to know if I was going to be promoted, on which he asked me, "what on earth I had done to be promoted;" and, of course, I replied that I had no claims, but that I thought "my uncle's services," etc. "Well," he said, "you are not going to be promoted." I said, "Very well, sir; then I should like to be appointed to a ship at once." On this, the admiral's whole manner changed. "Would I go out to the Mediterranean?" and "Should I be ready to sail in the 'Megera' a few days hence?" was asked in the softest accents, and on my replying to these questions in the affirmative, we had a few words of friendly conversation, our farewell being almost affectionate.

I found out afterwards that Sir W. Martin, then commanding in the Mediterranean, had written home urgently for sixteen lieutenants, and that the Admiralty had gone out into the highways and hedges of Ireland and elsewhere to find men of whom they had lost sight for years; but any recruits they could get were generally of more seniority than capacity, and to find one real lieutenant who, at all events had recent experience and some activity, was a godsend. Eventually four of us went out in the "Megera," a few days later.

The "Megera" was an old troopship, even in those days. She was, some years later, turned into a storeship, and her subsequent history is well known to most naval men, as she sprung a leak, and was beached on St. Paul's and Amsterdam Islands, in 1870, by Captain Thrupp, when on her passage to Australia with a new crew for the "Blanche;" but when I was in her, in 1860, she was a troopship, though she was so slow that she had been a byword in *Punch* some years before.

We arrived safely enough, and I believe the navigation was well conducted; but man-of-war routine was not considered necessary, and I well remember the commander's blank astonishment when I reported twelve o'clock to him, in accordance with the usual custom of the service, the commander saying, "Oh, we don't do that sort of thing here."

On arrival in the Mediterranean, we went on to Corfu, and I was appointed to the "Neptune," then commanded by Capt. Frederick Campbell, though he left after a few months, being succeeded by Capt. Hornby, afterwards the distinguished Admiral Sir Geoffrey Hornby.

I have already alluded to the "Neptune's" ship's company, which was one of the worst type of bounty men, but they had been licked into shape to some extent by "Jack Soady," our commander, who had a humorous knack of dealing with them.

"Emeutes" or demonstrations of dissatisfaction were quite epidemic in the Mediterranean at that time. Sir W. Martin was a stern disciplinarian, and he was gradually getting the fleet into order, but naturally this was resented, and there were somewhat serious rows in the "Orion," "Cæsar," and other ships. These demonstrations generally

consisted in the men throwing things about on the lower deck, insulting the officers by cries from the lower deck, and breaking their own mess traps; but they seldom went further. In the "Neptune" we had a regular row on Christmas night, 1860. I think the men had asked for an extra allowance of grog, which was refused; so about 9.30, when they ought to have turned in, they made a great disturbance, and we had the Marines fallen in on deck, and the officers under arms. It did not amount to much, but I think one man was flogged who had attempted to knock down with a handspike the sentry over the spirit-room. It was generally difficult to find out the ringleaders of these rather foolish outbreaks, but Sir W. Martin eventually stopped them by warning the petty officers, who had pensions in view, that in cases where they did not help the officers to put a stop to these disturbances, or to find out the ringleaders, their pensions would certainly suffer.

I think the "Neptune's" men heartily disliked me for my strictness, and I returned the compliment. It did not matter much, but it shows to my mind the bad spirit of the men, and one quite foreign to the sailor's character, as I have much sympathy with our bluejackets, who are usually well disposed, and they do not mind an officer being strict if he is just, and appreciates their idiosyncrasies.

I was glad to have the opportunity of serving with Geoffrey Hornby, who is acknowledged to have been a brilliant officer, a well read, clever man, and a good sailor. He was very young for his standing as a captain of a line-of-battleship, being only thirty-five, and was somewhat impetuous. He was very strict, and, I thought, had little sympathy with the men; but if so it was certainly excusable in the case of the "Neptune's" ship's company.

One of his orders, I remember, caused a difference of opinion between us. There had been some ill-feeling in the ship, which had shown itself by the lanyards of the lower rigging being found cut in places, of course endangering the masts, and the captain had ordered the rounds to be gone at night by the midshipmen of the watches twice in

each quarter of an hour. This was practically impossible, as it took quite ten minutes to go round in accordance with the order.

Accordingly, as officer of the watch, whilst I insisted on the orders in other respects being carried out to the letter, I allowed these rounds to be reported only once in each quarter of an hour, and I told the captain what I had done. I think I was right in the main, but he naturally was annoyed with me for having presumed to modify his order.

One rather amusing incident occurred to me while I was in the "Neptune." The "Marlborough," Sir W. Martin's flagship, had left temporarily, and the admiral had hoisted his flag in the "Neptune." He had his family on board, and we were on our passage between Malta and Corfu.

It was warm weather, and my first watch, 8 to 12 o'clock, and on relieving the deck I was told not to allow anyone to walk aft on the poop over the admiral's head. As the watch finished mustering I saw the doctor, as I thought—for I knew his figure and his white cap cover with a fall down the back—come to the poop, and begin to walk aft. I had some orders to finish giving, and then, rushing after the officer, I pulled him back sharply by the arm, saying, "This won't do—walking over the admiral's head." What was my astonishment to find that it was the admiral himself, who was naturally much surprised, and simply answered, "All right, it's only me." Now Sir W. Martin was very strict about dress, and everything else, but, if I recollect correctly, he was wearing a white jacket, which was not uniform at that time, as well as the white cap cover of special pattern, which in the present day would not be allowed.

It was in July, 1861, that we went to Naples, and the morning after our arrival there, "Jacky Paynter," who had been captain of the "Racoon," in the Channel, signalled to us from the "Exmouth," which he then commanded. He had seen the promotions in the English papers, and he knew, though we did not, our mails having gone to Malta, that I was promoted. It was a surprise to me, and I was very happy in the "Neptune." We were just crossing royal yards

at 8 a.m. and I observed the signal which I could read, but it did not interest me somehow, when an excited signalman came forward to where I was stationed, calling out, "You're promoted, sir!" to which I simply said, "Thank you," when he repeated it more than once, thinking I could not have understood it.

I was at that time fifth lieutenant of the "Neptune," and only just twenty-five, so I was very lucky. This was considered the fortune of war in those days, for it was well understood that I was to be promoted when my uncle would have completed three years' command had he remained in the Channel, but it was certainly hard on the lieutenants senior to me.

I remember the First Lieutenant P. very well. We had had some difference about mess matters, and were not very good friends. On his coming down to the ward room, he said, "They say you're promoted. It's not true, is it?" I replied that I believed it was, on which he said, "Why, you said nothing about it," and I naturally replied, "I did not suppose you'd be very glad to hear it."

Poor P. never was promoted, though rather a smart officer, and he was much disliked, as was shown by the accidental (?) fall of a marlinspike uncommonly close to his head from the foretop more than once, and he naturally was jealous of my good fortune; but my other messmates were all very kind and friendly.

We went back to Malta, where I received the official intimation of my promotion, and was discharged to the shore for passage to England, receiving a very complimentary certificate from Captain Hornby, of which I am very proud.

I came home *via* Marseilles, and eventually recovered two-thirds of my passage money, but I had no order to go home, as in those days it was supposed to be necessary to send an officer home cheaply in a troopship or man-of-war if an opportunity offered in the course of a month or two; so the admiral told me I must wait for some trooper, expected in about a month's time; but I soon found it would cost me all my passage money if I lived at the hotel at Malta till she arrived, and the "little military hothouse," as Byron

calls it, was broiling at that season, so that I thought it advisable to go home by the first mail, which then ran between Marseilles and Malta. In coming home without an order to do so, I ran the risk of having to pay the whole passage money; but, after some correspondence on the subject, the red tape view was not taken at the Admiralty, and I was refunded the two-thirds to which I considered myself entitled. Now, there would be no question of giving an officer a passage under similar circumstances, but we have learnt in many ways to be more liberal or less economical in dealing with questions of passage money to officers and men.

I was now a commander, of course, on half pay; and at twenty-five, with a thorough love for the service, I was naturally sorry to find myself on the shelf for an uncertain period.

CHAPTER VII.

HALF PAY—ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE, ETC.

Half Pay—Royal Naval College, Portsmouth—Passing in Steam—Friends at the College—The "Nut"—George Clarke—Studies at the College—Admiral Colomb—Sir Geoffrey Hornby's Opinion of Time Spent on Shore—Readiness of Reserve of Ships—Application for "Eclipse"—A Hunting Accident—Appointment to the "Eclipse"—Getting my Outfit.

My time on half pay as a commander, two-and-a-half years between 1861 and 1864, was not very eventful; but I endeavoured to make some use of my leisure, learning drawing and singing, and doing a good deal of reading. Of course, I joined in various sports, cricket being my summer amusement, and shooting and hunting, when I could get the latter, in the winter. I lived chiefly at my father's, in London and the country, and saw a good deal of society. After my arrival in England in August I went to Switzerland with my father and two of my brothers, with one of whom, now the Dean of Ripon, I did some high passes, my father and youngest brother having gone home. Then my brother had to leave too, and I did some touring and mountaineering on my own account before leaving Switzerland. My father liked going abroad in the autumn, and some of us generally went with him. The year following, I think, we went up the Rhine, and saw something of Germany.

The navy, however, was my goal, and in January, 1862, I joined the Royal Naval College at Portsmouth, where half pay officers were appointed for study, being allowed rooms in the college, and 1s. 6d. a day towards mess money.

At that time half pay officers were rather appointed as a favour than encouraged to go to the college; but it was generally recognised that a course of steam was beneficial, though it used to be a joke that if a commander wanted the command of a brig, his best course was to pass in steam! A

half pay officer was not much interfered with, and he took up any course he thought fit—mathematics, nautical astronomy, surveying, or steam, being those most usual. Some half pays joined the college out of economy, the cheap housing and living being a consideration to a commander, or even a captain, the half pay of the latter being then only £190 a year; and as many men did very little work, the college was rather discredited, though for those who worked, ample assistance was to be had from Professor Main, who had been a senior wrangler, and Mr. Jeans. I am speaking now of half pay officers, for at that time the midshipmen and sub-lieutenants, passing for lieutenants, as well as young marine officers, also inhabited the college, and they had their regular courses and instructors.

Most of us came to the college to pass in steam, which involved a limited amount of mathematics, and a practical instruction in the steam engine, under a chief engineer.

The certificates were first, second, and third class, and the system was a peculiar one, as a first class was only given to those officers who, having qualified in the practical course, could pass in a paper of mechanics and hydrostatics, which required a higher knowledge of mathematics than most of them were capable of attaining in a few months. Consequently, very few first classes were granted, and a six months' course in steam was the usual rule. The instructors were, however, anxious that men should try for a first class, and we were all asked to do so. This I agreed to do, although warned by many of my brother officers that it would take a year or two. As a matter of fact, I passed in October, I think, but an officer who passed with me had been at the college a year or more before I joined, and the instructors, who were also our examiners, were only too glad to get rid of him when he at last passed, rather to everyone's astonishment.

Personally, I did not find the examination difficult. I worked hard and enjoyed my time at the college, where I made a good many friends among officers of my own standing.

We used to play fives in a court inside the college, the great match being Navy *v.* Marines, which generally resulted in a victory for the latter, who were active young fellows; but I think we once won when I was one of the naval representatives, which was a great triumph.

In summer, I frequently played cricket at the old East Hants ground, Southsea, long since built over, and I played occasionally with the East Hants Club at Chichester, and other places near.

Altogether, I made good use of my time at the old college, and I am bound to say that one could learn a great deal there if one liked, though the surroundings were not altogether suitable to make it a place of learning. Among my principal friends at that time were the late Admiral Arthur, the present Sir F. Sullivan, Admiral Lindesay Brine, and Capt. J. Howard, all of whom were then commanders; and among captains there were poor Billy Burgoyne, who was lost in the "Captain," the late Admiral C. Dent, C. Curme, Charles Hope and others; these, however, were my seniors, and I did not see so much of them except Dent, who was an old messmate of mine in the "Queen," and C. Hope, who was a married man, and did not live in the college.

Certainly the college was rather a dreary place, and the cabins were very small, having been built for the students when the old naval academy, abolished by Sir James Graham, was in existence. A curious custom of the mess at the time was to have alternate decanters of sherry and toast and water, so that those who wished to work after dinner, or did not drink wine, could drink the Queen's health in toast and water without being remarkable. We were only allowed to smoke in the cupola at the top of the building, which was also the chemical lecture room, the instructions as regards fire being very strict in the dockyards at that time, and smoking being very much less general than it is now.

We had a smoking room in Portsea, but our usual resort was the "Keppel's Head" on "the Hard," which at that time was a sort of naval officers' club, George Clarke, the landlord, being *ex officio* the naval officer's friend; and

my contemporaries will recollect Bill the waiter, who was almost as popular a character as his master.

I often slept at "the Nut," to use our slang term for the "Keppel's Head," and it was comfortable enough, except that all the drawers were sure to be full of naval officers' clothes which had been left behind on various occasions.

George Clarke knew us all, or he thought he did; but I remember his making a bad shot on one occasion. If one of these officers, now a retired captain, should see this, I trust he will excuse my story. There were two lieutenants of the name of Vidal, who were much alike, both then on full pay, and it was the custom then to wear uniform much more than it is now, so that they would both naturally be in lieutenant's uniform. One was in the Channel Fleet, which had just come in; the other was, I think, in a harbour ship.

One of the Vidals came into the "Keppel's Head" and asked George Clarke if he had seen his brother, and receiving a negative answer he went out again directly, telling George Clarke, if his brother called, to say that he would return very shortly. Very soon after that a Vidal came back again asking the same question, and was told, "Why sir, your brother was here just now asking for you." "Oh," said Vidal, "I'll see if I can find him." A very short time having elapsed he came in again, and was told that his brother had only just been; but meanwhile it seemed to me that it was the same man all the time, which I suggested, and this turned out to be the case. The explanation was that George Clarke, not knowing them apart, had particularly noticed the first man as wearing a gold chain. The second man had no gold chain; the third had. It appears that Vidal had taken his watch to a watchmaker's close by to be repaired, and had left his watch and chain, consequently on his second appearance he had no gold chain, but while waiting for his brother he had borrowed a watch, and was wearing it with his own gold chain, so that George Clarke's differentiation was at fault.

I remained at the college studying mathematics and nautical astronomy, after I had passed, till the end of the

year 1862, when I came home, feeling rather discontented at not being able to get employment, though I could not complain, as commanders at that time—1862 and 1863—were waiting some two and a half years for independent command. I volunteered for second in command on several occasions; but I had been flag lieutenant—I could have had little experience—and no one was bold enough to try my capacity. So, after two or three applications I gave it up as a bad job, though I was always anxious not only to go to sea, but to obtain that knowledge of the details of the service and discipline which can only be gained by serving as first lieutenant or commander of a line-of-battle ship.

Whilst on half pay in London I attended lectures at the United Service Institute, frequently with the late Vice-Admiral P. H. Colomb, and I often went with him to the City to see the progress being made with Colomb's flashing lantern, which was introduced into the navy a few years later.

And here I feel inclined to make some remarks on half pay in the navy.

In the first place, that there should be any such practice in the naval service at all is clearly an anachronism. It does not exist in any foreign navy, nor in our own army, at all events under the rank of colonel, or in civil departments. It is a survival of the time when ships were commissioned for three years, when officers and men were discharged to the shore, the officers being given half pay as a retaining fee. Now, as we have seen, practically all the men are long service men, who are always on full pay, returning to naval barracks after a period of leave on paying off; but the old system of being discharged to half pay still holds good in the case of officers, after their short period of full pay leave has expired.

Then again, what is this so-called half pay? In the case of captains, commanders, and lieutenants it is about one third of the full pay; while in the case of admirals it is from one quarter to even one tenth of the full pay and allowances to admirals in command. It is true that now (1904) there is so much employment, especially for junior officers, that the half pay question is seldom felt as a grievance, full pay leave for a limited period, a fortnight for each year's foreign service,

lightening the pecuniary loss; while officers appointed for study at Greenwich are placed on full pay. But reductions may come at any time, and the principle is distinctly wrong of losing sight of officers and making it difficult, if not impossible, for them to keep up with the numerous changes in the service which the progress of science tends to make more frequent yearly.

Even a few years ago, when junior captains were three to four years on half pay, many married commanders felt obliged to refuse promotion, as they could not face having to live on half pay of £227 a year when they had as commanders received constant full pay of about double that amount, and could go in the coastguard for some years at £500 a year, retiring at the age of fifty at £400 a year. For this reason, solely because they were poor men, many good officers were lost to the service, as they could not afford to be "ruined by promotion," an old naval phrase of much significance some fifty years ago, when captains might be thirty to forty years in that rank, and yet be unable to serve the qualifying six years entitling them to promotion to active flag rank.

Not long since the present Earl of Glasgow told me that when he entered the service in the "Albion," in 1845, then serving in the Mediterranean, his captain, Lockyer, had been thirty years a captain, and he had two senior to him as captains of line-of-battle ships in the same squadron who had been thirty-one and thirty-two years captains respectively. From an old Navy List I find that was quite correct, the senior captain in 1845 having been thirty-seven years a captain!

Certainly, then, half pay is indefensible; and even now, though several Orders in Council have been issued on the subject, and a greater liberality of feeling on this point exists at the Admiralty, it is an undoubted hardship that an officer invalided from a foreign station, and requiring, perhaps, a year to recover his health, finds himself on half pay after a few months, when I have known military men kept on full pay for years under similar circumstances.

At the same time, to unmarried men, who had something besides their pay, the half pay time, if not too long, and if the officer endeavoured to keep in touch with the service, offered

opportunities of gaining more knowledge of the world than could be obtained by serving at sea; and many instances could be quoted of very distinguished officers who had spent considerable periods on shore.

In former days this was inevitably the case when a war fleet was reduced to a minimum in peace time, so that men like St. Vincent, and even Nelson, spent several years on half pay; but even in later years this was the case, Sir Geoffrey Hornby being an instance of an officer who was seven consecutive years on half pay as a commander and junior captain. His biographer tells us that he was much disappointed at having to remain idly on shore all through the Russian War, when most of his friends were employed; but he was kept on half pay from 1851 to 1858, when he went to China to take command of H.M.S. "Tribune."

Yet Sir Geoffrey was undoubtedly a good sailor, and he is credited with the somewhat paradoxical statement that "the longer an officer was ashore the better," his meaning being that, given, of course, sound grounding in naval matters, a man's mind was enlarged, and he was a more capable officer through mixing with civil life; and, if this was what he meant, I entirely concur, that for the higher ranks especially, our best officers are those who have spent much of their time on shore, always assuming that they have kept closely in touch with the naval service.

I should like to see half pay abolished; all officers on the active list being on full pay without allowances when discharged from their ships, but all below flag rank should be attached to a ship in reserve, which it would be their duty to join on an emergency. In the German service, I understand, every officer is attached to a ship; while with us, though the men in the depôts are told off for certain ships, the officers are not known till the Admiralty find time to appoint them. This is a reform which could easily be carried out, the lists being brought up to date weekly by the Admiralty; and unless this is done, quick mobilisation, in case of emergency, is impossible. All naval officers know that the yearly mobilisations are arranged months beforehand, the officers being appointed for the occasion; but even these mobilisations have almost

been given up of recent years, every modern ship not under repair being kept in commission ; so that, practically, we have no reserve of battleships, and only a few cruisers to add to our fleet on war being declared.* It would almost seem to show that the Admiralty cannot evolve any proper system of reserve, so that they find themselves obliged to adopt the extravagant system of keeping every available ship on active service.

I cannot but doubt whether this is necessary or desirable; but it shows at least how matters have changed since the time when in peace only a few ships were kept in commission and the rotten rows of Portsmouth and Devonport were full of "dockyard yellow" painted line-of-battle ships, and frigates "in ordinary."

These somewhat discursive observations on half pay seem to me to come in naturally, as in the years in which I was waiting employment as commander, when I was between twenty-five and twenty-seven and a half, it seemed specially hard to have no regular professional employment; but in the beginning of 1864 I knew that my turn was coming, and that I should not be much longer on shore.

I should have liked to commission and fit out my own ship, but I was quite ready to take anything that offered, and when I saw that there had been some fighting in New Zealand, the commander of the "Eclipse," R. Mayne, having been severely wounded at Rangiriri, I assumed that he would be promoted, and I went up to the Admiralty to ask for the ship.

I had been staying at my father's in Bucks, but I was about to go to Northamptonshire on a visit to my good friends the Watsons at Rockingham Castle, so I took London on my way and called on the First Sea Lord, who saw me, but could or would give me no information about the "Eclipse," so I jumped to the conclusion that she had been given to someone else, and went to my destination.

* This was the case when I wrote. This year (1904) I am glad to see that no less than seven battleships have been commissioned on mobilisation. It is also the case now that lieutenants on leave or half pay are nominated to ships which they are to join in case of sudden mobilisation. Captains are not, however, I believe, designated.

It was a Saturday, and we were to hunt with the Pytchley on Monday.

At that time I loved hunting, and I knew that I should be well mounted, so I forgot my disappointment. We had a good run, but unfortunately towards the end of it I got a bad fall, my horse rushing at a gate which I had intended to open for a lady, and I was brought home with a sprained ankle, my leg having been badly crushed by the horse falling on me.

I was rather astonished, on my return to Rockingham Castle, to receive a telegram from my father saying that I was appointed to the "Eclipse," and that he had promised on my behalf that I would sail by the next mail, which was to start in a few days.

Of course the doctor said it was impossible I could go out; equally naturally I determined on doing so, and I got leave from the Admiralty to go out viâ Marseilles instead of Southampton, which gave me nearly another week.

It was naturally rather painful and troublesome getting about and looking after stores, outfit, etc.; but I knew that my foot would be all right long before I reached Australia, and on February 26th I started by train for Marseilles, glad to think that I was again employed, and that this time there was some active service in prospect.

CHAPTER VIII.

H.M.S. "ECLIPSE."—NEW ZEALAND WAR.

Passage to Australia—Joining the "Eclipse"—"Eclipse's" Complement—My Navigating Officer—The Gate Pa—Crossing the Manukau Bar—Cruises in 1864—Aground on the Manukau—Putting my Ship to Rights at Sydney—Complement and Armament—Desertions in New Zealand—Flogging—Cruises in 1865—Maori Political Agitation in 1865—Rescue of Mr. Grace—Bishop Selwyn Comes with Me—Bishop Selwyn's Character—Another Cruise—More Cruises—A Night Attack—A Tight Corner—Filloon's Death—Morgan's Pa—Tried by Court-Martial—A Slight Gun Accident—Court-Martial Procedure—Cook's Straits—Sir George Grey—Cruises with the Governor—Trip up the Waikato King's Country—William Thompson—Embarkation of Troops—Personal Responsibility—Effect of Example—Passage Home—Rounding the Horn—Mainmast-Head Gone—Lights Sighted—Paying off—The Bag of Bullets.

My passage to Australia was not eventful. I went out with the mails by P. and O. The Suez Canal not having been made we were landed at Alexandria, thence by train to Cairo, where I slept at Shepherd's, going on by train to Suez through the desert next day; there we found another P. and O., which took us to Sydney. I have not the date of our arrival in Sydney, but I think it was April 14th. We touched at Melbourne on our way, staying there a few hours; and I remember being struck with the way the streets were laid out, and even then there were some fine buildings. But I saw little of Australia at that time, nor, indeed, was I much there during the "Eclipse's" commission, which was spent chiefly in New Zealand; and in a few days I was on my way to Auckland in a local steamer to join my ship, which was then at Onchunga, on the west coast of New Zealand.

From Auckland to Onchunga is only six or seven miles, and I proceeded overland to join on April 22nd, if my dates are correct.

The "Eclipse" was a small steamer carrying four guns, and only 700 tons; she was 200 feet long, barque-rigged,

and drawing only twelve feet water. She was one of a class then called despatch boats, of good speed, having made eleven knots on the measured mile; but she had a lifting screw, then thought necessary to allow of fair sailing qualities, and being low in the water she was very wet at sea.

Our complement was ninety all told; which included two lieutenants and a navigating lieutenant. The history of the latter is a curious one, showing how things were done occasionally some forty years ago. As a second master he had gone into the coastguard, where he remained in some secluded part of Ireland for about fifteen years. He had, naturally, married, and had a family of six, when he was suddenly seized with the ambition to be promoted, being then verging on forty. Having some interest his promotion was applied for; but this was too much for the Admiralty, who replied that if he was to be promoted he must go to sea first. Accordingly, he was appointed to the flagship in the Channel, where he was put in charge of the holds and orlops, and, after about six months, he was promoted, and appointed to the "Eclipse," to relieve an inefficient or intemperate officer. My predecessor, who was a surveyor, put up with his deficiencies, and did all the navigating himself; though he warned me when I joined that Mr. S., though zealous to a fault, and well meaning, was quite incapable.

I replied that I could do as he had done, and I soon found that he had not exaggerated; so that on the indifferently surveyed coast of New Zealand I paid my footing as navigator and pilot, not without two or three mishaps, as I am bound to acknowledge.

But to return to the "Eclipse." I had only joined a short time, when we were ordered round to Auckland, which meant that we had to cross the dreaded Manukau bar, where the "Orpheus," with Commodore Burnett, had been totally lost rather less than a year previously.

I, of course, started immediately, as the war had developed on the east coast about Tauranga; the Gate Pa had just been fought, in which we suffered a reverse, Capt. Hamilton, Comr. Hay, of the navy, and other officers having been killed, and

the 43rd Regiment having lost their colonel, Booth, while the sergeant of the "Eclipse" had also lost his life, our marines having been engaged. Of course, I had applied to be allowed to land, but I had been refused, perhaps fortunately for myself. The weather was decidedly bad, with a strong northerly breeze, and the bar was breaking furiously. Fortunately I had studied the pilotage, and I could give the marks for going out now. It was a trying time, the seas breaking clean over us. Mr. S—., who had crossed the bar several times previously, lost his head, misread the marks, and wanted to steer the wrong course, while the chief engineer was anxious to stop on account of hot bearings. However, I took charge remarking to the master that I would lose the ship myself if she was to be lost. The engines kept going till we were clear of the bar, and we got out all right with the help of fore and aft sails. This was a fine lesson in responsibility, and I had many more during the commission, some of which I propose to refer to later.

It would be tedious to give our cruises in detail during the year 1864, but we were much employed in carrying troops backwards and forwards. We took troops to Wellington from Auckland, and troops from Onchunga to Taranaki or New Plymouth. On the latter occasion we got ashore inside the Manukau, but got off again without damage. There was a signal made from the Paratutai signal station which was either a mistake on their part or misread by us, and I hesitated; but the helm was put over in compliance with the signal as read, without my knowledge, and before I could rectify the mistake the tide had forced her ashore. There was really no danger, as we were well inside, but the mere fact of being aground on the dreaded Manukau bar was unpleasant.

About July we went to Sydney to refit, a pleasant change, remaining there about six weeks, and I was glad of the opportunity of putting the ship to rights. In my predecessor's time she had been into the Waikato River, her men had been landed, and stores had been liberally lent or given for colonial service, frequently without receipts. Naturally, I was much troubled about deficiencies in our accounts of stores, but, for-

tunately, many of the stores had been on board the "Avon," a small steamer which had foundered in the Waikato, and, though I endeavoured to account for losses in various ways, my main resource was that they had gone down in the "Avon." In this way, and getting the Colonial Government to replace a good many articles, I was able, in due course, to clear the accounts of the warrant officer's stores. Fortunately I had a most able and valuable paymaster in Mr. Hutchison, so that there was no difficulty as regards cash accounts.

I have said that our complement was ninety, but what with desertions, which were very prevalent in New Zealand, men landed, and sickness, our numbers usually varied between seventy-five and eighty, and with this number we could not work all our guns. The latter were four in number, two being small 32-pounders; the other two were large pivot guns, one an Armstrong 110-pounder, as it was then called (seven in B L. would be its technical name now); the other was a 68-pounder of 95 cwt. These two guns were the important armament of the ship, so that it was my custom at general quarters to ignore the 32-pounders after clearing them away, and to use their guns' crews to fill up those of the other guns' crews.

It was not long after I had joined that the desertions to which I have above alluded were most prevalent. I had found the ship somewhat demoralised, as is often the case after seamen have been landed, and with a reduced complement I had to get her into good order. The first lieutenant had unfortunately got into bad habits, and he shortly afterwards went home and committed suicide; so I got little assistance, and for a time I was decidedly unpopular. However, this did not last long, as I have always found that seamen do not mind a strict captain if he shows sympathy for their wants and comforts. But in any case the desertions had to be stopped, and as I had not sufficient officers to keep officers' watch in harbour, a quartermaster, a petty officer, had to be in charge of the deck. The officers and warrant officers, for I had a boatswain and a gunner, were, however, told off to be constantly on

deck, and to endeavour to prevent these desertions. Accordingly, I warned the men that anyone caught attempting to desert would be flogged, that the sentry would be treated the same, and that the quartermaster would be disrated. The very next night the officer responsible for the middle watch thought he heard the copper punt being quietly lowered, which was hoisted up forward, and, waiting till the deserters—there were two—had got well clear of the ship, he recaptured them in the dinghy; so the next day I carried out my threat, and desertions were stopped.

I am tempted here to say something about the punishment of flogging. In present day notions it is no doubt brutal, and no one would now wish to recur to it. Our men are mostly long service men, brought up in the service, and there is much truth in Lord Charles Beresford's recent statement, that when he entered the service not long before the time of which I am speaking, "we had the cat and no discipline; now we have discipline and no cat." If a punishment is such as entirely to disgrace and demoralise a man it is an unsuitable punishment; yet when flogging was not looked upon as so much of a disgrace it had a good deal to recommend it. Its effect as an example was immediate, and under such circumstances as I am referring to discipline was restored. Desertion is, of course, a crime in the military service, and it must be severely dealt with; this means that should a commander in the present day have to deal with desertions when not near a senior officer or a prison, his only course would be to keep a deserter as a prisoner—not an easy process in a small ship—till he could send him to prison or try him by court-martial. In the latter case the man would probably get two years' imprisonment with loss of pay, etc., while the example would be of little value.

This is somewhat of a digression; but it is certain that unless one was to find one's ship, which had some hard service to do in New Zealand, helpless, strong measures in support of discipline were necessary. It was only a short time before this that the first lieutenant and fourteen men from a sloop *

* The "Fawn."

had deserted in New Zealand, and the ship was practically useless. In this case, the commodore, perhaps wisely, refused to take any steps for the apprehension of the officer, thus saving a scandal, and I believe the first lieutenant soon found out what a mistake he had committed. The men, of course, did not desert to the Maoris, but simply were tempted to go up country on account of the demand for labour in the colony.

In 1865, I was constantly employed in visiting disturbed districts, frequently taking with me Mr. Mackay, native minister, and an interpreter, Mr. Filloon, a half caste Maori. As a rule, I landed with the commissioner and we had a "korero" or talk with the natives, the difficulty blowing over when the man-of-war had made its appearance. The "Eclipse" being of light draught was generally employed on these expeditions, and I twice received the thanks of the Governor, Sir George Grey, for the protection thus afforded to the loyal natives.

To understand the position in New Zealand at that time, it is necessary to mention that shortly after my arrival on the station the Maoris had been driven from the Waikato country after severe fighting, and negotiations had been attempted with the King party, who had retired to the more hilly bush country further south, with little result; but a tacit agreement or truce existed that the Maoris would not advance and attack our troops in the plain if they were left undisturbed in their fastnesses. Some of the more hot-headed of the Maoris, however, were determined to carry on the war, and a so-called priest, called Te Ua, had inaugurated what was called the Pai-marire fanaticism or Hau-hauism, the latter name coming from their cry of "*Hau-hau.*" "Pai-marire" meant settled peace, and the leaders of this sect had borrowed much from the teachings of Wesleyan and other missionaries; the settled peace was to be the result of driving out the Europeans or "Pakchas," with whom it was an essential part of Pai-marireism that no faith was to be kept.

Parties of these men from time to time made their appearance on the East Coast, where the natives had not taken much part in the war, urging them against the Pakehas, several murders of white men being the result, generally accompanied by mutilation and even cannibalism. To raise the spirit of the

Maoris, the priests of the new faith pretended to be able to render bullets harmless, and for a time there was imminent danger of another serious outbreak. Another idea of Te Ua's was that they were the Lost Tribes, and they called themselves Tius, or Jews, and they made an exception in the case of the Jews from the proposed extermination of Europeans. Their rites were curious, dancing round a pole being their principal amusement to increase the excitement after some wild words by the priests of Hau-hauism. I may mention that I had, later, Te Ua himself on board as a prisoner, who did not impress me as a man of great force of character, and very possibly he was a sincere, though ignorant fanatic.

One of these expeditions I will now refer to. It was in April, 1865, that news reached Auckland that a schooner belonging to a Jew named Levy, which, curiously enough, was called the "Eclipse," assuming a more peaceable state of affairs than really existed, had gone to a place called Opotiki, on the east coast, some 250 miles from Hong Kong. She had on board two missionaries—Volknor, belonging to a German society, and Grace, of the C.M.S. Unfortunately, a band of about forty "Hau-haus," under Patera and Kercopa, arrived about the same time, when the two missionaries were seized, and poor Volknor was despatched with horrible atrocities, while Grace was kept to be a future victim of their rites. Levy, as a Jew, was treated fairly, though his schooner was gutted of its cargo. It was blowing a heavy gale when the news reached Auckland, and the Governor requested the commodore, Sir William Wiseman, to send a ship to endeavour to rescue Grace, as well as to preserve other threatened missions. Several men-of-war were in the harbour, but, as usual, the "Eclipse" was put under orders to do something; but I was warned that in all probability I could render little help, and, if I recollect rightly, I had orders not to land. However, I had a copy of the Governor's letter, and I felt sure that if I was successful, any disobedience of orders would be pardoned, so I did not take them seriously.

As I knew that the great Bishop Selwyn was in Auckland, and that he was well acquainted with all the missions, as well as one of the best pilots of the coast, with some difficulty

I landed to see him, and to my astonishment he expressed a wish to come with me, which I gladly accepted. We were nearly swamped getting on board, and I lost all my bread, while the ship was almost unmanageable owing to the gale; but it was a fair wind. I hoped the weather would moderate. But there was no time to be lost; so in about two hours we were under way, running before the gale to the eastward, with steam and sail.

On talking over the matter with the bishop (as we had information that, after the murder of Volkner, Patera and his party had left Opotiki to go by land to murder Bishop Williams at Waiapu, near Poverty Bay, which was some ten days' march from Opotiki), we calculated that we might just reach Poverty Bay in time, and pushed on there. Waiapu was some nine miles from the beach, and on arriving at Poverty Bay late one evening, we heard from a settler that Patera had arrived within two miles of Waiapu that same day, that he was tampering with the native Christians, and that he intended to make a triumphal entry at 9 o'clock the next morning, as the Christians had no arms and were half hearted. Fortunately horses were to be got, and before daylight the next morning the bishop and I, with two others, were on horseback for Waiapu. I was a lighter weight than the bishop, and rode in before him, at about 7 a.m., with my coxswain. The bishop was rather annoyed, I remember; but time was of great consequence. Of course I was known, being in uniform, as the "Rangatira te Manawar," or "Great Chief of the Man-of-War," and it was no doubt supposed that the whole navy was at my heels, strong reports to this effect reaching Patera; so that twenty-four hours later he turned tail back to Opotiki. We were just in time. Our opportune arrival put heart into the mission people. We supplied them with some arms, and the bishop decided not to leave, though some time later he was obliged to do so.

Having done our best for Waiapu, I steamed hard for Opotiki, when the following conversation took place between the bishop and myself:

Bishop: "Where are you going to?"

Answer: "To Opotiki, to see if we can rescue Mr. Grace."

Bishop: "Very well. But if you go there don't you think that he will be murdered when the man-of-war is seen?"

Answer: "That is quite probable; but what is his life worth if he remains at Opotiki till Patera returns?"

Bishop: "I would not give much for it, certainly."

So I proceeded on my course, and after landing three or four friendly natives near Opotiki, to negotiate for Grace's relief, I felt my way close to Opotiki, and anchored near the shore after dark. The town of Opotiki is situated on a river, about a mile from the mouth, where there is a bad bar, as with most rivers in New Zealand.

I had, fortunately, anchored very close in to the shore a little to the eastward of the river's mouth, and by great good luck almost the whole of the natives had left the town before daylight, to dance round a pole some half a mile east of us. At daylight we could see them dancing and gesticulating, evidently much disturbed at the appearance of the ship, the road running along the beach within easy range of our guns. As soon as I grasped the situation, I sent our two cutters, manned and armed, up the river to endeavour to rescue Grace, and to retake Mr. Levy's "Eclipse." As the boats were going in, Grace was met coming off in Mr. Levy's boat; he had been left in charge of an old woman, and had persuaded Levy to bring him off. The schooner was safely brought across the bar, and not a shot was fired, though the Maoris came down with their guns, but were afraid to fire. The next thing was to get our friendly natives safely on board, but this was only accomplished at night after some trouble. They had lost a pilot-jack I had given them, but on consideration I agreed with the bishop that this was a matter of little consequence, though it afforded an excuse for the presentation to me, at the bishop's palace, of a silk ensign made by Mrs. and Miss Grace, who were in Auckland some time afterwards.

Poor Mr. Grace was quite overcome when he came on board, and he had certainly had a terrible experience; but he soon recovered, thanks to the kindly efforts of the good bishop, and the assurance that he was at last in safety on board a British man-of-war.

Our return to Auckland with Mr. Grace on board was quite unexpected, and I am bound to say that I owed much to fortune in this happy result of our expedition.

I am tempted to say something of that noble Christian, Bishop Selwyn, the first bishop of New Zealand, and I scarcely know whether to admire him most for his manly Christianity or for his seamanlike qualities as a navigator and pilot.

It was shortly after this that I was again sent down the coast to endeavour to capture some of the murderers of Volkner. Our information was correct enough, that a man called "Eparaima," or Ephraim, who was said to have put the rope round Volkner's neck, was living in a village close to the beach, but he was sure to disappear inland if a man-of-war was seen, so I endeavoured to capture him by a stratagem, which, unfortunately, just failed to be successful. I had disguised the "Eclipse" as a merchant ship, and stood casually into the bay where the village was; then a Maori boat, with Filloon, our interpreter, a friendly Maori who knew Eparaima, and two of my smartest bluejackets, with their faces and legs dyed, clean shaven, and dressed with only the Maori blanket, slipped off from the ship and quietly landed on the beach. The ruse was entirely successful, our men not being recognised. Eparaima was pointed out and seized by one of our men, but he shook himself clear, getting behind some women, and though several shots were fired at him he escaped. I landed and chased him over the hills, but to no purpose. So our attempt was a failure.

On another occasion I endeavoured to capture some of the murderers, who were said to be in a Pah near Opotiki. This time I anchored after dark, close to the beach, and landed with about sixty men, having to march about a mile to the Pah. On arriving there, about midnight, it was found to be deserted, and I at once felt that the Maoris had expected us, and probably they would endeavour to ambush my party on our return to our boats, which I had left in the river.

Our road led along the beach, and there were sand hills

on our left, which would give good cover to the Maoris, so I was careful to search them as we proceeded. We had got about half way when I was dissatisfied with our scouts and advanced guards, so I halted the main body, and relieving the officer in charge of our advance, I pointed out the necessity for his making a more thorough examination of likely spots for ambushes before I proceeded. I even directed him to go round a particular sand hill, where I believed the path led to Opotiki. As soon as I saw that my orders were being carried out I again advanced, and we had not gone fifty yards before a heavy fire was opened on us from the very place I had fortunately pointed out; but immediately afterwards our advanced guard took the ambush in the rear, two Maoris being killed, when the remainder ran away, and we embarked without further molestation. It being night-time, the Maori aim was not very good, and we had only one man, a corporal of marines, wounded in my party, while the advanced guard had no one hit. In this case, the necessity for taking precautions was clearly shown. Had this not been done, and the Maoris had surprised us, interposing between our party and the boats, a panic might have taken place, and with savages I have always found that when they can score an initial success they become very dangerous. The next morning I landed again to find a revolver which had been lost, and which was recovered; our Maori friends, who were then in open rebellion, giving us a wide berth.

In continuation of this cruise I proceeded to an anchorage called Hicks Bay, near the East Cape, and about 100 miles east of Opotiki, as I knew that Patera and his party were near there, and I hoped to be able to surprise them, though, from my recent experience, I was not very sanguine of success. Filloon, the half caste, was with me as interpreter, and we hoped to get further information from a chief called Te Hata, who lived at a place called Raukokere, on a shallow part of the coast, about 3 miles from where the "Eclipse" was lying. I landed a force of twenty-five men, as most of that coast was hostile at that time; but I left them behind a hill about a mile from Raukokere. Filloon, First Lieut.

Boughey, my coxswain, and myself went on to Te Hata's to procure information. We were all in plain clothes except the coxswain, and carried sporting guns, being apparently a shooting expedition, though we all had revolvers. On arriving at Te Hata's whare or hut, Filloon went in to talk to him. He had not received us cordially, and I became somewhat suspicious. I only understood a little Maori, and I remained outside trying to talk to a good-looking Maori girl, the daughter of Te Hata, who had her name, Vittoria, tattooed on her arm. After waiting some twenty minutes I saw some armed Maoris coming over a hill near us, and I went into the whare to get Filloon to come out and speak to them. On entering I was surprised to see Filloon pale and trembling, and his first words to me were, "We have been betrayed and we shall all be murdered;" for Te Hata had known we were coming, and our errand. I replied at once, "Oh, nonsense; come out and speak to them." He then said, "It is Patera and all his people; what can I say to him?" I replied, on the spur of the moment, "Tell him he is the greatest scoundrel in all these parts, and that but for our friend Te Hata, the man-of-war would throw shell and kill them all." This was, of course, absurd, as there were two ranges of hills between us and the ship. To my delight Filloon suddenly stood up, drank off a glass of grog he had before him, and laughed, saying, "All right, sir; but one thing I must beg of you—that is, we must not get together, as they would like to shoot us all at once." This sounded curious, but I took the advice, and hastily impressed it on my comrades, telling them in any case to sell their lives dearly, as they certainly would be tortured if taken alive. Meanwhile, about forty armed Maoris drew near, with Patera at their head. He had been in the police, I think, and I remember that he was wearing a grey shooting coat and had a pistol in each hand. As he came towards us, scowling, Filloon came out of the whare, said something decidedly uncomplimentary to Patera, and, with a courage and coolness in strong contrast to his conduct a few minutes before, he sat cross-legged on the ground, and a

violent altercation ensued between him and Patera, in which my name figured frequently.

I looked as unconcerned as I could, standing within two yards of Patera, as I was determined to shoot him if a shot was fired. I also kept Vittoria from going into the whare, as I thought it might add to our chance of safety.

At one time the discussion got so warm that I cocked my revolver, a Dean and Adams, and, the click being heard, I found myself covered by the guns of several Maoris; but this did not last long. It was not pleasant, and I took no notice of it. Filloon's coolness and apparent confidence had its effect, and I could see that Patera's assurance was shaken, when a man on horseback, his horse covered with foam, rode up, reporting our action at Opotiki, and that the steamer had gone in their direction, as he put it figuratively, covering the bay with her smoke, his report being that we had been defeated, and I think he said that I was a prisoner. I did not like this at all, but Filloon was equal to the occasion. He pointed me out as "not much like a prisoner," and he asked about the chiefs we had killed. He was quite right. This was too much for our Maori friends, who slinked off, one by one, Patera with them.

They had nearly all gone, when Filloon said to me: "We have had a very narrow escape; now we must be off." I think he said "Run for it;" but I declined to move till the last Maori had disappeared, when we walked off quietly till out of sight of Raukankore, and then we rejoined the armed party behind the hill with all convenient speed.

As we got on board, Filloon said to me: "We bounced them this time, but if we go there again we shall certainly be murdered." I told him that *he* had better be careful, as *I* should not land there again except at the head of fifty armed bluejackets.

Curiously enough, little more than a month after this, Filloon, trusting to his Maori relationship, went to the same place in a coasting cutter, with nine other Europeans, to obtain information. The Maoris came off and pretended to be friendly, but, as one of them said afterwards, "We waited till all the Europeans were together and then killed them all," so

that poor Filloon, who was a fine young fellow, himself fell a victim to the two things he had specially warned me against.

As to Te Hata, he had gone over to the enemy, and took part in the fighting against Te Mokena, or Morgan, a friendly chief, living on the east coast, whose Pah was attacked by a large body of Maoris not long afterwards.

No doubt the above cruises were rather in the nature of police work, but they were interesting, and, I believe, of great service in checking the spread of the rebellion on the east coast. This was, I think, about the tightest corner I was ever in; and, though at the time I thought little of it, I confess that, for many years afterwards, I found it impossible to tell the story.

It was in this year (1865) that the seat of government was transferred to Wellington, as being more central than Auckland, and Wellington became our headquarters in the "Eclipse." While there I was ordered up to the East Cape, not far from Hicks Bay, to render what assistance was necessary to our friend Te Mokena, or Morgan, whose Pah was being attacked by rebels.

The Pah was a few miles south of East Cape, and only about half a mile from the shore, and I had to take up fifty Waikato militia, who were to be landed to help Morgan. The bay where the Pah was was only partially surveyed, and full of rocks, but I got fairly good information as to the coast from the best pilot of the New Zealand coast before I left Wellington, and I was advised not to go within nine fathoms water. On nearing the Pah I stood in cautiously and anchored, a Maori whale boat coming off from Morgan, so that we established communication; but before the men could be landed it came on to blow, and I put to sea, promising, however, to return and land the men on some rocks which were pointed out to me if the weather moderated. It cleared in the afternoon, and though there were too many rollers setting in to make anchoring advisable, I got the soldiers away in charge of the second lieutenant, and put the "Eclipse's" head off shore to wait for their return. Just as they had left a Maori chief came off in a whale boat, and as I thought there would be some

opposition, and the ship had her head off shore, I rather hurriedly left in the Maori whaler, telling the first lieutenant, who I left in charge, to stand in again when he saw the boats coming off. Our men landed all right, a few shots being fired, but there was no real opposition, and I came on board again. Unfortunately the first lieutenant had stood in too close to the shore, though remonstrated with by the navigating lieutenant, and the ship had bumped rather heavily on a rock; but she was afloat again before I got on board. On coming off, I had remarked to the doctor, who was with me, that she was too close in, and she was much inside the nine fathom line which I had drawn on the chart; but the navigator was seldom right, and he had a trick of saying, "The ship will be ashore directly," so that his cry of wolf was unheeded. In those days there were no chart houses, and, it being bad weather, the chart was in my cabin, so that the first lieutenant was really not much to blame.

I mention these facts as, the ship having sprung a leak, and being somewhat damaged, there was a subsequent court-martial held at Auckland, to which I will allude presently; but the damage was not serious enough to oblige me to leave Morgan till I felt sure he was safe, so I remained off the coast two or three days, shelling the rebel camp with my long guns, though I could not do much, as it was behind the Pah, and I had to be careful to give enough elevation. We had, however, some success, as one of our "blind" 110-pounder shells, which were covered with lead, was put in the fire by the Maoris to melt the lead for bullets, when it naturally exploded, killing two men and wounding a dozen others. Whether this lucky explosion, or the general support which the ship and militia had given, was the moving cause, the pressure on Morgan had relaxed before I left, the hostile Maoris dispersing. I did not care to leave my ship again on this stormy coast.

While firing the 110-pounder in bombarding the rebel camp a breech piece split, two or three of the gun's crew being slightly wounded. It was of little consequence, as the firing was continued, but it caused justly a want of

confidence in the gun, and, in fact, I had to fire the first shot after the accident, though the danger was very small.

These guns were condemned not long afterwards as being unsafe, though I was much taken to task at the time by our commodore, who had been one of the Ordnance Select Committee, for daring to say so in opposition to the then received opinion.

A court-martial was held on myself, the first lieutenant, and navigating lieutenant, for getting the ship ashore, which caused me much anxiety and annoyance at the time. I had, of course, reported the facts shortly, but the Court put me on my oath, against my remonstrance as to the illegality of their doing so; however, they insisted that I must tell "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." I told all I knew, which certainly rather condemned the other officers. I believe the Court thought that my orders should have been left more clearly, and probably in writing, with the first lieutenant; but the navigator would, I hoped, be able to keep the ship outside the line I had drawn on the chart, which, however, he had apparently forgotten. The case was certainly a curious one, as far as I was concerned; for clearly I had not got the ship ashore, as I was not on board at the time, and the Court was puzzled; but eventually we were all three censured, and "admonished to be more careful in future." My remonstrance against the legality of my being put on my oath went home with the minutes of the court-martial, and the sentence was quashed.

I may here refer to the somewhat barbarous practice of courts-martial in similar cases to my own. The charge was not one of disgraceful or unofficerlike conduct, but only of a possible "negligence or other default," in the words of the old articles of war, then in force; yet I was treated as a malefactor, my sword was taken away from me, and the provost-marshal, in this case, as usual, the master-at-arms, or chief of police of the flagship, stood over me all the time the trial lasted, with a drawn sword. These customs, for they are only customs, have been much relaxed of recent years; but it will readily be understood that they are not pleasant to the "prisoner," and that there is no

occasion to treat an officer with indignity, even though he may be proved to have been guilty of "negligence or other default." In short, a broad distinction should be drawn between the case of an officer who is accused of gross breaches of discipline, immorality, or misconduct before the enemy, and one who may have lost or jeopardised his ship by an error in judgment.

After all, I am not sorry to have had the experience of having been tried by court-martial; and there is much to be said for having cases of doubt threshed out in public; as if a profession is to stand high in public opinion, and to preserve its own *amour propre*, it should not be afraid of having its sores probed, and so being kept in a healthy state; while anything is better than hushing up unpleasant occurrences.

In the latter part of '65 and beginning of '66 I was chiefly at Wellington, making trips to Wanganui and other places on the west coast, much bad weather being experienced, especially in Cook's Straits, which, so far as my experience goes, is the most breezy place in the world, the wind blowing like a funnel between the two islands. The "Eclipse," as I have said, was very wet, being so low; but we had large freeing ports, which let the water out as soon as it came in; so the ship was safe enough, and a fairly good sea boat. Her pivot guns, however, required much movable berthing on the upper deck, and this was so constantly washed away, or smashed by the seas, that latterly, on bad weather coming on, I used to have all berthing round houses and other movable articles unshipped and stowed away below, which I found made a great difference in the defects on coming into port, though it might be uncomfortable at the time.

The figure head was a very pretty one, a lady holding a veil over her head, and much of the ornamentation, including an arm, had been washed away before I joined; so, whilst at Sydney, I had all renewed, only the arms and veil were removable, and were unshipped before going to sea. The "Eclipse's" figure head is still, I think, over the entrance to the barracks at Sheerness, where we paid off in 1867.

The war was still going on near Wanganui at the end of 1865, so I made several trips there; but it was not pleasant cruising, as the anchorage was bad, and there was no shelter, after which I had Sir George Grey on board several times, and he paid me the compliment of preferring the "Eclipse" to other ships in the squadron, at which I felt much flattered, as I admired him immensely. He was always very kind and friendly to me, and he certainly was rather fanciful as to who he was with; but he hated show or formality, and in the "Eclipse" our numbers were so small that guards had to be dispensed with, while having less than ten guns we were not allowed to salute. From our light draught of water we could, too, go into bar harbours which other ships of the squadron could not enter, and he knew that I was always prepared to run any reasonable risks, and that in all cases I tried to meet his wishes. I could not pretend to sum up his rather complex character in a few lines, but he certainly was one of the cleverest and most remarkable men I ever met, full of patriotism of the highest sort, and withal very philanthropic and sympathetic towards the Maoris. He was not altogether popular with the European settlers, who resented his Maori sympathies; while it must be allowed that he had peculiar methods, and a somewhat reserved manner. No doubt his ministers found him a difficult man to work with, for he would appear to agree with them, though he had his own views which, in devious and various ways, he would manage to carry out, the result being that charges of breach of faith were frequently made against him, though they were not supported by those who knew him best. That he was vindictive towards those who thwarted him was unmistakable, and he found it difficult to forgive an injury. I remember, when I was at Wellington, going into his library at Government House, as I often did, and while I was waiting for Sir George I found five or six official letters on the mantelpiece against the glass, and I had the curiosity to look at them, as they were apparently put *en evidence*. I was astonished to find that they had not been opened, so I put them down again, although I observed that they had apparently come from Wanganui, where the war was being carried on, Sir

Duncan Cameron being still in command, though Sir G. Chute relieved him not long afterwards, and successfully finished the campaign.

On the Governor coming into the room I asked him about these unopened letters, and he immediately replied, "Oh, Fremantle, they come from the General. I never open his letters now, as in one he told me I had told a lie." No doubt the Governor had other means of getting information than by the General's official letters; but it will be understood that, under the above circumstances, the country was bound to lose by the antagonism and lack of co-operation between the civil and military heads.

When on board he was a charming companion, and he used to chaff me frequently, especially about my engagement which had recently taken place, in which he took a warm interest, his romantic sympathies not having been blighted by his own unfortunate experience of family life.

I much enjoyed my cruises with the Governor. We used to land at various places on the east coast, the anchorage and navigation being none of the best, a "korero," or meeting, being held, and at nightfall we would again weigh and go to another place, where the programme was repeated. It was naturally hard work for me, as I had to be on deck most of the night, and to join in the "korero" during the day, so I got little rest. I remember suggesting to the Governor that it would be better to leave the anchorage rather earlier, so as to have daylight, saying that I should prefer not going out "as a thief in the night," his reply being, "Fremantle, if you feel like a thief, I don't;" so I did not again allude to the subject.

One of these cruises was of special interest, as I had the opportunity of visiting Rota Mahana, the hot lakes, with the Nghawhas, and the beautiful white and green natural terraces, which were destroyed by an earthquake some years later.

But the most interesting cruise I had with the Governor was in the spring of 1866, when I took him to Kawhia, and afterwards to Raglan, on the west coast, both of which were bar harbours, and we had barely a foot to spare in entering Raglan. At Kawhia the Maoris were more than sulky, and I

had rather an unpleasant experience there, as I was surrounded by armed natives when duck shooting, my coxswain calling out to me that we were cut off from the boat just as I had got near some ducks. However, I shot two ducks, and this was fortunate, as the Maoris were reassured, seeing that I was intent on sport, as they feared hostility from my men being armed.

At Raglan we landed, and rode up the Waikato country to a place called Hamilton, on the borders of the King country, our party consisting of the Governor, the native minister, resident magistrate, and one or two others, Sir George having sent to the Maori king and Wiremu Tamehana te Wakaroa, anglicé William Thompson, who we called the king maker, to come down and hold a "korero."

The great object was to have a talk with Thompson, and the Auckland papers jeered at the idea of his accepting the Governor's invitation. He was an arch rebel, they held, and the campaign should be carried into the King country if order was to be restored. Of course Auckland had profited considerably by the war and the war expenditure; but they were tired of the war at home, and Sir George was reluctant to push matters to extremities, trusting much to time and negotiation.

However, the Auckland papers were right about Sir George's invitation being accepted, for forty-eight hours, after our arrival at Hamilton there were no signs of William Thompson, which was awkward for the Governor, so I began to think of going back to my ship, though, on second thoughts, I felt inclined to go into the King country to endeavour to persuade Thompson to meet the Governor. Accordingly, after dinner, over our pipes, I talked the matter over with Mair, the resident magistrate of the Waikato, an able man and accomplished Maori scholar. He was very reluctant to entertain the idea at first, saying that it was far too dangerous; but he sent for some friendly Maoris, and at length consented to come with me if the Governor approved.

The next morning, about 7 a.m., I saw the Governor. I remember saying to him, "Sir George, I think I had better go back to my ship," to which he replied, in his quiet way,

"Fremantle, I'm expecting William Thompson," as if there were no difficulty, so that I could not help replying that he was the only person in camp who was, Mair having agreed that there was not the slightest chance of Thompson's coming; but I added immediately that I proposed to ride into the King country and look for him. To this Sir George said, "I don't know that I can allow you to run the risk;" but I explained that I had consulted Mair, who had agreed to go with me. He said he wanted time to consider it, but that I might make my preparations, and he would let me have an answer before I was ready. Eventually leave was given by the Governor, who gave me several hints and suggestions, and about 10.30 we started, Mair and I and two Maoris. We carried our revolvers, but were otherwise unarmed. For three or four days we followed Thompson, who avoided us. The natives were rather sullen, and at one place where we had to cross the upper waters of the Thames—Mata Mata, I think—natives, who pretended to help us took our horses away, and things looked bad. The village was up a small hill, overlooking the river. One old woman appeared, and said insulting things as we walked towards it, and then there was a solemn silence, no Maori being visible. Mair said to me, "I don't like this; what are we to do?" "Oh," I said, "take no notice, and walk on." This we did till we came to the centre of the kianga or Maori village, which was built in a sort of square, with an open space in the centre. Again Mair said, "I don't know what we had better do;" but it was clear we could do nothing, so to show our confidence we lit our pipes, and sat down in a conspicuous position, knowing, of course, that the Maoris were consulting as to how we should be treated. After about ten minutes all the principal Maoris came out of a whare, apologising for our bad reception, and for the language of the old woman; the fatted calf, in the shape of a small pig, was killed and eaten, half-cooked in a "hangi," or copper-Maori, as the settlers call it, and after we had partaken of our meal the horses were brought back, and we continued our route. This was our worst experience, and we succeeded in running Thompson to earth in another day, when there was a great korero as to whether he was to be allowed to come with us, he himself

making numerous excuses, one being that he could not ride, as he had an unfortunate disability which I cannot refer to further, but eventually the Maoris decided that he could not come, as the "kawana" (Governor) would certainly take off his head. On this being explained to me, I felt that I must trust to their chivalrous feeling, even though I knew there was much "hau-hauism" about, and that they had just been dancing round a pole; so I said that, if that was their idea, I would remain with them as a hostage until Thompson's return. Of course, it was not a pleasant prospect, as there was much hostile feeling, and though I spoke a little Maori, it was decidedly limited; so I was much relieved when they returned, after holding another korero, to say that, after the handsome offer of the "Rangantira te Man-a-War," they would allow Thompson to come with me if I would guarantee his safe return.

I thanked them, and Mair and I went to sleep in the tent of an old French "pakcha Maori," about a mile towards Hamilton, where Thompson said he would join us the next morning. As Mair wisely said, "he will keep his promise, though he will change his mind about coming with us; but if we can get him away from these people he will come." This turned out to be the case; but Mair rode to Hamilton with Thompson by easy stages, while I rode down direct with one of the Maoris.

It was a long ride, about 80 miles, but I was a light weight, and I reached Hamilton not long after dark, Mair and Thompson arriving two days later.

Thompson having arrived, other chiefs followed, and the Governor held a big korero, making preliminary arrangements which resulted in a friendly understanding, which practically brought the war to an end, so far as the New Zealand War, in which our troops were engaged, was concerned.

William Thompson, who was dressed in European clothes, was an intelligent-looking man, who had received some education from the missionaries, and he fully deserved the title of "king maker," as his influence was paramount over the Maori king's councils.

One embarkation incident, which occurred towards the end of the war, is worth mentioning, as it shows the necessity for attending to naval advice when dealing with matters connected with the sea. I had taken a detachment of a regiment to Napier, on the east coast, and was to bring back men of the 70th Regiment. We had arrived early, and the men had been duly landed in our boats about 7 o'clock. Having arranged to embark the men of the 70th at 12 o'clock, when the tide would be suitable and the ship ready to receive them, I landed to see the military commandant, Col. H. This was at about 8 a.m. Col. H., who was a bit of a martinet, said: "Oh, I've given all the orders, and the men are embarking now; they will all be on board by 9 a.m." I replied that we were not ready to receive them before 12 o'clock, that I had ordered boats to be on shore at that time, with a lieutenant to superintend the embarkation; but what was of more importance was that the tide was unsuitable now, and that it would be dangerous crossing the bar. However, he would listen to nothing, and on my return to the harbour, or "iron pot," as it is called, I found the men embarking in some large cargo boats. The tide was running out some six knots, and I saw at once that it was even more dangerous than I had thought, so I endeavoured to stop it, but neither the commissariat clerk nor the harbour master would listen. My boat had gone off and I could not communicate with the ship, so I gave it up in disgust, and went to the little club, where I told several people of the danger. I had not been there long before I heard that an accident had occurred, and, on running down to the harbour, I found that a boat had capsized in the surf and that several men were drowned, others having been saved by boats from the "Eclipse." The next time I met Col. H. was at Tauranga, not long afterwards, his first greeting to me being, "I've smashed you." This did not disturb me much, and we soon were very good friends, as we had something to arrange together; but I was curious to know what he had said, so the next time I met the General I asked him about the smashing letter, his only reply being that it was all nonsense, and that my report, which had been forwarded to him, was quite clear.

I have said enough of my New Zealand cruises; but they were very interesting to me, and I was glad of the opportunity of seeing so much of the country and the Maoris. My service kept me entirely to the Northern Island, and I had no opportunity of visiting the Southern Island.

My experience in the "Eclipse" was very useful to me, and, as is usual in a small vessel, I had often to rely upon myself and set an example.

Not long after I had joined we had sailed across from New Zealand till we were off Sydney, and, with a strong breeze off shore, I had got up steam to enter the harbour. The ship was pitching heavily, with green seas coming up the screw well, while the screw failed to go down into its place, the chief engineer reporting that he was sure something had jammed the banjo frame (in which the screw is placed for hoisting or lowering). By surging, the screw might be got down, but it was necessary to see everything clear first, so I asked for a volunteer to go down, which met with no response. Our boatswain, Hawkins, was a fine, plucky fellow, so the first lieutenant suggested that he would probably volunteer; but I heard him say, "No, it's always 'Awkins, and I'd like to see somebody else try this time." Certainly it did not look nice, but I felt sure that it was not nearly so bad as it seemed, if proper precautions were adopted; so I got a line round the stern, fished the bights up through the screw well, and, having done this, I put on flannels and easily pulled myself down, when I saw all clear, after going down twice, then we surged, and the screw fell into its place.

It was really quite an easy thing to do once one was under water. When the same thing happened later in the commission, a young engineer at once volunteered.

On another occasion I was obliged to set an example. We were hove-to under easy sail in Cook's Straits in a gale which we could not face, and the ship was making rather bad weather of it, when it was reported to me in the morning watch that the main rigging had carried away, that it was dangerous for anyone to go aloft, and, of course, the mainmast might go over the side at any moment. I saw that the rigging was quite slack, but that it clearly was possible to go

aloft; so I went up myself, and found that all the seizings had gone, which was bad enough. However, having ascertained the real cause of the panic, I got the ship round on the other tack, took the sail in, and secured the mast.

But I have given more than enough to spare to the "Eclipse's" commission, and I have only to relate our passage home. We sailed from Auckland for England, round the Horn, on October 4th, 1866, and on January 25th, 1867, anchored at Spithead, having touched at the Falkland Islands and Rio, the passage being made chiefly under sail.

Standing well to the southward, to take some advantage of the great circle, which my nautical readers will understand, we encountered some heavy westerly gales, before which we staggered under sail. I calculated the seas to be some 600 feet from crest to crest at one time, and our rather low sails were quite becalmed in the trough of the sea. We saw the usual icebergs, and at one time the heavy seas came toppling over the stern, though the ship was running some thirteen knots. This was so dangerous that I took the risk of rounding to, against the advice of the boatswain, who was certainly the best sailor in the ship. The gale soon moderating, we kept away again, and, though the little ship was half under water for about a fortnight, we rounded the Horn without accident. I remember the satisfaction I felt when we sighted the Cape, in a snowstorm about five one morning, and the relief it was to find the ship in comparatively smooth water under the lee of Tierra del Fuego when I turned out again after a couple of hours' rest.

My experience in a well found little ship like the "Eclipse" makes me fully appreciate the difficulty and danger of navigating these seas experienced by Drake in his pinnaces, and by Anson with his leaky ships, 300 and 120 years before.

After leaving Rio, we had made sail to a stiff sea breeze and were carrying single reefs, and top-gallant sails, when about 7 p.m. the first lieutenant reported to me that the mainmast head was gone, and true enough, though the topmast had not gone over the side, there was a yawning chasm in the mast just above the rigging. Some relief was experienced by keeping the ship away, and with great difficulty and some

danger to the men aloft, the masthead having been secured by tackles to the cross trees—for we had no tops—sail was shortened, and topsail and top-gallant yards got down. This was not accomplished till about 1 a.m., and I left orders to temporarily fish the masthead with the spare jibboom ready to try to unfid the topmast. Unfortunately my orders were misunderstood, as these precautions were not taken, and I was awoke about 5 a.m. by a crash, as the main topmast, carrying the mizen topmast with it, fell over the side when an attempt was made to unfid it. Fortunately, no one was hurt, and I succeeded in securing the spare main topmast, and setting a close reefed sail and top-gallant sail, under which jury rig we found our way home, the mast standing well under some heavy gales.

We had bad weather on nearing England; the ship was very light and she had no false keel, so we were driven up on the coast of Ireland. The coal we had taken in at Rio was perished, and we had had no sights for forty-eight hours when, the wind drawing to the south-west, I hoped we had got into the Channel, which opinion the soundings and a snap sight I had got in the afternoon seemed to justify. I was signing papers in my cabin about 8 p.m., hoping to reach Portsmouth the next day, running before a strong breeze, when the navigator reported the Start Light in sight, shortly after which the officer of the watch informed me it was the Eddystone. As these lights were different, the Start being a revolving light, and the Eddystone at that time a fixed light, I ran on deck, and at once saw that it was neither, but Trevose Head, on the north coast of Cornwall. We were standing right on to the shore; but I hauled to the wind, got up steam, and steamed round the Longships.

No doubt my navigation was at fault, as I had not allowed enough leeway; but I mention the case here, as I am convinced that in many cases ships are lost, of which I could give many instances, through navigators believing lights or headlands to be what they expect to see, rather than accept the evidence of their own eyes.

From Spithead, we went round to Sheerness, to pay off, which was not a long process, though masts were got out, and

the ship was broken up not long afterwards, her figure head finding its way to the Royal Naval Barracks, as I have previously mentioned. Among my crew were several men who had come on board and offered their service at Sydney during a time of depression in the colony; they would beg to be entered so as to get a dinner, but too frequently, after having had two or three dinners, and made some acquaintance with man-of-war routine, they would disappear, and I was only too glad to get rid of them. But a few would turn out good men, and though unaccustomed to a seaman's life, some half a dozen men I brought home, who had been a year or two in the ship, were useful, capable hands for all ordinary seaman's work. It certainly takes years to make a finished seaman, in the highest sense of the term; but I am convinced that any able-bodied landsman, with good will, can be made a useful member of a ship's company after a few months on board a man-of-war. It was rather amusing when these loafers came on board at Sydney. I always saw them myself, and they always professed a willingness to do anything, after which I used to say: "All right, then let me see you go over the foretop," but to many, this taking them at their word and sending them aloft, was too great a trial, and they would sorrowfully find their way ashore again.

We paid off on February 13th, rather early. Many of the ship's company came in the train with me, as I was going to Portsmouth, and nearly all the men came to the station to say good-bye, a cordiality I had hardly expected; but, on the whole, they were a very willing ship's company, and, after my first six months in the ship, they gave me no trouble.

This concludes my not uneventful commission in the "Eclipse," though I had seen little real fighting; but a few observations on the aftermath of paying off, that is, passing your accounts, without completing which no officer can draw his half pay, may not be out of place here, and my experience of this ordeal, on paying off the "Eclipse," was rather unique. I believe this has been much simplified since, there being much less red tape; and in subsequent commissions as a captain I had little trouble. But in 1867 it was an axiom

that an officer must have an agent to pass his accounts. This was not really necessary when the "Eclipse" paid off, and the naval agent's business was getting far less lucrative, owing to Admiralty regulations about pay, half pay, and prize money having been revised; but the agents knew their way about, and no doubt the clerks preferred dealing with them.

Knowing this I had had as agents for the "Eclipse's" commission, Hallett and Ommaney, who, unfortunately, failed in the "corner house" crash in 1866. It was an inconvenience to me, of course, as some considerable bills were on their way home, and were likely to be dishonoured; however, this was avoided by my father, and I had only lost some £200; but with this experience I determined to have no agent, and to pass my accounts myself. On the passage home I had looked carefully into the warrant officer's accounts, which I got to thoroughly understand, and small deficiences were made up, though there was one discrepancy, a matter of nine 110-lb. shells, which I felt of too much consequence to be expended by *not* firing at a target; and, if the Admiralty were right, it was rather awkward. This, however, to my great relief, was found on our arrival in England, by a communication from the Admiralty, to have been a clerical error in taking charge of the remains from the previous year. I knew that the paymaster's and engineer's accounts were correct, and the warrant officer's accounts would now, I hoped, be all right, too; but I had only an acting gunner, who was not very trustworthy, and the ammunition had to go up to Upnor Castle, Chatham, though the "Eclipse" was paying off at Sheerness, and there was some delay in getting the requisite receipts. At last they were received just before we paid off; but the gunner was very unhappy about a certain bag of bullets, which he was certain was in the lighter, but which had not been received. I remember well that one evening he came to me several times about it, having got it on his mind, and I thought he was scarcely sober, so I was a good deal annoyed, telling him not to bother about the bag of bullets if the rest were all right.

Well, I found little difficulty in passing my accounts, except those for gunner's warlike stores which were under the War Department, and I could get little change out of the chief clerk, then in an office in Victoria Street, and I think "on the second floor," to whom I was directed when I went to him about it, nor could he find any of the books or returns connected with the "Eclipse"; but I shortly afterwards received page upon page of deficiencies in warlike stores, which I was asked to explain. I immediately replied that I could only account for it by a clerical error, and I followed this up privately by threatening to appeal to the Secretary of State for War direct. Shortly afterwards I got a letter regretting that "one year's expenditure of stores had been omitted," and that the accounts were correct, except that a bag of bullets was missing. I was quite amused when it came to my old friend, the bag of bullets, and I ventured the opinion that it had probably fallen overboard when discharging the lighter. If the W.D. is to be believed, this bag of bullets was found in the mud of the Medway, where I suggested that it should be looked for. I confess "I had my doubts," but I was a troublesome customer, who knew more about accounts than they did, for I could see that the chief clerk knew nothing whatever about them; so I was got rid of "because of my importunity."

Possibly had I known less about it, or been less persistent, the desired object might have been obtained of my employing an agent to pass my accounts. It may be thought, perhaps, that my memory is exaggerating, but I have now before me the principal letter I wrote at the time, with notes as to the other letters and numerous (!!!), as to the bag of bullets having been found in the Medway.

CHAPTER IX.

HALF PAY—ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE.

Half Pay Time—Promotion to Rear-Admiral by Selection—Loss of the "Captain"—Writing to the Papers—The Royal Naval College and "Excellent"—Appointment to the "Barracouta"—Sir Alexander Milne.

My service as a commander came to an end in the "Eclipse." I applied to be again employed, but was told that I should be promoted shortly; and, accordingly, on April 15th, 1867, two months after I had paid off, I was duly posted, with five others, the promotions at that time being made in small batches, and not six-monthly, as at present.

I had married in Australia, and was content to be a short time on shore after my somewhat trying "Eclipse" service; but a long vista of half pay on 10s. 6d. a day, or £191 a year, was not a pleasant prospect; and, in the ordinary course, I might expect to be four or five years without employment; but I had been lucky, being under thirty-one, and I could not complain of sharing the fate of other and older officers.

After all, I had the satisfaction of feeling that I had reached a fairly high table land, from which I could look back on my junior service, knowing that no one could step over my head; promotion to flag rank going then, as it still does, by seniority. There is no doubt that Lord Selborne recently contemplated making promotion to rear-admiral by selection from the captain's list, and Lord Goschen's Committee on promotion in 1902 was to report on this. The report has not been published, but there was certainly a strong feeling among naval officers against it, so that it is understood that this course will not be adopted.

It has always appeared to me that, logically, the promotion of flag officers should be by selection, as with other

ranks; but there are some practical objections, the strongest being that while all senior captains are employed, only about half the rear-admirals are employed, so that to take away a senior captain from a good appointment, where he is rendering good service to the State, to place him on the shelf on a half pay of £456 a year, is of advantage neither to him nor to the country.

In my mind, the admiral's list should be smaller, and all rear-admirals should be employed; but the general cry is for big lists and plenty of choice. In fact, this is the conservative view. We have got accustomed to half pay, like eels to skinning, and there is so little half pay now below the rank of admiral, that it is not felt as a grievance. Half pay I have referred to before. In my case, although I was always anxious to be employed, and was duly appointed in my turn, owing to the reductions made by Mr. Childers as First Lord of the Admiralty in 1868, in pursuance of the policy of Mr. Gladstone's Government, the time I was on shore was longer than I had anticipated, as I was not appointed to the "Barracouta" till March, 1873, having then been six years and one month unemployed, five years and eleven months of which I was on the captains' list.

There was nothing to be done but to make good use of my time ashore. I lived at Swanbourne, in Buckinghamshire, in a small house of my father's, and rode and drove about the country. I could not afford to hunt, and I got some shooting in a quiet way. Of course, we paid a good many visits to friends and relations.

I became a magistrate, and I used to write a good deal for the papers on naval subjects, with an occasional magazine article.

When the "Captain" was lost in 1870 I had just been studying the question of carrying sail on low freeboard ships, and I was full of it on the very day she was lost—a Sunday. The next day being September 1st, I was out shooting early, and meeting a friend from a country town who had got his morning paper, he told me of the loss of one of H.M. ships; he thought she had gone over, but he was not quite sure, and he could not remember the name. He

was much surprised when I at once asked whether it was the "Captain." I afterwards wrote an article in *Fraser's Magazine* on the loss of the "Captain." The magazine was then edited by James Anthony Froude, who told me that he would publish my article, though he had just refused two, one by Mr. Childers and another by Mr. (now Sir Edward) Reed. Of course, I do not suppose that my article was the best; but no doubt the others were biased and controversial.

Writing on naval subjects had its uses in keeping one in touch with the service, and I am proud to think that many of the reforms which I advocated have since been adopted. I always wrote exactly what I considered for the advantage of the service, and I have made it a rule never to write on full pay, as a naval officer in employment is in the service of the Admiralty, and he has no right to appeal to the public against his masters or to make use of the Press to suggest their action. Of course, on the other hand, an officer on full pay is bound to represent matters to the Admiralty as he sees them, and I am afraid that frequently I have pressed matters on their notice which they would have preferred to ignore.

I mention this, as in the navy there is some prejudice against officers who write to the papers. Naturally I belonged to some scientific societies, such as the Royal Geographical and United Service Institution, and in these ways, and in reading, I found plenty of employment.

But I was anxious to feel quite up-to-date, when the time came for me to be employed, so I applied to be appointed to the Royal Naval College, then (1871 and 1872) still at Portsmouth, on the same principle that I explained when I went there as a commander. Accordingly, I went to Portsmouth in 1871, and again for a short time in 1872, only being a married man, my wife came with me and we lived at Southsea, which I found a pleasant change from Buckinghamshire, and I managed to get some cricket in the summer as I had done previously. We were allowed to choose our own subjects, and in 1871 I went regularly on board the "Excellent," gunnery ship, passing the practical part

of the gunnery lieutenant examination in August in that year. It was hard work, and there was some prejudice, I thought, against a post-captain passing this examination, for which I believe there was no exact precedent, and I only found out from an officer, now an admiral, who was passing for gunnery lieutenant, all the subjects required to be mastered after I had been at work some time; so my wife went home to Buckinghamshire some two months before I passed, to enable me to devote my whole time to gunnery.

However, I was determined to pass, and I think I passed creditably. It was no question of a class, as I did not attempt the subsequent theoretical part; but I have never regretted the knowledge then acquired. It has been a foundation on which to build for gunnery and torpedo, which has assumed such an important position in naval efficiency in modern times. The Admiralty gave me a letter of thanks for my zeal in passing this examination, but it did not help me at all to get a ship before my turn.

After passing in gunnery, I devoted my time in 1871, and during a part of 1872, chiefly to higher mathematics and nautical astronomy.

Personally, though I felt rather "out of it" at the time, and I made frequent applications to the Admiralty for employment, I do not think that the time I spent ashore was of any disadvantage to me, for in the early seventies changes did not take place as often as they do now, and I was young enough to begin the service anew; besides, I had managed to keep up with the changes which had taken place by going to the college, as I have explained; but in the present day a naval officer ought not certainly to be on shore for more than two or three years at most. He may retain his seamanlike qualities, and some years at the Admiralty or the Intelligence Department may be of distinct value to him; but I am referring to the officers who are on half pay, not holding appointments connected with the service. I have been speaking of myself in what I have said above, but to many older men who had perhaps been economising in Ireland, or far away from the sea in some quiet country village, the six years ashore

was fatal. They had forgotten much, and they found many changes, so they quietly acquiesced in being only nominal captains, depending on their subordinates. This is not the case at present, and it is due to more constant service at sea.

It was in March, 1873, that at last I was informed by a telegram from the private secretary to the First Lord that I was appointed to the "Barracouta." Now, the "Barracouta" was a paddle steamer, rather ancient, the same which had been with me in China, in 1853, and she had always previously been commanded by a commander, her armament being only 64-pounder, 8-inch "converted" guns, and there was nothing at all modern about her. This was naturally a disappointment to me after I had endeavoured to keep up-to-date. I was paying a visit when the telegram found me, and I hoped that there was a new "Barracouta;" but no, it was my old friend, and as it was Saturday afternoon I determined to go to town to see about it.

On consideration I decided to wait till Monday, and that if my appointment was in the papers I would accept the ship; but if not, I would ask for something better. When Monday came my appointment was there plainly enough in all the papers, so I went to the Admiralty and saw the First Sea Lord, then Sir Alexander Milne, who was so long at the Admiralty and so much respected for his knowledge of the service, ability, and straightforward honesty. I don't know how he had heard it, but his first words were, "I hear you don't like your ship," which I was obliged to acknowledge to be true. He then said that the "Barracouta" was the only ship available, and the Foreign Office wanted a ship to go to the coast of Spain very shortly, but that if I waited a few months I might get a better one. However, I stopped him, saying that I had been appointed, and that I meant to hoist my pennant in the "Barracouta." He immediately said, "You're quite right, my boy," for I knew him well; "it is always best to go where you're sent," and so it turned out, and I think my chance of taking a hundred marines to Cape Coast soon afterwards was partly due to my having accepted the ship and made the best of her.

But I am poaching on the next chapter, which refers to my command of the "Barracouta," and time on shore on half pay has only an incidental interest in a naval officer's career; so, though my early married life, 1867-73, is very interesting to me, and when I went to sea I had to leave my wife and four small sons to get on as well as they could without me, I close this short chapter on half pay time, and come to the time of active command of one of Her Majesty's ships.

CHAPTER X.

H.M.S. "BARRACOUTA"—WEST COAST OF AFRICA—ASHANTI WAR.

Commissioning the "Barracouta"—Paddlers—Leaving Sheerness—Sir Rodney Mundy—Spanish Ports and Quarantine—Saving the "Vittoria"—Salvage to Men-of-War—Embarkation of Marines—Former Ashanti Wars—St. Vincent and Sierra Leone—Major Bravo—Prince Ansah and the King of Elmina—Arrival at Cape Coast—State of Affairs on my Arrival—My Orders—Marines Landed—Interviews with the Administrator—Elmina—Movements of Ashanti Army—Ashanti Weapons—State of our Forts—Col. Harley—An Impossible Situation—Col. Festing—Visit to Elmina—A Cabinet Council at Cape Coast Castle—Our Plan of Action—Elmina—Action of Elmina—Lieut. Wells's Successful Attack—Ashanti Loss—Ashanti Discipline—Proceedings Subsequent to Elmina—King's "Message Stick"—The Climate—Arrival of the Commodore—The Rains—Lieut. Gordon—The Windward Forts—Chamah—Commodore Dangerously Wounded—A Curious Episode—My Proposal—Attack on Chamah and Hostile Villages—Lieut. Burr's Success—Lieut. Young's Independence—Young's Gallantry—My Conduct Misunderstood at Home—Dix Cove, Axim, and King Blay—King Blay—I am Again Senior Naval Officer—My Orders—Blockade Established—August and September on the Coast—Sickness of Officers—The Surf and Landing—Surf Men—Stores and Provisions—Provisioning the Marines—Stores—Supplying the Military—Atchiempon—King Blay and Atchiempon—A Lucky Shot—Projected Attack—Capt. Glover—Councils of War—Arrival of Sir Garnet Wolseley—A Brilliant Staff—To Go in and Win—The Work of the Navy.

On March 13th, 1873, I hoisted my pennant on board the "Barracouta" at Sheerness. She was in what was then called the steam reserve, and supposed to be in all respects ready for sea; but she had been long lying up, and her rigging and her upper works were decidedly weatherworn. However, I had a good first lieutenant in Lieut. Wells—who afterwards did brilliant service on the coast of Africa, unfortunately dying of fever on his passage home to join the royal yacht—and a very fair ship's company. In officers I had the same complement as in the "Eclipse," that is, two lieutenants and a navigating lieutenant; but I had four sub-lieutenants appointed, so that I had no lack of officers for watch keeping.

Paddlers were getting obsolete, and there was an order that if officers appointed to a paddle steamer had not served in one before, the Dockyard officials were to come on board and show them how the paddle box boats were to be got out and in. This was duly done; but if I remember rightly, the first time the davits got bent, and had to be landed to be put into the correct shape again, and on the second occasion one of the boats was swamped; but I expressed myself satisfied, and had no difficulty with these boats afterwards.

We had the usual trials, when all went well, the ship making 9·5 knots on the mile, and were soon ready for sea. Our complement was 175, and she was a roomy ship of 1,600 tons, but, of course, she could not do much under sail, which was a disappointment to me.

Early in April we sailed from Sheerness for Spithead, where we were to get our final orders, it being understood that the ship would probably go to the Australian Station eventually. One thing I recollect about our leaving Sheerness, namely, that the Dockyard authorities obliged me to take a pilot, which I thought unnecessary, and they were very angry with me because I insisted on waiting till after high water, as an uncle of mine was arriving by train to take a passage to Portsmouth with me. As we only drew fifteen or sixteen feet of water, and there was eighteen feet at the shallowest part at low water spring tides, I did not think it mattered much, but this was a bit of Dockyard red tape; the occupation of harbour masters and pilots would be gone if their local knowledge was not made use of. It used to amuse me afterwards, when I commanded the "Lord Warden," a ship drawing twenty-eight or twenty-nine feet of water, which came to Sheerness frequently, that I was allowed to go in and out of the harbour without a pilot, though there was only a foot or two to spare even at the top of high water.

I shall have more to say about this; but as all our naval harbours are well marked and buoyed, I have never understood why captains and navigating officers do not bring their ships in and out, at least after the first time, instead of having to give up charge to an Admiralty pilot, who perhaps has

never been on board a similar ship, and in any case does not know the ship as the officers belonging to her do.

At Spithead we were detained a few days waiting for orders, and I remember when they arrived the commander-in-chief, Sir Rodney Mundy, reading them over with me, was very proud of discovering an obvious clerical error in a reference in the letter to the Admiralty instructions. He was very kind, complimenting me on the ship's appearance, which I was told afterwards by one of the staff was due to our having duly saluted him with a guard as he passed the ship, which some other ship had failed to do. Sir Rodney was decidedly interesting, and many stories were told about him; but if he was somewhat vain and proud of his position, there was no mistaking his ability and zealous devotion to the service.

Our first trip was to Vigo, where we were to look in, as a civil war was going on in Spain, and British interests might require protection; and thence we went to Gibraltar.

At Vigo we narrowly escaped quarantine, as when the sanitary authorities came alongside, asking at a respectable distance, "Have you any seeke?" our doctor imprudently answered that we had sixteen on the sick list, and the Spaniard immediately pushed further away; but I called out to the doctor: "We have no one sick," and he took the hint, managing with difficulty to reassure the Spanish Sanidad doctor. Our bill of health was all right, and when visiting any Spanish or Mediterranean port it is indispensable. A Spaniard especially is possessed with the idea that any ship coming from anywhere is likely to have the plague, or the yellow fever, or small-pox on board, and that as a measure of precaution every ship on arrival should go into observation quarantine. That at least was their view twenty years ago, and when I come to my Gibraltar days I shall have an amusing story to tell about it.

As sixteen may seem a large sick list for a ship's company of 175 men, I should mention that though we had no sickness on board, the sick list is apt to be large in newly-commissioned ships, from men's feet and hands being tender after a spell in barracks, and also

from diseases which can only be contracted by intercourse with the shore.

Whilst at Gibraltar, I was fortunate enough to save an Italian barque. It was early in the morning, and we had steam up to go alongside the shore to coal, when a signal was made from the signal station at the top of the Rock, that a ship was ashore on the eastern beach; so I asked and obtained leave from the senior naval officer, who has a house ashore at Gibraltar, to go to her assistance. It had been blowing a levanter, as the strong easterly wind is called at Gibraltar, in the night; the ship had got embayed, and had run ashore. When we got near her, after passing two tugs which reported that she was a hopeless wreck, we found her rolling in the breakers, and getting her off seemed certainly difficult.

The first thing was to get on board; but this I managed after some difficulty, and I found her full of water. However, it seemed to me that most of it had come in over all, and that probably the ship's bottom was tight; this was at about 9 a.m. All the crew had got on shore, reporting the ship a total loss. Fortunately it was high water at 2 p.m., and before that time we had pumped her out, laid out one of her anchors, and the "Barracouta," with two stout hawsers bent to each other, had hold of her. Her sails, which were flying about, had, of course, been furled, and we gradually dragged her through the sand, so that at 4 p.m. she was afloat. There was still a strong levanter blowing, which made the boat work very unpleasant. The "Barracouta" had only six inches under her keel when hauled close in to the barque, and Lieut. Wells, with some thirty supernumeraries for passage to Australia, had had hard work on board the "Vittoria," while the navigating lieutenant got badly hurt by the sponson of the "Barracouta" catching him as she rolled; but it was worth doing, and rather a triumph to sail her into Gibraltar Bay just as the *Gibraltar Chronicle* was issued announcing her a total wreck. She was practically uninjured, though some of the cargo was damaged.

The cargo of "esparto grass" was not very valuable,

but the Italian consul was very grateful, and wanted to recommend me for an Italian decoration, which I declined. However, I had the thanks of the Italian Government, and that of our commander-in-chief in the Mediterranean, and eventually a sum of £300 salvage money was given to us by the owners, with the permission of the Admiralty.

It was, at all events, an auspicious commencement of the commission, and had a good effect on the ship's company, who always rejoice in the real sailorlike work of getting a ship afloat.

And here I wish to touch, shortly, on the question of paying salvage to men-of-war. At first sight, it would appear that this is unnecessary. The ships are Government ships, the officers and men are paid by the nation to do their duty, and one of their duties is to protect commerce; *ergo*, if any salvage duties are done by men-of-war, the officers and men have no claim to be paid. This sounds plausible, and, in deference to a general feeling to the above effect in the House of Commons and elsewhere, the Admiralty have, of recent years, dating from about 1860, refused to allow salvage to be claimed, and often have declined to allow a free gift from the owners to be received. But this view will not bear a closer consideration. It is universally admitted that every exertion should be made and risk run to save life; but, putting life on one side, as in this case, it is a question of saving property, and if risks are run and dangers encountered in saving property, it seems to me that the owners should pay something to the man-of-war, though it would naturally be less than to private ship-owners and merchant seamen.

I have had some experience in saving ships. In three cases, at least, I have saved ships which others had considered a total loss, and which would, undoubtedly, have been totally lost but for our exertions; and these were not cases of saving life, as they had been given up and deserted by their crews. It would have been easy to have passed by on the other side, not to have undertaken the job with the risk of boat work in a surf or sea, the risk of clearing away wreckage, the laying out and securing hawsers, anchoring ships close to the beach in an insecure anchorage, besides necessarily spoil-

ing men's clothes and pulling the ship to pieces, so that the commander or first lieutenant bemoans his ruined paintwork, the gunnery and torpedo lieutenant the loss of time when he might have carried out drills, and the captain looks at the risk to his ship and the handicap as to the next inspection.

And all this to save a few thousand pounds to a merchant who is probably well insured. How many captains, taking these points into consideration, will look upon a vessel badly ashore or derelict with a "jaundiced eye," and, after a casual inspection, decide that he can do nothing? Certainly I press the view that reasonable salvage should be given, and I have generally found that owners who appreciate the difficulties have been willing to grant salvage voluntarily for services rendered. It is not only money which is saved, but the seamanlike effort required is of great instructional value, so that I am strongly of opinion that our ships, when other salvage appliances are not available, should engage in salvage operations when there is a fair prospect of success.

It was early in May that we were suddenly ordered to Gibraltar from Cadiz, where we filled up with coal and provisions, and proceeded to Lisbon to meet the "Valorous," which was bringing out 100 marines, under Lieut.-Col. (afterwards Sir Francis) Festing.

For some time past an Ashanti army had been threatening our Gold Coast Protectorate on the West Coast of Africa, and recently, they had crossed the Prah and defeated the Fantees, who had attempted to oppose them, so that there was uneasiness felt as to our inadequately garrisoned forts at Cape Coast Castle and Elmina. The Government of the day were reluctant to do anything which might involve us in an Ashanti war, as this warlike and powerful race had, in 1824—26, given us much trouble, even defeating and killing our governor, General Sir Charles McCarthy, in 1824; so that it was hoped that a collision might be avoided, and it was not till after much delay that any reinforcements were sent. Questions, however, were asked in the House of Commons, and the Government's answer was that "ample measures had been taken" for the security of our forts, these measures consisting in the despatch of the 100 marines above referred to,

who were to be transferred from the "Valorous" to the "Barracouta" for passage to Cape Coast Castle; and sending out a few military officers by mail for special service, intended to organise the Fantees, and lend assistance to Col. Harley, C.B., a West Indian officer, the Acting Administrator-in-Chief of the West African settlements.

On the embarkation of these marines for Cape Coast Castle my connection with the Ashanti War, and full responsibility as a naval officer, began; and I am here in some difficulty, for while I desire to show the duties, political and professional, which fall upon a naval officer commanding a squadron when warlike operations are imminent, I feel that I should be guilty of unpardonable indiscretion were I not to exercise caution in the use I may make of documents and orders received by me in my official position, so that in many cases I must leave these to be understood or gathered from the actions recorded. This, however, applies less to the Ashanti War, 1873–74, both on account of the lapse of time and also because foreign Powers were little interested, so that the questions involved are only those of home policy.

Fortunately, I have my private journal as well as official letters to refer to, so that in many cases I can quote facts as they appeared at the time, and not as they may represent themselves by the light of later information or a too flattering recollection.

On May 26th we reached St. Vincent, where we coaled, taking on board a deck load of fifty tons, and on June 1st we reached Sierra Leone. This is supposed to be a coaling station, but it was a Sunday, and neither men nor lighters could be got, and there was inevitable delay. No doubt arrangements are better now, but I see by my journal that I only succeeded in getting eighty-five tons of coal up to the afternoon of the 2nd, when I sailed.

At Sierra Leone a Major Bravo, of the 2nd West Indian Regiment, was Acting Administrator. He was an intelligent man, who gave Colonel Festing and myself plenty of information about Cape Coast Castle; but beyond the castle gates it was "all bush" by his account, and his principal

object seemed to be to impress us with the power of the Ashantis, and the danger and folly of going into "the bush."

We had an interview with Prince Ansah of Ashanti, at Sierra Leone, a great uncle of the Ashanti monarch, Coffee Kelkelli, who had been educated in England, and spoke English. Prince Ansah had been often employed in embassies between the Governor of Cape Coast and the King of Ashanti, and he told us of the difficulties which had arisen through the seizure by the king of four missionaries, and his claims to Elmina, or to receive a tribute from Elmina, by right of his conquest of Denkera.

I have no intention of attempting to explain our differences with the King of Ashanti, which, no doubt, are fully related in the Blue Books published in 1873; but it will be enough to say that a short time before this Elmina had been handed over to us by the Dutch, much to the annoyance of the Ashantis, as in the time of the Dutch rule the Ashantis practically used Elmina as a seaport, and slavery was winked at—a satisfactory state of things, as they thought, which our stricter rule would put a stop to. This was evidently the King's principal grievance, and though at home our ministers were deluding themselves that his quarrel was with the Fantees in our protectorate, who we were weakly inclined to throw over, it became clear to me that his quarrel was principally with us as the strong Power likely to interfere with his baneful influence.

After our interview with Prince Ansah we saw the King of Elmina, who had been arrested and sent to Sierra Leone by Colonel Harley. He was fairly communicative, and evidently sympathised with the Ashantis, though he denied that either his tribe or the Dutch owed any allegiance or vassalage to the Ashantis. They were free men, not slaves, he said. His principal grievance was that when the Dutch owned Elmina the duty on rum was only 6d. a gallon, while we had raised it to 1s. a gallon!

From these interviews it was clear to us that matters were reaching a climax, though our information was not very recent, and Sierra Leone is 960 miles from Cape Coast Castle—a fact

which some of our English papers appear to have overlooked in their criticisms of operations at that time. However, it was good enough to show me the necessity for pushing on without loss of time, and at 6 p.m. on June 7th we anchored off Cape Coast Castle, finding there H.M.S. "Druid" (Captain Blake), "Seagull," and "Decoy." The "Argus" was off Elmina, "Bittern" and "Merlin" detached. As I was senior to Captain Blake, I took command of this squadron of seven ships as senior officer on the west coast of Africa. The "Druid" was a corvette, "Argus" and "Barracouta" paddle steamers, "Bittern" and "Seagull" sloops, "Decoy" and "Merlin" gunboats. It does not sound a very formidable force, but it represented much under the circumstances, as the only troops on shore were detachments of the 2nd West Indian Regiment and about 150 Houssas, so that the only white men were our bluejackets and marines. Commodore Commerell, who commanded the Cape of Good Hope and West Coast of Africa station, had gone to the Cape in his ship the "Rattlesnake," and from the difficulties of communication he was not expected for another month.

I immediately communicated with Colonel Harley, the Administrator, by catamaran, as no surf boat can land at night, and the news of the war was certainly bad enough, as two days before the Fantees had been totally defeated only twenty miles from Cape Coast Castle, and in Captain Blake's opinion it would be useless our landing men; but he had offered an asylum on board H.M. ships to the Governor and officers. On the other hand, Harley expressed confidently his capacity to resist the Ashantis; but I heard that he had left Government House, and, with Mrs. Harley, had taken up his quarters in the castle, which was scarcely likely to inspire confidence in others.

Now I may refer to my orders, or rather those to the "commodore or senior officer." First I was to be the judge as to the necessity for landing Colonel Festing and the 100 marines, after communicating with Colonel Harley. Secondly, if they were landed, the necessity for any operations was to be decided upon between Colonel Harley, myself, and Colonel Festing, so that we formed a sort of triumvirate.

The official letter was, of course, addressed as above; but a private letter, from Sir Alexander Milne, gave me some hints, ostensibly for the commodore; but in a P.S. he added: "I rather think you will find yourself senior officer." The next day, Sunday, 8th, I saw Colonel Harley, and agreed to land Colonel Festing and his men at daylight on Monday morning. This was done, and a fine body of men they were: fifty-two R.M.A., and fifty-two R.M.L.I., the average age being just under thirty.

As I reported to the Admiralty, they were as complete in numbers, and apparently as strong and well, as when they left England; yet six weeks later the detachment had lost two men by death, and sixty-seven were sick, so that the commodore sent them all home but twenty men in the "Himalaya," and ten died on the passage home. It was all "the climate," of course; but I cannot but think that they were not too well looked after, and that they felt the want of a more generous diet suitable to the climate, which was arranged for the troops under Sir Garnet Wolseley later in the war. Of the twenty men left on shore with Colonel Festing, all died or were invalided before the end of the war.

On the 9th Colonel Festing and I had several conversations with Colonel Harley about operations, and I arrived at the conclusion that the Administrator's information, which professed to be very complete, was unreliable. This was rather a blow to the Administrator, who confronted us with numerous kings, as the chiefs of tribes are called on the coast, with the intention of reassuring me. But it had not the desired effect; and though Harley rather lightly talked of making an immediate attack on the Ashantis, it was evident to me that this could not be prudently done until we knew more accurately their force and position.

Elmina was certainly threatened by the proximity of the Ashanti army, and I decided on going there the next day with Colonel Festing, as a first step towards realising the position.

I will now give some details as to the situation as I found it on my arrival at Cape Coast.

The Ashanti army, under Amanquatiah, after defeating the Fantees assisted by about 150 Houssas from Cape Coast Castle, had moved off towards Elmina to a place called Effotoo, nine or ten miles from the former place, and considerably further from Cape Coast Castle, the distance between Cape Coast Castle and Elmina being about seven miles. The Ashanti army was supposed then to number about 30,000 men, though it was subsequently ascertained to have been nearer 40,000 all told. As they had no commissariat they had difficulty in finding food, and were obliged to move their camp frequently, and split up into detachments; but in other respects they were fairly organised, the names of all the chiefs commanding divisions being known, so that it was far from being an undisciplined body. Their arms consisted of trade flint guns; they had measures for a charge of powder, which was much too large, and a handful of slugs formed the projectile. A large knife, more like a carving-knife than anything else, completed their equipment. They were lithe, active men, who wore little clothing, darker in colour, and rather smaller than the coast tribes. Their system of fighting was to establish themselves in the bush with a keg of powder, and at close quarters their armament was effective enough. The use of the knife was to cut off the head of their enemy, which they showed as a trophy; they had also a weakness for the skin of the stomach, which came in useful as a drum. It was said that Sir Charles McCarthy's skin was long used in this way on state occasions.

Now let me turn to our defences. The big forts, such as Cape Coast Castle and Elmina, were, practically, safe enough; but we had outlying forts and smaller forts along the coast which were ill defended, the guns and ammunition being often useless.

Even the defences round Cape Coast Castle, Connor's Hill, where the West Indians were encamped, and Fort William, an isolated fort near, had been so much neglected that I was horrified at their state: ammunition wet, keys of magazine missing, and so on. It was the "climate" again, no doubt, to a great extent; but all the officers of the West Indian Regi-

ments held special appointments, and those left with the regiment were inefficient, or worse.

On representing the circumstances to Colonel Harley he was very indignant, and, being a West Indian officer himself, he was more angry with me than desirous of putting matters straight. However, something was done to place Cape Coast in a state of defence.

I am reluctant to say much of Colonel Harley (afterwards Sir Robert), who was an active, energetic man, who wrote voluminous despatches to the Colonial Office, generally agreeing with what the then Colonial Secretary, Lord Kimberley, hoped would be the state of affairs, which, shortly afterwards, facts belied. I remember pointing this out to Colonel Festing on the passage out, and it gave the key to his character. He oscillated between the most extreme confidence, when he would suggest an immediate advance into the bush without previous preparation, and a sudden panic as to an attack on Cape Coast Castle itself, which, however, he had taken no trouble to provide against.

We were certainly hampered by our instructions, which told us that we were to defend the forts, but that we were to take no part in active operations outside them. This was an impossible situation. Already the forts, when we arrived in the "Barracouta," were full of refugees, who had to be fed, and the sanitary position was bad in the extreme.

I saw at once that these instructions could not be carried out, as my journal of June 9th says, writing from Cape Coast Castle: "There is much small-pox here, and, crowded as the native towns round the forts now are, they will soon become pest houses if the Ashantis are allowed to hold the country."

This, then, was the state of affairs on our arrival on the coast, and it was clear that something had to be done. Of Harley I have spoken. Fortunately, in Festing I had a good colleague, an able man, and a clear-headed soldier, ready to act boldly, his only fault being that he had not been brought up to taking responsibility upon himself, and he was much impressed with the instructions he had received from high authorities before leaving England, who had never fully realised the situation.

On June 10th Festing accompanied me to Elmina in the "Decoy." On this occasion Dr. Rowe (afterwards Sir Samuel Rowe) came with us. Rowe, who was dressed in Zouave uniform, had been much in the bush, and from him we learnt a good deal of Ashanti ways and fighting.

At Elmina we went round the forts, amid constant alarms of "Ashanti, Ashanti," and we came to the conclusion that the natives of Elmina were in constant communication with the Ashantis, supplying them with ammunition and arms.

We were carried in hammocks some distance into the bush, and had a good survey of the country. At Elmina we were able to land in ship's boats, as the surf is not dangerous in fine weather, and I sounded the small river Beyrah, which runs parallel to the beach for some distance, forming a peninsula on which the native or hostile town is built, at the extremity of which stands the old Portuguese fort of Elmina, a formidable-looking structure only separated from the native town by a drawbridge.

As the result of our visit to Elmina, Festing and I decided that the natives should be obliged to give up their arms, and this course we pressed upon Harley, who called a council consisting of the Colonial Secretary, the chief magistrate, and one or two more to consider it. This was on the 12th, and, as I expected, the Administrator was reluctant to act when it came to the point, making rather an ambiguous speech, which he ended by saying he was "afraid it might bring us into collision with the Ashantis." I immediately replied that I was not "afraid" of this, but that I thought it probably would do so, and if it did it would be under favourable circumstances for us.

Eventually, the necessary consent was given, and we decided to carry the decision into effect the next morning.

The plan was for Festing to march to Elmina with fifty marines during the night, to strengthen the garrison of the fort, while I undertook to enter the river Beyrah with the boats manned and armed at daylight, a party being landed at the western extremity of the peninsula, so as to surround the town.

This was effectually carried out. The "Decoy" towed the

boats of the "Barracouta" and "Seagull" to Elmina, where we arrived at 4.30 a.m., and at 5.30 a.m. the boats had all entered the river and occupied their positions.

It is necessary to explain that Elmina consisted of two portions. The native town, as I have mentioned, was on the narrow peninsula between the river Beyrah and the sea. On the eastern side of this peninsula stood the fort, separated only by a roadway and a dry ditch from the native town. Across the ditch was a broad drawbridge, which the West Indian officer in charge of the fort told me he did not like to draw up, or to do anything else which would show want of confidence. Indeed, it seemed to me that the natives might have rushed the fort at any time, and that the only policy which had been pursued was to show no suspicion. This might be right if it had been accompanied by measures of security quietly taken, of which I saw no signs. This was Elmina proper, and undoubtedly the native town was frankly hostile, and in daily and nightly communication with the Ashantis; but near the fort the river was crossed by a small bridge, and on the north side of the river there were a few better houses inhabited by burghers or semi-Dutch natives, who, though not entirely to be depended on, were interested in trade, and in the maintenance of order. This was the "loyal" portion of the town, with which we did not propose to interfere. In this part was an old garden formerly belonging to the Dutch Governor, extending from the right of a road leading towards the bush from the river. Beyond the loyal town was some bush, not very thick, in the middle of which stood a small Dutch fort called Java Hill, which was not occupied. Beyond this bush again came about a mile and a half of bare salt plain, which had to be crossed before the thick bush was reached.

The following is taken from my official despatch, reporting the operations:—

"The operation of effecting a successful entrance into the river is not unattended with difficulty; but the tide was suitable, and the surf was not often dangerous. At a quarter to five on the 13th the boats of the squadron, manned and

armed, were pulling into the river under my personal superintendence in the following order:—

"Gig of 'Decoy' under Lieut. Hext, whom I had ordered to lead, in consequence of his accurate local knowledge.

"Boats of 'Barracouta' under Lieut. Wells; boats of 'Druid' under Lieut. Bourke; boats of 'Seagull' under Lieut. Marrack; boats of 'Argus' under Lieut. Young."

I should mention here that the command of the boats under me had been offered to Commander Stubbs, of the "Seagull," who preferred to remain as senior officer off Cape Coast Castle, and to Commander Luxmoore, of the "Argus," who also declined on the ground of ill health; and I think it fair to add that both ashore and afloat considerable doubts were felt as to our success. I will now continue my despatch:

"It was just daylight, a little before 5·30 a.m., when the first boat successfully shot the small bridge over the river, and in ten minutes' time the river was effectually blockaded, the large boats being anchored by the stern in line, the gigs remaining under way. At the same time the steam pinnace of the 'Barracouta,' accompanied by the 'Decoy's' cutter, under Navigating-Lieut. Wonham, took up their station on the seaside opposite the town, to prevent any escape through the surf.

"I then repaired to the Fort to take the requisite steps with Col. Festing for enforcing our demands, leaving Lieut. E. Bourke, of H.M.S. 'Druid,' in command of the boats.

"A proclamation of martial law was immediately issued, followed by two others, the first of which required the delivery of arms in two hours; and the second, issued at 10.30, gave one hour for the removal of women, children, and unarmed men, after which, should the arms not be given up, the town would be bombarded. We could see many armed men in the town, and some of the chiefs came with excuses (it was evident that the intention was to gain time); but no arms at all were delivered up, and at a little past noon, having reinforced the Houssas with twenty marines from the boats, and some men of the 2nd West Indian Regiment, so as to guard more effectively the narrow neck of land to the west of the village,

we ordered the bombardment to commence from Fort St. George and the boats. This was maintained for twenty minutes, when the rockets from the boats had set the town on fire in several places, with no answer except a few stray shots from small arms, and we then saw that a large number of armed men were escaping through the Houssas, as we heard afterwards, by making for the bush through the prickly pear or cactus scrub, where it was difficult to follow them. Orders were immediately sent to the marines and Houssas to go after them; the Elminas commenced firing, and a smart skirmish ensued, which we could plainly see from a commanding position in Fort St. Jago, an old fort just across the river."

The despatch then goes on to say that, seeing a large body of Ashantis, about two thousand strong, advance to the assistance of their Elmina friends, the men were landed from the boats, and after a desultory action along the sea-shore, the Ashantis being unwilling to come to close quarters, they were driven back with the loss of twenty or thirty men, being pushed back beyond Ampini, a village of bad repute, some three miles from Elmina. The heat was, of course, intense, and the men much exhausted, so that I agreed with Col. Festing that it was best to recall our men to the boats, to enable them to get their dinners and await developments. I should mention that as Col. Festing could command the West Indians and Houssas, which a naval officer cannot, I placed myself with the blue-jackets and marines of the squadron under his orders during the operations.

It was about half-past two when the men returned to their boats, and as nothing further had been seen of the Ashantis by half-past four they were all sent on board their ships except the "Barracouta's" men, which I kept to the last, and Lieut. Bourke and his boat's crew.

I was about to order the "Barracouta's" men to return to their ship when information reached us that the Ashantis were advancing in force on the line of Effotoo, with the intention of attacking the eastern or loyal portion of Elmina. The despatch then proceeds:

"All our available force was immediately brought into the field, and directing Lieut. Wells to land and advance on our right, I pushed on with Col. Festing, and Lieut. Bourke with our two boats' crews. The enemy came boldly along the plain, which we rather encouraged by not showing ourselves, and when we arrived at a small post called Java Hill, on the outskirts of the village, at 5.45, we found ourselves hotly engaged with their skirmishers, with the main body massed at our feet. The Houssas skirmished with their usual aptitude, but the enemy outflanked us considerably on our right, and we could not advance.

"At this time the 'Barracouta's' men came up on our right, and Lieut. Wells saw our opponents, who were too busily engaged with us to observe his approach. He extended his men in skirmishing order, and quickly drove the skirmishers out of a large garden where they were establishing themselves, and advanced to the shelter of a wall about four feet high, from which he poured a heavy fire into their retreating skirmishers and their main body, which was only some two hundred yards distant. The enemy were outflanked and staggered at this unexpected attack, when Col. Festing ordered a general advance, and a running fight ensued across the salt plain (the enemy attempting to make a stand occasionally), past a village called Achimum, till they were completely defeated, and driven into the bush, leaving the plain strewn with their dead. It was then getting dark, our men were dead tired, and we decided to return to the town, the seamen being re-embarked."

This really closes my account of the action at Elmina. I then estimated their force at 3,000 men, and their loss at 200 killed. Out of six principal chiefs engaged, four were reported to have been killed. From subsequent information, I have reason to believe that I under-estimated both their number and loss, and that 8,000 and 500 would be nearer than the figures I gave officially.

I was much struck with their discipline; their main body was in compact order, and they carried some scaling

ladders. The skirmishers, when they found the fire too hot, re-formed behind the main body on retiring, systematically. They refused to run, although their men were falling rapidly before the deadly fire of the snider, at one hundred to two hundred yards; and although they kept up a heavy fire, as they fired mostly from the hip, giving too much elevation, it was almost innocuous.

I did not want to press them too closely, where the slugs would have had more effect, but I was near enough to fire my revolver into the mass at seventy or eighty yards before they ran into the bush.

The victory of Elmina made a great impression on the Ashantis; "they had never seen so many men killed so quickly," they said, and I don't think that they ever trusted themselves in the open during the rest of the war, while after Elmina there were no real panics of the Ashantis coming close to our forts.

This important success was obtained with small loss. Only two men were killed, one of the West India Regiment and one Marine of the "Barracouta"; one officer and six men were wounded.

Of course, we received the thanks of the Administrator, who had been terribly anxious as to the result of the operations, though he was far from happy at the war having been begun, which he had been told several times was not the policy of H.M. Government. At all events, I thought that if there was to be an Ashanti war, which, in my view was inevitable, it was well that it should begin with an unmistakable success.

I was confident myself that our proceedings would be approved in England when the facts were explained, and I was proud to think that less than six days after the "Barracouta's" arrival a successful action had been fought which had done much to ease a situation which was getting intolerable.

Having now given a full account of the state of affairs when the "Barracouta" arrived on the coast, and of our first fight, I must cut our subsequent proceedings short. But we were not idle; men had to be landed to assist in defence, both at Cape Coast Castle, Elmina, Secondee, and other detached forts, while we were treated to numerous scares as to attacks

to be made by the Ashantis, chiefly emanating from the Administrator. I frequently slept ashore, and spent my time between Elmina and Cape Coast Castle, and we did improve our information, but it was never good, and organisation was much required, Numerous stores came out from England and had to be disposed of under difficulties caused by the surf and constant rolling of the ship. I find in my journal of June 20th, "I have been worrying Festing about my hobbies of 'intelligence department' and 'hammock men'" (necessary for carrying wounded). We were expecting the arrival of the "Himalaya" with the 1st West India Regiment, and, as I remarked, "all these things ought to be taken in hand and organised ready for her arrival."

Among other pieces of information received, we were told that a nephew of the King had been killed at Elmina and that sixty people were sacrificed at Coomassie as "custom" on account of his death, while we had captured a "King's message stick," which is a trophy whose loss meant much to the Ashantis. Evidently they were much demoralised, and I was inclined to follow up our success, and attack the camp, but we should lose much of our superiority of arms in the bush, the rainy season was setting in, and Festing determined to wait the arrival of the "Himalaya."

Meanwhile, much was done to make the forts more sanitary and to place them in a better state of defence. The Ashantis had received reinforcements with guns and ammunition and were threatening to have their revenge and attack Cape Coast Castle; but I doubted their attempting it. However, I was ready to land every man from the ships at short notice, and the garrisons of both Cape Coast and Elmina were strengthened by naval detachments.

I have hitherto said nothing about the climate, but it was our greatest trouble, as our men, notwithstanding every care as to pure water and quinine, suffered a good deal from fever; fortunately, we escaped small-pox, though I find in my journal that about this time there were 160 native patients in the small-pox hospital at Cape Coast. I fortunately escaped any serious fever, but I had been feverish for two days when, on June 27th, a sudden signal of "enemy in sight," was made from Cape

Coast; so I hurried ashore, landing most of our men. It turned out to be a false alarm, but, as the result, my fever entirely left me.

So matters proceeded till July 5th, when Commodore Commerell arrived in the "Rattlesnake." Of course, I was now no longer senior officer, and the responsibility for the conduct of the war was not on my shoulders. The following day the "Himalaya" arrived with the 1st West India regiment; and Colonel Wise, who commanded, was senior to Festing, who, accordingly, was likewise superseded; but I may mention here that Colonel Wise was seriously ill, and quite incapable of command, so he invalided shortly afterwards.

This, however, put a stop to any immediate action, which, indeed, had become almost impossible owing to the rains.

I find in my journal of July 6th:—"10 a.m. It has been raining literally in torrents since midnight, and you may catch a tub full of water off the awning in two minutes' time."

After Commerell's arrival he was most anxious to do something, having plenty of energy, and spoiling for a fight on his own account; and we had several interviews with Harley as to making an attack on the Ashanti camp, which was proposed by the Administrator. But as little was known of the exact position of our enemy, or the state of the roads, I proposed to go up with a party of Houssas to examine and report; but eventually, from the difficulties above referred to, nothing was done. My own feeling was that we ought to attack, but that much more complete arrangements required to be made to assure our success, and that we must be prepared to have half our men down with fever.

So matters drifted on; but the Ashantis having somewhat scattered to procure food, Lieut. Gordon, with 100 Houssas, was sent out to feel the Ashantis, and improve the roads. No Fantee hammock men could be got to accompany him, which shows, as I remarked, how little prepared we were to take the field. Fortunately, Wise collapsed on July 18th, and this complication was removed.

We were much occupied at this time about the security of the small forts on the windward or west side—Secondee, Dix Cove, and Axim—which were threatened by an Ashanti

force under Atchiempon, an Ashanti chief of ill repute, and I visited them all at different times. No serious attack was made on any of these forts at this time, but all were attacked at one time or another; and though Dix Cove might be considered loyal, the other two were full of Ashanti sympathisers.

On one occasion I took twelve Houssas to Secondee in our steam pinnace, arriving there after dark; the "Rattlesnake" arrived the next morning, in consequence of alarming reports of a serious Ashanti attack. The constant visits of our ships were of good service in reassuring the loyal inhabitants.

On shore Festing established some redoubts a few miles out, and one or two larger reconnaissances were made without encountering the Ashantis, so that our safety zone was enlarged, an important object from a sanitary point of view. On August 8th, the "Simoom," an old troopship, arrived with a reinforcement of 200 marines, and numerous stores. She was to act as hospital ship as well if required.

So matters were progressing when, on August 14th, Commodore (afterwards Admiral of the Fleet Sir Edmund) Commerell, in the "Rattlesnake," went up to Chamah. I had heard of it, but was at Elmina, and had not been consulted. He had with him Captain Heldane, Civil Commander of Secondee, and Commander Luxmoore, of the "Argus."

I was not present at the affair when Commodore Commerell was badly wounded; and, though my journal gives full details, I will only summarise it.

Chamah was a large village, situated on the right bank of the mouth of Prah, between Elmina and Secondee, and was known to be unfriendly, if not actively hostile. The Commodore was reluctant to believe in the hostility of the Chamah people, and landed there in the morning for a palaver, which was of a very stormy character; the King of Chamah refused to send any of his people with the Commodore up the River Prah, where he proposed to go, as the Ashantis were said to be occupying an island some eight miles from the mouth, and in other ways they showed unmistakable signs of hostility. The palaver being over, the Commodore, with a gig and galley, in tow of the "Simoom's" steam cutter, proceeded up the river, in accordance with treacherous advice from the

Chamah people, keeping on the right bank of the river; but they had scarcely proceeded a mile when a heavy fire was opened on the boats from the thick bush, at about ten yards distance, which wounded the Commodore, Luxmoore, and Heldane: in all, nine out of eleven in the galley were hit. While the gig's crew suffered as well, those in the steam cutter mostly escaped. Scarcely a native was to be seen, and the boats returned to the "Rattlesnake."

An episode which occurred at this time is thus referred to in my journal, and it shows the necessity for caution in dealing with savages:

"The Commodore had ordered ten native police to be landed at Chamah to take charge of Chamah Fort. As this fort is unarmed and not in proper position for defence, it is inconceivable that it should have been thought proper to hold it with ten men in the midst of a population previously known to be hostile. These ten men were landed on the beach from the 'Rattlesnake's' cutter while the boats were up the river, and, unfortunately, the boat capsized. While the bluejackets, who were unarmed, were occupied launching and righting her, it was discovered that a large body of armed men were in the town ready to give the police a warm reception. The sub-lieutenant, seeing this, wisely ordered a retreat to the boat, forming the police as he best could. For a few minutes they were unmolested, then the treacherous Chamahs, who had just returned from their successful ambuscade against the Commodore, came on with a yell; the native police fired in the air and ran. Fortunately, by this time the boat had been righted and anchored off, so most of the men succeeded in swimming to her, but all were more or less wounded. One poor bluejacket was wounded and unable to swim, and the men in the cutter saw his head severed from his body by the savages. Another bluejacket was nearly cut to pieces, and had his throat partially cut, but he gained time by giving his clothes and 10s. to a man, and eventually escaped to the boat (and I think lived to tell the tale). Two of the police were hacked to pieces; the remainder got off."

It is a curious story. The "Rattlesnake" after this opened fire on Chamah and set it on fire in several places.

Immediately on hearing of the disaster I had gone to Secondee in the "Argus," where I saw the Commodore, who retained command though he was quite in an unfit state to give orders.

I proposed to the Commodore to take the boats of the squadron up the river to attack the Island previously mentioned, and to destroy Chamah, but he would not hear of it.

I do not like to impute motives to one so generous as my good friend Commerell, but he was surrounded by men who looked upon me as an interloper on the station, and who were jealous of my success at Elmina; and in the state he was in, which was undoubtedly critical, I could not press matters. Personally I was much grieved at his danger, and I find a hope expressed that one "so deservedly popular both in public and private life and of such true nobility of character may be spared."

So matters drifted on, when, on the 18th, I received orders from the Commodore to go up the windward coast with the "Argus" and "Barracouta," to visit and reassure certain friendly Forts; to shell Chamah, Apoassi, Aboaddi, and Tacoraddy, which were hostile, and to destroy their canoes; *but I was not to land.* The whole West Coast was, since the Prah affair, in a most disturbed state, and I was quite prepared to discriminate between enemies and friends; but I did not appreciate the prohibition to land, as I saw plainly that mere shelling from the ships would be unsatisfactory.

I was lying at Elmina when my orders arrived, the "Rattlesnake" being at Cape Coast, so I could not see the Commodore or make any verbal representations to him; but I proceeded at once to Dix Cove and Secondee, landing stores, etc. Dix Cove itself was loyal, but threatened with attack from the Ahantas, a powerful bush tribe in sympathy with the Ashantis.

The orders I gave were to attack and destroy Apoassi, and to shell Tacoraddy and Aboaddi. Lieut. Young commanded the "Argus" in the absence of Commander Luxmoore; the attacks were to take place at daylight the following day, the 28th, the "Barracouta" and

"Argus" moving to a position off the villages during the night. Apoassi was near the beach, and it was there that the Chamah people principally stored their palm oil. My orders to Lieut. Young and Lieut. Burr, second lieutenant of the "Argus," were in writing and carefully drawn up. They were not to march into the bush, but they might land under cover of the ships to destroy canoes, and at Apoassi palm oil was to be destroyed, the bush near being occupied if necessary. It would not, I knew, be easy for the ships to approach near to Tacoraddy, Aboaddi, or Chamah, and with the small force at my disposal and the orders I had received I could not attempt to take the field, but where landing parties could be covered by shell fire from the ships, as at Apoassi, we were to make more thorough work.

At daylight the "Argus" and "Barracouta" were off their respective villages, which were shelled, but without much effect owing to the rocky nature of the coast, and Aboaddi was some distance inland.

Meanwhile, Lieut. Burr (now Capt. Burr), with the boats of the two ships, had landed and occupied the bush near Apoassi, where about one hundred canoes were destroyed, and a large amount of palm oil, the village being set on fire. This was well done, the opposition was slight, the boat guns had searched the bush before the men landed, and every precaution had been taken.

I landed there, and was quite satisfied with our success. The "Argus" at Tacoraddy had been unable to do all that was intended, so Lieut. Young asked permission to land and set fire to the village, which I refused, but allowed him to land abreast the ship, to destroy a certain number of canoes lying there. This was done; meanwhile I had seen Young, and explained to him how I proposed to destroy some other canoes about a quarter of a mile further on, the two ships covering the landing party, and he left me, when, to my astonishment, I saw the "Argus" men marching along the beach and Young joining them. It was evident that they were likely to get ambushed from the bush, and leaving orders to the "Barracouta" to shell the

bush over our heads, I pulled in in my galley, when I found the "Argus" men retiring, our force having met with a sharp fire from the Tacoraddy people. My orders had been misunderstood, the paddle-box boats, with guns, having been run into the surf, so that the bush could not be shelled. However, I got them afloat again, and a round or two of case soon drove the Ashantis, or Tacoraddy people, off; after which we destroyed the canoes, chiefly by shell fire.

Unfortunately, in this affair we had about fifteen wounded, including Lieut. Young and Sub-Lieut. Cross (now Capt. Cross), commanding the "Britannia." Lieut. Young had behaved with great gallantry, but had undoubtedly caused the mishap by his imprudence. I am afraid there was a strong belief on board the "Argus" that there were no enemies near, and that precautions were unnecessary—a not un-English mistake, for which we often suffered during the South African War; but I feel confident that had my orders been attended to, our casualty list would have been insignificant.

After this I shelled Tacoraddy and Chamah. I had intended landing at the latter place, but landing was so bad, and there were so few canoes, that I gave it up. At Tacoraddy, unfortunately, in standing in rather close we struck a rock, which did some damage to the "Barracouta," and she leaked slightly.

This affair at Tacoraddy was misunderstood at home. Owing to Lieut. Young being wounded, I was reluctant to throw the blame on him, and took most of it on myself, while I had certainly exceeded my orders, so that the loss was put down to my imprudence and ignorance, which seemed rather hard. I think it was a gentleman from Sierra Leone, which the *Times* seemed to think was near Tacoraddy, who explained all about it, and how ignorant we were of the tactics of the natives!

After this, I visited Dix Cove and Axim. At the latter place the town was hostile, but we were holding the fort, and a friendly chief, King Blay, near Axim, was holding out in a fortified village against the Ashantis. At Dix Cove there had been considerable fighting, but Mr. Hughes, the resident, had distributed arms, and they would probably hold their own.

There was supposed to be heavy fighting going on at a place called Quassie Croom, some four miles in the bush, and I received urgent messengers from the chief to come to his assistance.

I declined to land men, but I went out there myself with a small escort of Houssas and bluejackets to reassure them.

No attack was going on when we arrived, but there had been some fighting, and one man had been killed. I found about 200 fighting men, stark naked but for their accoutrements, which gave them a very curious appearance. I may remark that the Fantees generally wear this costume for fighting, though the Ashantis usually have a loin cloth. At Quassie Croom I saw a woman trying to dig a slug out of a man's head with a huge knife, but I did not stay to see whether her surgery was successful. My visit, of course, had a very good effect in giving confidence to our friends.

The following description of the state of affairs, and the fighting customs of the Coast tribes, is from my account of Dix Cove when I landed there :—

"All the town was mad with excitement; not a man of fighting age to be seen; but troops of women were dancing about wildly, with huge patches of white chalk on their heads, arms, knees, and breasts. This is war-paint, I suppose; the business of these women seems to be driving men out of the town to fight, and this they had effectually done before our landing. I am told that they have a curious custom on such occasions of going about stark naked, all but the paint, the argument being that no one worthy of the name of a man can be in the village; but I must say they were very respectable to-day, in our honour, I suppose."

Having the next day communicated with King Blay, who seemed all right for the time, I returned to Dix Cove, where I was joined by the "Decoy," with news that the Commodore had been very bad, and that he had left in the "Rattlesnake" for the Cape the previous day, the 22nd. So I was senior officer again, as my journal says: "As I expected, tied hand and foot with orders which I shall treat as waste paper, and a censure for landing at Tacoraddy."

I immediately went to Cape Coast, leaving two gunboats

at Dix Cove. Notwithstanding what I said in my journal, and whilst I was determined to do everything necessary to carry on the war, my orders did hamper me a bit. The two post captains, Blake (commanding the "Druid") and Peile (commanding the "Simoom"), had received copies of them, and they were averse from landing, so that I could hardly expect to get cordial support, and as a result my initiative was weakened; though, as I told Cols. Harley and Festing at once, and subsequently Sir Garnet Wolseley on his arrival, I should have no hesitation in landing my whole force if the service required it.

After this, for some time no regular move was made. I was constantly on shore communicating with Harley and Festing, and our ships were much on the move, protecting the forts on the windward or westward coast, and hostile villages were shelled.

The Administrator was very anxious to stop arms and powder being landed on the coast for our enemies, whether Ashantis or unfriendly natives, and on August 29th I persuaded him to allow me to declare a blockade of the whole Gold Coast, by which vessels hanging about would be ordered off the coast and prohibited from having munitions of war on board. This blockade was, I believe, of somewhat doubtful legality, as some ports were open to trade; but we had, as I believed, a precedent in the American War of Secession, and I felt sure that it would effectually answer our purpose. It never was officially objected to, and it did do all we wanted. I remember being rather amused by the chief magistrate, Mr. (afterwards Sir James) Marshall, who had been called into council on the question of blockade. He took me on one side afterwards, telling me that, as a barrister of three years' standing, he had been sent out to the coast, but that he knew nothing of international law, and wondered where I had learnt so much about it.

I told him, of course, that works on the subject were supplied to H.M. ships, and that I could lend him some, which I did, and he subsequently became quite learned in international law, adjudicating in many cases which were brought before him.

The blockade naturally gave me much trouble, and I was violently attacked in England about it. Most of the vessels hovering about the coast sold arms, powder, and rum in exchange for palm oil, the trade being chiefly in British and Dutch hands. The principal British merchant was Mr. Swanzy, who had agents at all the ports, and the head of the firm in England was very indignant at the idea of his ships supplying the Ashantis with arms; but his captains could not deny it, and I can only suppose, as one of them told me, that "Mr. Swanzy in England and Mr. Swanzy's agents out here are very different people!" I find in my journal on September 4th: "Several vessels have come in, sent by our cruisers to Cape Coast. Nearly all of them have arms and ammunition on board, so the blockade was not a useless or uncalled-for measure." I am confident that the blockade was of great value, and from a naval or military point of view it was monstrous that during a war the greed of merchants should be allowed to supply powder and shot to the Queen's enemies.

The weather at this time was very unpleasant, not much rain, but thick mists or "smokes" making the air heavy and close. The "smokes" off the land really have the appearance of a fire, hence the name. Lieut. Gordon was a good deal in the bush with his Houssas improving the roads, and some special officers, such as Thompson of the 2nd Dragoons, were endeavouring, in rather a desultory fashion, to drill and organise some of the Fantees. There was much sickness on shore, and I agreed with Festing to dine and sleep on shore every other night when the "Barracouta" was at Cape Coast, as he said that it was so miserable sitting down to dinner at mess with only two or three more out of a possible twenty or thirty. It was, indeed, rather a wretched time, and, speaking of Thompson, who succumbed to fever and dysentery at Ascension later, I remember him telling me when I last saw him, in a dying state, at Ascension Hospital in April, '74—and I think it is the highest compliment I have ever received—"I wanted to see you," he said, "to thank you for your kindness to me that wretched time when I was so ill at Cape Coast. You landed most days, and nearly always came to see

me, and I looked forward to it, for yours was the only cheerful face I saw in the twenty-four hours."

I see in my journal much about the surf and landing. On August 30th I find in my journal letter:

"I went on shore this afternoon, and everyone seemed sick. The only two doctors were sick, Mrs. Harley had the fever, one of the marine officers was very ill indeed, and of thirty-seven officers belonging to the 2nd West India Regiment only sixteen are on the Gold Coast, and only half of these were doing duty. Festing is all right, as usual, but even he seems to have given up the idea of active operations. Perhaps he is right, with the paucity of officers, but I cannot quite reconcile myself to such an apathetic state of affairs."

We used to pull close to the shore in our own boats, when the surf boats would come off. Occasionally it was dangerous for them to do so, but they seldom failed to come off for me, as they knew my galley, and I paid them well. When the surf was very bad the usual pocket-handkerchief they tied round their waists disappeared. Usually it was impossible to land in ships' boats, though when I knew the surf well I have done so in my galley in very fine weather. I was lucky in only once being capsized, when I easily swam ashore; this was at night time, when the rollers cannot be seen sufficiently accurately.

The surf men were rather fine fellows, who paddled sitting on the gunwale of their boats, the coxswain steering with an oar. They always sung, not unmelodiously, but in rather a plaintive strain, and occasionally the coxswain would improvise a bit to suit the occasion; but the invariable refrain was:

"Ma—ma—comagen. Comagen a comagen,
Ma—ma—comagen—poor canoe man."

This was generally said several times, and then there were additions, such as:

"Captain go ashore, fight de Ashantis," and very often ending with "Pull away, boys—pull away. Get drunk to-night, boys," etc.; then it would all begin again, but the

men seemed to like to sing and keep time to the music. "Ma-ma," of course, meant man-of-war, as when the man-of-war came there was more work and pay.

Let me say one word now about stores and provisions. On June 28th I find in my journal, "I am getting quite anxious about stores for the squadron," and that I had to supply the marines with provisions, "as the control (the commissariat were then called control) breaks down, of course." I should explain that the marines under Colonel Festing, being landed as soldiers, were supplied from military sources; but I had to furnish the control with the provisions required. It will scarcely be believed that some red tape wiseacres in England objected to the marines receiving naval rations, and on August 31st Festing received an order that they were not to be supplied with groceries. I advised him to appoint a local board of medical officers to suggest a special scale as necessary for white troops in that climate, but he did not like to assume this responsibility. My journal does not mince matters. I say: "Fancy the War Office geese sending orders that the marines on shore are not to have the usual naval rations that we gave them, though they cannot be kept in health, notwithstanding every comfort; while we have the Colonial Office sending out preserves, chocolate, and even ice-making machines for the Fantees, who are accustomed to live on rice and fish. The whole thing is supremely ridiculous," etc.

"As regards the marines still on shore, of course I have supplied them with rum, tea, cocoa, sugar, etc., as I don't mean to see them in want under my eyes. Of course it will complicate accounts, but it can't be helped."

As regards stores, I ordered everything I could think of from England in June for the use of the squadron—coal, naval stores, warlike stores, provisions—and they all came out promptly in mail steamers, or in the "Simoom," for which I feel that we were indebted mainly to our able First Sea Lord, Sir Alexander Milne, who was in constant correspondence with me, and who much cheered me by his encouraging letters.

I find in my journal letter of October 6th, four days

after Sir Garnet's arrival, the following: "It is found out, as I always surmised, that the control were quite at their last gasp for supplies when the General came out, and the navy has been asked to keep them going, which we can easily do, thanks to my foresight in asking for them from England when I was last senior officer. The Commodore laughed at me about this, but I always said that we must be prepared to help the military when they broke down, which was not an unusual occurrence."

To understand the state of affairs on the coast at this time it is necessary to mention the name of an Ashanti chief called Atchiempon, who was a veritable bug-bear to the Administrator, and the number of letters marked "pressing," "urgent," or "important," which I received from Colonel Harley, as to the intentions and movements of "the notorious chief, Atchiempon," was phenomenal. Speaking generally, these were scares, but Atchiempon had much influence with the coast tribes, though he was more feared than loved; and he was active in fomenting discontent, and in organising attacks on our forts or stations to windward. As a rule, his malevolent influence—for he was a bad, cruel man—was sufficiently counteracted by the presence of a gunboat, the landing of the commander to confer with the commandant of the fort, or the native chief threatened, and the firing of a few shells.

The end of Atchiempon is curious. Towards the close of the war he settled down in Apollonia, near Axim, having an army of about 3,000 men, with whom he attacked our friendly King Blay in a desultory manner, and I did not think the latter in much danger. I wanted to land and attack Atchiempon's camp, which was only about a mile from Blay's stockade, but this the Commodore refused.

We generally had a gunboat off King Blay's town, which gave moral support; and to reassure our friend I directed an occasional shell to be fired towards the enemy in a line with a "remarkable tree" (as the pilotage directions put it when no better mark can be found), which was a trifle vague; so not unnaturally the commander of a gunboat asked me for more explicit orders. Unfortunately, I cannot

remember the name of the gunboat, as it is not mentioned in my journal, but I think it was the "Merlin." I then told him to fire two shots a day, as a sort of morning and evening gun, when the motion of the ship permitted, and to endeavour to burst the shell near the tree, which I pointed out to him, the distance being about 2,000 yards. This was done; and one day we heard through King Blay that a shell had fallen among the hostile chiefs when in consultation, and that Atchiempon himself had been wounded. The wound was said to be slight, but it was neglected, and he died a few weeks later. It was, indeed, a lucky shot, which did much towards settling the troubles on the western coast.

About September 5th, our information being that the Ashanti army was much shattered, only about 8,000 men under Amanquatiah being at a place called Mampon, and that these were suffering from sickness and starvation, Harley proposed to attack their camp, which I supported if suitable arrangements for transport, etc., were made. This was eventually agreed to by Festing, rather reluctantly, I think, as he did not believe in the 5,000 friendly natives promised by the Administrator. In view of my orders, which had been more or less approved by the Admiralty, about not landing, my intention was to have occupied all the forts by our men, so as to allow Festing to place his whole force in the field; but I should have accompanied him myself with a strong bodyguard. This, however, came to nothing, as neither friendlies nor transport were forthcoming.

There were, however, other reasons why no further action was taken in this proposed attack. On September 11th Captain Glover, R.N., arrived on his way to Accra, and the Colonial Office had ordered the Administrator to give him all the Houssas we could spare, and as the numbers had been increased by drafts from Lagos, Glover begged for 200 to go with him to Accra; and by this mail we were told of Sir Garnet Wolseley's appointment as General and Administrator, while a letter from the War Office had reached Festing, suggesting that he should do nothing till the

General's arrival, though as this was not positive, Colonel Harley still pressed us to go on.

Subsequently, another council of war was held, which Dr. Rowe attended, who had strongly pressed for the attack. When I was asked my opinion, I said that, though I still thought the attack feasible and desirable, I declined to press my view in opposition to that of the officer commanding the troops to whom the dispatch (about Sir Garnet Wolseley) is addressed, and who must be mainly responsible for the result of the operations which may be decided upon.

Thus ended all idea of immediate action. We were to let Glover have his 200 Houssas, and to wait for Sir G. Wolseley's arrival.

So matters remained, and I could only pay visits to Accra to help Glover, while the military felt for the Ashantis, who were moving about, apparently unable to decide on leaving the country, but afraid to attack, when on October 2nd the mail steamer "Ambriz" arrived with Sir Garnet Wolseley, and, as the papers put it, "a brilliant staff," there being thirty-six officers in all.

Among these I may mention my old friend, the late Col. McNeill, whom I had known in New Zealand, who was chief of the staff, Evelyn Wood, Redvers Buller, Baker, Henry Brackenbury, Baker Russell, Butler, Maurice, Charteris, and many others whose names have become household words since.

I immediately went on board and saw Sir Garnet, with whose arrival a new phase of the war began. We were no longer in doubt as to the policy of the Government, who were now determined on active operations against the Ashantis, though it was still hoped at home that, with native levies, Glover's diversion, and the force at our disposal, it would be unnecessary to send troops from England; and with this new departure the campaign reached another stage.

We were to go in and win, and with the ability, energy and determination of the "General and Administrator," the war assumed fresh interest, and I propose to deal with it in my next chapter, this one being already too long.

But I may remark here that to the navy, as usual, had fallen the period of danger, of doubt, and uncertainty, when responsibility was involved in any step undertaken, while the force available was inadequate. This is the normal position of a naval officer when matters become suddenly critical, and it often receives scant consideration, as no great campaign is on foot, and no correspondents are at hand to give glowing reports of the operations.

CHAPTER XI.

Part II.

H.M.S. "BARRACOUTA"—WEST COAST OF AFRICA—ASHANTI WAR.

Sir Garnet Wolseley's Energy—Raising and Organising Native Levies—Requisitions on the Navy—Ashanti Customs and Traditions—Supposed Attack on Elmina—A Secret Expedition—Essaman—The Tide at Elmina—My Despatch on Essaman—Underrating Naval Difficulties—The Houssas—I am Wounded—Buller's Escape—Probing the Wound—Effect of our Success—Commodore Hewett's Appointment—Dinner with the General to meet Stanley—March to Assayboo—March to Abrakrampa—Festing Engaged at Dunquah—March to Assanchi—False Alarms—A Capture—Keeping Touch—Return to Cape Coast—Arrival of the "Encounter"—Funeral of Lieut. Wilmot—Relief of Abrakrampa—The Effect of Hearing Firing—Cape Coast Ruffians—The Kossoos—The General Returns to Cape Coast—My Return to the "Barracouta"—Sir Garnet has Fever—A Last Trip up the Country—Courage—Visit to a Battlefield—My Office Staff—Freedom from Fever—Care of Stores—Why the Ashanti Camp was not Attacked—The Commodore's Arrival—My Experience of Fever—We Sail for St. Helena—A Long Sick List—Stay at St. Helena—Island of Ascension—A Baboo Doctor—Summary Justice—Aftermath of the "Kate Bellock" Case—Sir R. Temple's Minute—Return to Cape Coast—Death of Lieut. Wells—A Trip to the Windward Coast—King Blay Again—Stopping the Trade in Arms at Assinee—Amouaka—A French Barque—Grand Bassam—Chamah—Attack on Half Assinee—Return to Cape Coast—The Arrival of the General and Staff—My Unexpected Departure for Sierra Leone—Return to Cape Coast—Glover—Hurried Exodus from Cape Coast—A Plague Spot—A Farewell Dinner—A Leader of Men—Judge Marshall—The Last of the Coast—Sir George Colley—Good Food, but too Late—Sailing for England—"Billy Hewett"—Passage Home—Rewards for Ashanti—Arrival at Spithead—A Moral—A Specimen Letter from King Blay.

As I intimated in my last chapter, with the advent of Sir Garnet Wolseley everything was changed. He was sworn in as Administrator on the day of his arrival, and at once took possession of Government House, which had been unoccupied since before my arrival four months previously. Colonel Harley went home in the "Volta" on October 6th, and I saw him off. We had got on capitally of late, and we parted very

good friends, though we had certainly had difficulties at times, and I could not think that he was equal to the situation.

The change certainly was phenomenal. I find several notices in my journal of the energy with which everyone was working, in strong contrast to the rather sleepy way in which things had been previously going on. I was much ashore in conference with the Administrator, who, of course, was full of wants and requirements which could only be supplied by H.M. ships. At this time I slept ashore frequently, coming on board early to give orders in accordance with the General's requirements.

Every endeavour was made by Sir Garnet to raise and organise the natives, and my ships were much employed in visiting the ports and bringing natives to Cape Coast to be drilled.

The requisitions were certainly numerous, and there were a good many red tape objections raised by some of the naval officers on account of the liberality with which I supplied everything we had which we could conveniently spare. Of course, I had to supply officers too as far as possible to raise native contingents, and captains did not like to lose them. However, I felt sure that these routine ideas must give way in war time, and I could only remember these difficulties when officers who had raised them subsequently made claims for reward on the ground of the assistance they had given to the success of operations. That the demands were large is true—I find in my journal a list of twenty things I had to recollect when I came on board, after dining with Sir Garnet. Transports were frequently arriving, and, owing to the surf, their discharge involved considerable difficulty, so, of course, I had to name a transport officer. Fortunately, in the "Simoom," I had a troopship with a fair number of officers; and many stores which could be spared, so I made good use of her in both ways, as, I thought, much to the advantage of the public service.

On his arrival one of Sir Garnet's first questions was naturally as to our information, and when telling him what I knew, I stated that in my opinion, though our intelligence was now fairly accurate, it was scarcely thorough enough, and

that I had urged a more systematic collation of the many rumours which reached us from native sources.

One of Sir Garnet's first actions after his arrival was to appoint Buller as his intelligence officer, and it is astonishing how good our information became under his directions.

A curious story as illustrating Ashanti ideas which reached us at this time is worth relating. It came from Glover, and both he and Sir Garnet were inclined to attach some importance to the yarn. The story as told in my journal is that "Glover had sent word that he had information that the King of Ashanti had left Coomassie on September 20th, bound to Cape Coast with an enormous army, with the laudable object of recovering the body of his uncle, the late King." The story is that as the late King had never seen a shot fired, it was considered necessary to send his body to the war, so as to make him worthy to be buried with his warrior ancestors; that this body was lost at Elmina, and had somehow fallen into the hands of the King of Denkera, and that it is now at Cape Coast. I remark that I had heard of the loss of the king's body before, but that I do not believe in the yarn, though it was so persistently repeated that there must be some foundation for it. It was certainly remarkable throughout the war how frequently a reference was made to Elmina, where they first came into collision "with the white man," and sustained such a thorough defeat.

On Saturday, October 11th, there was a report from Elmina that the Ashantis were expected to attack the place at once, which took Sir Garnet and several of his staff there in the "Bittern." I accompanied them, and we did not get back till late. I suspected at the time this was a ruse to give the Administrator an excuse to go to Elmina in view of subsequent operations.

The next day the General informed me confidentially of his intention to attack Essaman and Ampini, villages near Elmina, where the Ashantis had outposts, and maintained some communication with the coast. As most of the men would have to go by sea, I had much to do with the arrangements; but it was to be a surprise, so I

had to defer my orders till late on the 13th, and even then, when it could no longer be hidden that an expedition was in prospect, Sir Garnet let it ooze out that our destination was Addah, on the east coast, to assist Glover. This false secret quite deceived correspondents and others, but as I could not mention Elmina, I could make no inquiries or arrangements as to surf or landing, while my final orders had to be given after dark on the 13th.

The orders were for "Decoy" to take on board 100 West Indians, the "Barracouta" 160 marines from the "Simoom," and to proceed to Elmina, where they were to be landed before daylight, Sir Garnet and staff coming with me in the "Barracouta," and I had several correspondents on board. The secret was well kept. I remember one correspondent, who had gone to sleep about midnight in my cabin fully believing we were bound to Addah, about sixty miles off, being much astonished at my waking him and telling him we were landing soon after 2 a.m.

We arrived at Elmina at 2.30, but as it was then near low water, and there was rather a bad surf, the paddle box boats had to be lightened, and other boats had to make more than one trip, so that there was delay in landing, and it was 5 a.m. before the march commenced.

The whole column consisted of five hundred and sixty fighting men, of whom about two hundred were marines, twenty-seven bluejackets, with a seven-pounder gun and rockets under Lieut. Maxwell of the "Barracouta," the remainder being composed of West Indian Regiment and Houssas, besides three hundred carriers. The arrangements were nominally under the control of Colonel Evelyn Wood, V.C., who commanded at Elmina; but Sir Garnet and myself accompanied the expedition. I will now give some extracts from my official despatch on the subject, which is too long to quote in full, and I should perhaps explain that I used the word "nominally" as above in my official despatch, and I think that both Lord Wolseley and Field Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood will agree with me that in the heat of the action the General took charge somewhat to the dissatisfaction of the latter. This could scarcely be avoided, as the whole staff were present, and

in the dense bush it was difficult to communicate with any nominal commander.

I see that Lord Wolseley in his recent book says that the naval officers had miscalculated the tide at Elmina. I do not think that is quite correct; in any case, the only person to blame would be myself, and so far as I remember I knew that it was low-water about two o'clock, but that it would be a rising tide, and boats can enter at low water. Owing to the secrecy observed I did not make any inquiry about the tide or surf from the ships lying at Elmina, and no one in the squadron except myself knew of the destination of the force to be embarked till 6 p.m., on the 13th, when I issued my orders. What was true was, that there was more surf off Elmina than I had expected to find, and I think some of the boats got out of the channel in the dark. These slight accidents are inseparable from operations undertaken at night, and when so much secrecy is observed that accurate up to date information is not obtainable.

On June 13th the boats crossed the bar at dawn, and I knew, from my visit to Elmina, a few days previously, that it would be high-water at that time; so that our large boats, with guns, entered the river Behrah without accident. Had Sir Garnet informed me of his intention, as he did Evelyn Wood on the 11th, I would have inquired about the tide on the spot without exciting suspicion.

The following extracts are from my official report, dated October 18th :

"Essaman is a village surrounded by thick bush, only four or five miles about N.N.W. of Elmina, which has long been held as a formidable outpost of the Ashanti army. From Essaman they have been enabled to keep up their communication with the sea coast, drawing supplies from Elmina, Amguana, Akimfoo and Ampini; while, through its occupation, the Ashantis received accurate information of our movements, and stimulated the turbulent spirits of Elmina to further disturbances. I, therefore, cordially concurred with the Major-General and Administrator as to the great advantage to be gained by the destruction of these villages, especially of Essaman."

I then detail the naval arrangements, 160 marines from the "Simoom," with Sir Garnet and his staff, being embarked in the "Barracouta" between 7 and 9 p.m. :

"We arrived off Elmina about 2.30 a.m., when the disembarkation commenced ; both paddle-box boats of this ship (the 'Barracouta') and the 'Argus,' two troop boats of the "Simoom," cutters of the "Barracouta," and two surf boats assisting; but, owing to its being low-water, with a bad surf, there was delay caused by the necessity for the boats to be lightened before entering the river, and it was nearly daylight when the march commenced. Some of the biscuit also was spoilt in the surf, of which the want was felt during the trying day which followed."

I think Sir Garnet, like Napoleon, underrated naval difficulties; but no accident or loss of life occurred, and all the force was landed before daylight. Nor did I find any difficulty myself in crossing the bar. My despatch, which gives a fair idea of the country and operations in the bush, continues :

"The road to Essaman is a bush track trending inland across a range of hills near the sea. After crossing this range we had to pass through an extensive swamp more than knee deep, after which the country was more open, though the bush was still thick enough to make the advance of the flanking skirmishers a slow operation, and the gun (a seven-pounder weighing about 200 lbs) being carried on a pole, we were able to keep up easily, notwithstanding occasional difficulties in the narrow pathway.

"As we arrived within a mile of Essaman, the bush became thicker and the country more hilly. It was then a quarter to seven, and the sun was already showing its power, when our skirmishers became engaged with the enemy. Our gun being mounted, the advance was steadily continued till at about 8 a.m., after some firing into thick bush, where the Ashantis attempted to make a stand; the gun and rocket trough were in a good position, within two hundred yards of the village which was in sight below us.

"The coolness and precision with which the gun and rockets were worked under a sharp fire from the bush surrounding the village elicited the approval of the Major-

General; and the marines under Captain Allnutt, assisted by some Houssas, supporting the gun, and advancing steadily towards the village, after it had been fired by the rockets in several places, it was finally taken at 8 30 a.m."

Having rested at Essaman till ten o'clock, the force proceeded to Amguana through thick bush, about six miles. "Amguana, which is on the sea, was found to be deserted. After resting there a short time, we marched to another village called Akimfoo, also on the shore, and thence to Ampini. The latter village had been shelled that morning by the 'Argus and 'Decoy' under Commander Luxmoore, but the shelling had done little damage to the bamboo huts. The small-arm men of these ships, were landed by orders given from Akimfoo, and the place was taken and burnt, after some opposition from the enemy in the bush. Sir Garnet embarked with me in the 'Decoy,' and we returned to Cape Coast and Elmina. Most of the force marched back to Elmina, though some had returned previously from Amguana with the wounded, including Colonel McNeill, who had received a severe wound in the wrist from a shower of slugs as we were approaching Essaman. The march was a very trying one, over twenty miles for those who did the whole distance; about fourteen to Ampini. The loss of the enemy could not be ascertained, but we found several dead bodies. Our loss amounted to only one killed and, I think, thirty wounded."

I will now go into detail. Our skirmishers were Houssas, who are very brave but decidedly irregular, firing rather wildly at times. As we approached Essaman there was a false attack on our rear, where Evelyn Wood had gone with a large portion of our regular force; and at the same time I certainly twice got orders through Baker from Sir Garnet to push forward with the gun.

It appeared to me that we were rather unsupported, and I told Buller so, who was with me, but we still had the Houssas in front of us, who were skirmishing with the enemy. They, however, thought that they were not strong enough, and presently ceased firing and retreated down the path towards us quite deliberately. I remonstrated with a sergeant who was with them, ordering him to occupy the

bush again, but he shook his head saying "Too many Ashanti, lose two men," holding up two fingers to explain. Certainly two or three of his men had nasty slug wounds in the chest, and I suppose they thought that they had had enough fighting for the nonce, and in spite of my remonstrances they quietly proceeded to the rear. I replaced them in the bush with about thirty bluejackets and marines, remarking to Buller that we were entirely unsupported, though we were close to the village. I remember his saying, "How do you know?" my reply being that the bush was denser, and that I had made out plantains growing. It being the custom to make clearings near the villages where plantains are grown, these are frequently changed, but a dense bush springs up where the plantations stood. After the retirement of the Houssas there was an ominous silence in front of us, as I had ordered my skirmishers not to advance without orders, and the bush was cleared a bit round the gun. Buller and myself with two men, one being a bluejacket and one a marine, then went forward for some ten yards along the path, when he turned to me saying "I think I can see the village." I was just replying when a volley was fired at us from the bush. I felt a blow like a hammer on my arm, and in attempting to use my sword, as I thought I had been struck, I fell, the two men with us being also wounded. I was surprised at Buller's not having been hit, but it turned out that a compass he was carrying in a case at his side was knocked to pieces. This volley was a signal for a heavy fire, and the charges used by the Ashantis, in the still air of the bush, caused every shot to sound like the discharge of a six-pounder. I knew I was not much hurt, and retreating on the gun the advance was continued. My arm was bandaged, and we soon got the gun into a position to command the village. Sir Garnet came up just as the firing was heaviest, and after asking me if I was much hurt he said "they'll rush your gun directly." I told him of my skirmishers which were covering the gun, and he said "Oh, that's all right, but if you've no objection I'll send your young officer (my clerk, Mr. Hickson, for I had no midship-

men) back to bring up the marines in support, as you are quite exposed." This was done, the marines soon came up, and the village was carried.

It was now about 8.30, and I felt rather faint from loss of blood after the excitement of the fight was over. I then sat down on the trunk of a tree, where my wound was probed by Surgeon-General (now Sir Anthony) Home. It was naturally not pleasant, and when he asked me to look down I felt little inclined to do so; but as he persisted in his request, saying, "I congratulate you," I complied, the subject of congratulation being that the probe had followed the slug right through my arm so, that it was a clean flesh wound, the bone having been just grazed. It gave me little trouble, healing up in a month, though for some time my right arm was rather weak, and occasionally I have had rheumatism in it. Rather against my will I was returned as "severely" wounded by the doctors, and I believe that technically they were correct; but it has never inconvenienced me, though naturally I can always feel it.

I was put in a hammock when the march was resumed, but we had not gone half a mile before I found my steward by the path insensible from sunstroke, so I put him into my hammock, as very few were available, and I was able to walk the rest of the way.

Essaman was of more real importance than the actual engagement would at first sight seem to warrant.

Sir Garnet had shown that he was not afraid of attacking his enemy in the bush, and that he could easily defeat them with small loss to himself. There was at that period on the coast an idea that the Ashantis could make their way through the densest bush comparatively easily, while it was impassible to Europeans; but though, no doubt, the lithe savage with the smallest amount of clothing can penetrate the bush country with more ease than a soldier or sailor, it is only a question of degree, and though a scout may crawl through any bush, however thick, large bodies of men have to keep to the paths much the same as ourselves, where the bush is really thick. They have a practice, however, of making clearings, generally near the villages which are occupied by a

party of men, and cutting a broad path through the bush to within two or three feet of the regular road, so that they can just see men approaching, who are saluted by a volley apparently from the middle of the bush, but really from a clearing where three to six men are lying in wait for their prey. Of course, when the country is rather more open this is not possible or necessary, but it is important to guard against these ambushes when nearing a village.

The day after the Essaman affair I heard by the mail that Commodore Hewett was to come out at once in the "Active" to take command of the station. Sir Garnet had kindly written home to ask for me to stay on as senior officer, but it was right that the senior officer of the naval forces should be a commodore, and though rank may be "but the guinea stamp," it has its weight in causing orders to be more easily accepted in a military service; so, though I was sorry to be superseded when it was a case of go in and win, which it had not been in my previous time as senior officer, I could not but concur that the Admiralty were right in making the appointment, and I still hoped to see some more active service before Hewett came out.

Meanwhile, the energy ashore continued at concert pitch, though the staff had lost much by the severe wound of McNeill, who was soon afterwards invalided, and I personally felt the loss of a good friend at headquarters. Sir Garnet was very kind and complimentary, but I was now not able to get ashore regularly, as getting in and out of the surf boats was somewhat painful. Transports continued to arrive, and I found plenty to do on board in arranging for their discharge.

Here is an extract from my journal of October 21st: "Landed at half-past three and had a walk and talk with Sir Garnet. The report is again on foot that the Ashantis are moving eastward. Mansu is held by Major Home, R.E., and Abrakrampa by Gordon. Dunquah is held by Col. Festing with a native force. We found many natives drilling on Prospect Hill under two of Sir Garnet's people, Townsend and Lord Gifford. Major Baker Russell has fever and must go on board the 'Simoom.' Two of the staff are already there with fever," etc. On the 22nd I write again:

"Landed at four o'clock and dined ashore with the General. Mr. Stanley, who found Livingstone, dined with us. His mind is evidently a *tabula rasa* about Ashanti, perhaps so much the better." I need scarcely say that the book he published after the war showed a good grasp of the situation. On the 24th I mention that Sir Garnet had got an emissary into the Ashanti camp, who was treated civilly, and a return messenger arrived with a message from the Ashanti general, who said that "he had no quarrel with the white men, only with the Denkeras, Assins, and Akims." This, I remark, shows that the Ashantis are getting afraid of us, as, a few months before, any messenger would have had his head cut off.

On Sunday (26th) as the Ashantis were reported to be threatening Dunquah and Abrakrampa, the General asked me to land all our available men. The following account is from my journal letter: "It was a particularly hot day, and my Sunday morning was, I fear, principally taken up with visiting the General and arranging details about landing, provisions, ammunition, water, etc. Our church was accordingly a short one, and the dinner hour was cut into as well, for at half-past twelve the work of landing through the surf began. Of course, I went with the men, though my arm was rather troublesome that morning. The Naval Brigade consisted of two hundred and fifty men, besides fifty Kroomen to carry barricoes of water, and fifteen officers; so we had three hundred and fifteen in all. Our first contretemps was that some four hundred of the control coolies had decamped, and the baggage, which was reduced to its smallest limits, was carried by women. We started off by ship's companies between half-past two and half-past three, I waiting to see all off, and the General followed us in a hammock. Our road was the main Coomassie road, which is nine to fifteen feet broad and good enough, but the sun on our backs made the marching very trying, and water bottles were all empty long before we reached our destination, Assayboo, ten miles from Cape Coast."

I should explain that this road had been made by Gordon recently. It is not mentioned in my journal, but

I remember that we stopped for five minutes every quarter of an hour, notwithstanding which the men fell down by threes and fours with sunstroke, many being quite insensible; but water, shade, and loosening their clothing soon brought them round, and nearly all staggered into camp later. They were, however, a great anxiety in case any Ashantis were about.

"It was just seven when I reached Assayboo with most of the bluejackets, and I was walking with them; most of the marines did not get there for another half-hour. It was, of course, pitch dark, and no tents had arrived, as our advance coolies had disappeared. However, we set to work to clear the ground, and the tents arriving, we soon made ourselves very comfortable, the bluejackets especially, though a few bivouacked in the open. I made one of seven in a big tent which I had had erected under my own eye, and slept like a top, only waking at 1.30 a.m., when the King of Assayboo reported the arrival of his spies, who, of course, said the Ashantis were all about. We thought this a bad joke, as our pickets and sentries were well posted, and we endeavoured to make up for lost time by sleeping all the sounder till near daylight.

"Before daylight our camp was astir; we breakfasted, filled water bottles from the barricoes we had brought with us, struck tents, and at 6 a.m. were ready to march. The General's information pointed to the Ashantis being about Abrakrampa, so, leaving Festing with about 1,000 West Indians and natives to hold his own at Dunquah, we turned off our good road into a regular bush track for Abrakrampa.

"We were now approaching the enemy, and our advance had to be made with caution. At Assayboo we had been joined by 300 fairly drilled natives, under Major Baker Russell, and they led the way, skirmishing where requisite. I came next at the head of the bluejackets, then one division of marines, then the spare ammunition, cots for sick and wounded, and kroomen with water barricoes, and lastly the second division of marines. The road (?) was a very rugged one, sometimes a mere rut with slippery sides, sometimes obstructed by fallen trees or roots, very winding, and

occasionally steep, never broad enough for more than one man, except where it widened into a marsh more than knee deep. It was a long bush walk for our tired men, although less than four miles, I believe; and what with the halts to keep the column together, and the delays due to the nature of the path, we did not reach Abrakrampa till 9.30 a.m. Scouts and the King of Abra's men, under Lieut. Pollard, R.N., 450 strong, were sent out to scour the country, returning with many reports of Ashantis. Pollard had gone into a camp which had only just been deserted, and had taken a few prisoners; still we did not stir, the reason being that the General did not want to attack the head of the Ashanti column and drive them back upon Mampon, but rather to harass their rear, and we were somewhat too early in our action; besides, our men were, no doubt, tired, and wanted rest. So we remained at Abrakrampa all that Monday. Meanwhile, Festing had advanced from Dunquah, and came across some 5,000 Ashantis, driving them from their camp after a sharp fight, but not till five officers had been wounded, including Festing himself, all slightly but one." I may add that in this fight nearly all the native levies ran away, and that the Ashantis held their ground, though they lost heavily, and deserted their camp towards evening.

I continue my journal: "October 28th—We started for Assanchi, six miles due north of Abrakrampa, and seven miles south-west of Dunquah, at 6 a.m., where the Ashantis were said to have a camp. The track was of the usual nature, only worse, if possible, than the former one, being less frequented and more marshy. Pollard, with Abra's men, led the way; then Gordon, with eighty or ninety Houssas; then Russell with his natives; then the bluejackets with rockets we had picked up at Abrakrampa; and the marines last. We all hoped for a fight, but I for one did not expect any, and I doubt if the General much wanted one.

"Evidently, the Ashantis avoided us; for they were reported in every direction; and, once, indeed, I was cautioned that the enemy were just going to attack us on our left in force, so I turned my men into the bush, till I found that my old friend Tom Dollar (a black sailor who I had known in

New Zealand, where he had done good service as A.B. in the 'Curaçoa'), who was a great card with Russell's men, was mistaken, so I took to the path again. Once more I thought we were really in for a scrimmage when an unmistakable Ashanti gun was heard, followed by the ring of several sniders, but it all subsided again; and, as we pressed forward in support, a chit passed me for the General, which I opened. It said: 'Shot fired from bush, one man wounded; prisoner taken.' Sure enough, an Ashanti had hit one of Abra's men in the leg, and the man who had fired, a young fellow of about twenty, who expected nothing less than to be instantly killed, and was saved with difficulty, had been taken prisoner. We were then close to Assanchi, where there was a deserted Ashanti camp, where several cross roads met, one leading towards Dunquah, another to Ainsu, and a third to Mampon; the fourth was the one we had come from Abrakrampa. We were ordered to hold the cross roads. This done, we reported to the General; and received for answer, always on the chits of paper:

"'Hold the village Assanchi. Scout well.'

"Such is a sketch of our advance. Messages from front to rear, and, vice versâ, passing constantly; all very exciting, but nothing came of it. We got to Assanchi between 9 and 10 a.m., where we found it terribly hot and close. We scouted towards Dunquah to meet Festing, towards Ainsu, to look out for Ashantis, but nothing more occurred. We cleared bush all round us, and sat under the Ashanti huts putting fresh plaintain leaves over them, and at noon we thought of returning. Pollard was still looking out for Festing, supported by Gordon and his Houssas, when we started at 12.30 on our return journey. I wanted the General to push on to Dunquah, as we knew there were many Ashantis in that direction; but our men had to be considered, so we trudged back to Abrakrampa, arriving there at 3 p.m.; the bluejackets forming the rearguard this time.

"Unfortunately it came on to rain heavily, and we all got wet through. At Abrakrampa we soon got comfortable; the men took their wet clothes off and wrapped themselves in blankets and enjoyed a good dinner. Pollard afterwards fell in with the Ashantis in force, and all his men bolted; he had

a narrow escape, eventually reaching Akroful. Gordon and his Houssas were looking for Pollard till 9 p.m., but a trusty messenger told him of Pollard's safety, and he returned to Abrakrampa very late in the evening."

I got back to Cape Coast the next day, our men returning by easy stages, twenty-five seamen and twenty-five marines under Lieut. Wells being left to hold Abrakrampa, Baker Russell in command, with some Houssas and native levies.

My journal says: "I enjoyed my march out, and felt much better for it. Our men did very well, though eighteen altogether out of 315 had to be sent back, chiefly with sore feet. . . . Our bluejackets marched much better than the marines, and were very jolly over their camp. At Abrakrampa we all slept in houses. I occupied the King of Abra's house, which sounds grand, though it is only a mud cottage; it had, however, the luxury of a table and two forms which the king, a fine-looking man, but said to be rather a coward, presented for my use with great grace as he took to the bush with his men. He was amply repaid for his courtesy by a glass of brandy and water. I was disappointed at not having any fighting, but the result of our movement is most important. The Ashantis will be afraid to stir, and if they stay where they are they must die of starvation. I am certain that they are much astonished at the white men going into the bush, and they must be completely puzzled, as besides our part of the play and Festing's, Colonel Wood went from Abbay to Mampon and Effotoo, assisted by some of the 'Druid's,' and, though he did not attack, he made a display of force which must help to astonish the natives."

It is scarcely necessary constantly to refer to the climate, but we could not ignore it. As the result of this landing we had a good many sick, including my clerk, Mr. Hickson, and my coxswain.

H.M.S. "Encounter," a corvette commanded by Capt. Bradshaw, arrived on October 29th, and was a welcome addition to our naval force. She brought out my new first lieutenant, Angus Macleod, who did good service afterwards, but I see that on November 2nd he was "down" with his first touch of fever.

On November 4th I went ashore to attend the funeral of Lieut. Eardley Wilmot, R.A., who was killed in a fight near Dunquah under Festing, who carried him out in his arms. It was much like the former fight, the natives bolting. As my journal remarks: "It is of little use sending these fellows out without white troops to back them." This refers to the drilled natives, who, it must be remembered, had been only about a month under discipline, but the small number of 2nd West Indians who were with Festing are stated to have only behaved "tolerably." As in the former fight, the Ashantis had cleared out after practically repulsing Festing, who was himself slightly wounded.

Here is another march out, as recorded in my journal, though the latter was only written up towards the close of the month; for, what with landing and two trips up country, getting ready for my successor, and, lastly, a heavy bout of fever, my journal was naturally in arrears:

"November 6th. At a quarter-past four Capt. Brackenbury, one of the staff, came to me with a requisition from the General saying that Abrakrampa had been heavily attacked from 5 p.m. to midnight the previous day; that no news had since been received, and asking me to land all available men from the squadron should he get no further intelligence before daylight. Made signal for landing, and got everything ready. I had to wait for a second message, which I regretted, as we lost the cool of the early morning. At 6.30 it came. Landed 300 men from 'Barracouta,' 'Simoom,' 'Encounter,' 'Bittern,' and 'Beacon.' It was past eight before all were ready, including control arrangements for baggage. The 'Bittern's' started first at 8.25, 'Encounter's' last at 8.50.

"The day was fearfully hot, and though we halted frequently, man after man fell out on the march."

I may here point a moral about marching in a climate like the West Coast. The "Encounter's" landed over 100 strong, and started gaily at a good pace. I was on foot myself, but I dropped back several times to make them go more slowly, and endeavoured to enforce frequent rests; but they were keen and fresh from England, and would

not take these precautions. As the result, only about half their men marched into Assayboo, though many stragglers came in afterwards. On the other hand, the "Barracouta's" landed seventy strong, and, although this was really every available man, twenty-five of our best men being already ashore, we marched in over sixty men.

My journal continues:

"Reached Assayboo at 2.40 p.m. with about 200 men. Gave them some preserved meat and cocoa, and, leaving some 100 men under Capt. Bradshaw (about forty stragglers having arrived), started again at 4 p.m., with the General, for Abrakrampa, taking the Batian road, the direct road being blocked by the Ashantis." I was much exhausted on reaching Assayboo, having pushed on ahead of our men to see that some preparations were made for them; and having given some orders, I threw myself down in a hut; but I soon picked up, and by four o'clock, when the heat of the day was passed, I was quite ready to march.

It is wonderful, too, how our men recovered, and when we pushed on, as we heard the heavy firing in front of us, you would not have recognised in the eager, cheery force ready for action, the worn, tired men who were dragging themselves into Assayboo two hours previously.

"The main road took us as far back as Batian, one and a half miles, when we turned into a bush track, shortly after, hearing heavy firing in our front, and we pushed on, though much impeded by a long baggage train. At 5.30 p.m. reached Abrakrampa." I was the last in, having been asked by the General to see the carriers with ammunition safe; the attack was still going on when we arrived, and the garrison were very glad to see us, as at any moment a panic might have seized upon the natives, when it would have been difficult for the fifty seamen and marines, with Wells and a few West Indians, to hold the place against hordes of Ashantis. The firing continued intermittently till 9 p.m., when it ceased altogether. No attempt was made by the Ashantis to block the Batian road, and only a few slugs came our way. At Abrakrampa I took up my old quarters in the king's house. To return to my journal.

"November 7th. The action was very sharp yesterday. The Ashantis advanced boldly in great numbers on several occasions, and lost heavily. Some charges were made by the 2nd West, and a few heads were brought in. Our loss was about ten wounded, including a leading seaman of the 'Barracouta,' who will probably lose an eye. Our men are occupying the church at the end of the village. Firing again commenced at 7 a.m., and continued spasmodically till 10. Reconnoitring parties were sent out, but not towards the camp. At 2 p.m., Evelyn Wood arrived with 400 Cape Coast ruffians, and they were ordered into the bush to draw the enemy's fire, but they showed themselves to be arrant cowards, having to be licked in by the Kossoos.

"These Kossoos are extraordinarily wild fellows, who fight with the sword only. A Kossoo presently rushed out of the bush, saying, 'Blood, blood. All dead, all dead.' So we went in to see, and sure enough there were many dead bodies. No Ashantis showed, and I went all about the bush with Lieut. Gordon, 98th, and saw a great many bodies. We heard while in the bush that the Ashantis had decamped in a panic, and we went back to Abrakrampa. I hoped that we should all have been ordered out, as the camp Anasmadie was only one and a half miles off, but we were not allowed to stir. Gordon and his Houssas went out with the Abra men, and they found the Ashantis had fled in a panic, throwing away guns, provisions, and stools, which were scattered along the road in confusion. The camp was entered and duly looted. I was much disappointed at the General's not attacking the enemy in the afternoon, but he wished to save our men, and was far from well himself.

"November 8th. Proceeded at daylight to Assayboo with our men, leaving Major Allnutt and fifty marines at Abrakrampa, who relieved Wells's party. I left a force of 160 men to stay ashore, fifty to remain at Assayboo, the remaining 110 to go on to Dunquah by easy stages. The remainder, including Wells's fifty men and all the seedy ones, to return to Cape Coast. At 10 a.m. the general and staff reached Assayboo, and I went on with them to Cape Coast.

We came in about 1 p.m. in grand style, preceded by Amanquatia's sedan chair, tom-toms of enormous size, and other loot, amid the cheering of the populace.

On returning on board about 2 p.m., I found a mail steamer just sailing, and I had only time to send a hurried letter to the First Sea Lord, and a telegram for the Admiralty to be sent from Lisbon; and that evening a mail steamer arrived full of coals and stores, my journal saying, "Everyone is so tired that I could scarcely get sense out of them about arrangements for provisioning and coaling."

The next day was a Sunday, but we had to be busy coaling and provisioning. My journal remarks:—

"It is most unfortunate this heavy work should come on us when we are short handed (many of our best men being on shore), and those who are on board are tired out and require rest."

By Monday evening, however, the steamer was cleared and sailed; being a mail steamer it was important not to detain her.

That evening Sir Garnet himself had to go on board the "Simoom" with a sharp attack of fever.

I was now expecting Commodore Hewett to arrive in two or three days, so I decided to start on the 12th for Dunquah, to see how our men were doing, so as to give the Commodore the latest account of their health and of the state of affairs at the front.

Accordingly, I started at 2 p.m. that day in a hammock, having only my fighting coxswain "Dommett" with me. He was a fine young fellow, who had distinguished himself at Essaman, and I called him my fighting coxswain, as my proper coxswain, who I afterwards disrated (he still held the rating, being sick) was, I am sorry to say, a man who was never at hand when there was a chance of shots flying about, though he always had a good excuse; he had stopped behind for something, and lost me at Elmina.

At Quassie Croom he had dropped his revolver, and was obliged to look for it. (What was certain was that he always was behind—he was as safe to be behind as Chevy Slime was to be round the corner—and, I fear, a bit of a coward). At

Essaman he was sick, and no doubt he found the sick list the only safe place. I am tempted here to digress into the question of courage. Few Britons, I am glad to say, are, in my experience, real cowards, though there are grades of courage; but my coxswain was, I fear, one of the exceptions, and an officer of a West Indian regiment at Elmina was another. He declined to advance on one plea or another, till, on Colonel Festing's insisting, he suddenly found that he had a bad leg, and his men went into action under a sergeant. I remember Festing's turning to me, and saying, "Did you ever see a case like that?" my reply being, "I am happy to say, no."

But to return to my trip. I intended to go fast, and had six hammock bearers. Dommett was walking, but I gave him a turn in the hammock occasionally.

I remember that one of his remarks amused me much.

He said: "I suppose, sir, if you was to be dangerously wounded, or killed, and I was to carry you out, I should get the V.C." Of course I encouraged this notion, which showed that he was prepared to follow me anywhere, which my proper coxswain certainly was not. We reached Akroful, sixteen miles, where I found Evelyn Wood, who hospitably gave me some dinner and persuaded me to stay the night, instead of going on to Dunquah, as the swamps were bad; but I started again at 5 a.m., and, crossing sundry swamps, I reached Dunquah, seven miles further, at 7 a.m.

Festing was in command at Dunquah, which is quite a grand place, 500 feet above the sea. He had cleared the bush near, had built himself a capital hut of bamboos, a hospital, and a fine redoubt. He had nearly 3,000 natives with him, and our naval brigade, under Commander Stephens, about 100 strong. I inspected the latter, and my journal states that I found "our men very jolly and contented."

That afternoon I went out with fifty natives and twenty-five seamen to visit the scene of Festing's last fight, about four miles from Dunquah, Ashantis being still reported about, though we saw nothing of them. An interpreter endeavoured to dissuade me from going on the ground that the camp was "corrupt," which was certainly true enough. My journal

says: "The path to the camp lay through four swamps, which stunk fearfully; and the old camp of the Ashantis, which was full of dead bodies, was a horrible sight."

The camp was pretty extensive, and I surveyed it thoroughly with Lieut. Pulley, who was in command of the bluejackets; though I was glad to get back to get off my boots."

I left Dunquah before daylight the next morning, reaching Cape Coast at 2 p.m. I mention in my journal that the whole road between Akroful and Dunquah is lined with magnificent bamboos, which afford a delicious shade with their dark foliage bending overhead like weeping willows.

The "Active," with the new Commodore, had arrived about one. So my reign was over. I was on board by three, not a bit tired. My old messmate Hewett was very cordial, and I had a good talk with him that evening.

These rather long extracts from my journal will, I hope, give some idea of our work, both on shore and on board; to me, personally, the landing and bush work was an agreeable diversion from the senior officer's work, for which I paid, however, from the accumulations on my return.

It should be added that my office staff was almost nil, and latterly I had to rely on a young clerk and a writer. My paymaster was sick much of the time, and he never was of much use; so that I had personally to arrange for the distribution of provisions and stores. I had an admirable assistant paymaster in Mr. Edmund Hickson, but he knocked up completely on October 31st, and went to the "Simoom," invaliding shortly afterwards. But, after all, I had nothing to complain of. I had been very fortunate in having been twice senior officer when important work had to be done. I did not mind hard work; and I thought at the time that, however it might affect others, the climate would not knock me up.

In this I was mistaken, as will be seen; but I never had any serious fever so as to incapacitate me from duty between my arrival in June and Hewett's relieving me in November, a period of over five months. Certainly my responsibility had been great at times: the army had to be helped, Sir Garnet's requisitions had to be attended to, ships had to be

kept efficient, transports had to be cleared, and stores accounted for, all under considerable difficulties from the constant rolling and bad landing, with ships short-handed from sickness and men ashore; but it is just this sort of trial which makes the naval officer what he is—generally ready to accept responsibility, and always the man of expedients—prepared to meet difficulties.

I rather prided myself afterwards in all the stores sent out to my care as senior naval officer having been duly accounted for, though some sent out from headquarters addressed to Colonel Festing for the use of the marines got mislaid. This was due to the colonel having no naval staff, and possibly to his being away from the Coast when they arrived; so that it was a mistake addressing them to him, though the idea was that they should go direct to those they were intended for.

I have referred above to the constant rolling, which those who know the Coast will agree is no exaggeration. As a rule the wind is from the westward, and the ships lie broadside on to the shore; but the long swell comes from the southward, so that the rolling is incessant. We were often obliged to close our ports in the "Barracouta," and a roll of 15° to 18° each way was not uncommon. Occasionally we made sail and braced up our yards to check the rolling.

Before I leave the question of our operations on the coast, which resulted in the Ashanti army's retreat, I should like to refer once more to our not having attacked the Ashanti camp at Anasmadie, from Abrakrampa, either on the evening of the 6th or the morning of the 7th of November.

Immediately on my reaching Abrakrampa, on the 6th, I supported Baker Russell in pressing Sir Garnet to attack, but he refused; he was far from well, and I put it down to that at the time. We were both much astonished, as we had every reason to suppose that the Ashantis were much demoralised by the failure of their attack on Abrakrampa, and their camp was close by; but I believe now that his real reason was a political one. He was afraid of a too complete success, he wanted troops sent out so as to march to Coomassie, and despatches he had recently received showed hesitation in

England, and, I believe, had expressed a hope that his operations would be so successful as to render this unnecessary. I gather from Lord Wolseley's recent book that this surmise of mine has some foundation, but, with all deference to the distinguished field marshal, whilst I entirely agree with him that a military expedition to Coomassie was a necessity, if we were not to have a recurrence of Ashanti raids, a decisive blow struck at Amanquatia in November might have facilitated the advance to Coomassie and have saved many lives; and personally I question whether it is ever wise to allow a military action to be governed by political considerations.

Possibly I am wrong, and Sir Garnet had sufficient military reasons for not attacking; but they were not certainly apparent, either to the other principal military officers or to myself; while the attempt to send the Cape Coast people, whom we knew to be arrant cowards, into the bush, was a farce, and discredited our cause.

I will now return to Hewett's arrival. He found, I hope, the squadron work in fair order, and he had an adequate staff to cope with it. Our seamen were all embarked by the Commodore's orders, acting, I believe, in accordance with Admiralty instructions; but, unless they were to follow up the Ashantis, which the General did not want them to do, it was right to re-embark them, as the Ashanti army was in full retreat, and neither Dunquah nor Abrakrampa were in any danger. Our crews, too, were getting very sickly. On November 21st the Commodore sent the "Simoom" away to St. Helena with the invalids—both naval and military. Twenty-six of the "Barracouta's" went in her, including five officers—Maxwell (second lieutenant), Wonham (navigating lieutenant), Hyde (paymaster), Wood (surgeon), and Hickson (assistant paymaster). I had to take over chronometers from the navigating lieutenant, money from the paymaster on the 20th, and I then began to feel unwell, though that morning I had felt all right. I see by my journal that we had thirty-five sick on board the "Barracouta," besides those in the "Simoom"; indeed, our quarter-deck was made into a hospital, all the bad cases being in cots on deck. A word about the fever on the coast.

I remember reading Winwood Reade's account in his "African Sketches," of coast fever. He says that you get up in the morning saying to yourself that people make a fuss about fever on the coast, but that you feel all right, and have nothing to complain of. Breakfast comes, and you have little appetite, but you enjoy your tea, and drink more than usual. A few hours later you feel chilly and aguish, though the thermometer is several degrees above eighty; you endeavour to keep warm with flannels, but you have to give in and go to bed. You are lucky if, after a copious perspiration and dosing with quinine, the fever has left you weak and prostrate, only to return probably the next day.

My own experience was very similar to the above. I felt particularly well on the morning of the 20th, and spoke to the men who were getting low-spirited about the sickness, telling them that if they would only put a cheerful face on it they would not get fever, that I felt quite well myself, and intended to remain so.

Unfortunately I was far from well that evening, and in high fever during the night.

On the 21st it was arranged that the "Barracouta" should go to Ascension or St. Helena, Hewett giving me *carte blanche* to go to St. Helena if I could get there with the coal I had on board, and the health of the men required it.

On the 22nd our good doctor, Hamilton Moore, rejoined from the shore, where he had been doing duty, and on the 23rd we sailed. I had been on the sick list since the 21st, but was trying to do what I could, as we had so few officers.

On the 23rd I tried to keep about. My journal says: "I tried staying on deck, but to shiver under a large boat cloak over flannels, with the thermometer at eighty-four degrees, speaks for itself; so to my cot I went, and then the reaction, the burning fever like a furnace inside me till I could bear it no longer; and about midnight I jumped up, having a vague idea of getting into the main top to be cool. This was the climax. Dr. Moore soon put me to bed again, and after a time I came out in a profuse perspiration,

feeling easier. My temperature had been 105° for a short time. After this I slowly got over the fever, but it was not till the 27th that I got up again, and then I was terribly weak." We had then forty-two on the sick list, but gradually we all got better as we slowly stood to the southward, husbanding our coal till we could fetch St. Helena with the trade. On the 29th I came out of the sick list for easy duty, but I was able to navigate, and to relieve the first lieutenant of some responsibility. The only executive officer on board doing duty was the first lieutenant, except a sub, who was gradually recovering from fever, and a young navigating midshipman. After a tedious passage we reached St. Helena on December 15th. We remained there till the 21st, when we sailed for Ascension, which we reached on the 27th. Our stay at St. Helena set us all up. I gave leave to the men, and was a good deal ashore myself, riding about on the high ground, much to my benefit, while Macleod took the opportunity of painting ship and refitting, so that the old "Barracouta" looked quite changed in appearance.

Of course, I visited Napoleon's tomb, which was then still in charge of a French officer, a Major Chevalier, who lived at Longwood, and was very friendly, being much impressed with my having been wounded; for my arm still gave me some trouble at times. His view of the question rather amused me. He told me how he had seen service in Algeria, "*Mais jamais, jamais je n'ai eu la bonne fortune d'attrapper une balle.*" He gave me a big luncheon, and I made great friends with him and his family, after which we endeavoured unsuccessfully to get a shot at some pheasants, of which there were a few on the island.

I had not omitted gunnery and drills, and even before we reached St. Helena we had fired at a mark; but on our way to Ascension I rubbed everything up, as the men were getting strong again, and our work on the coast had much interfered with all necessary routine.

Ascension is a barren rock, except Green Mountain near the summit, which has fair vegetation, and where there is a Government farm. The island may be described as a huge

clinker, with some sandy bays. Everything is under naval discipline, and the "Garrison," as the town near the landing place is called, is laid out in regular order—church, hospital, police office, canteen, houses of officers all placed at proper intervals. A Commander Creagh was in charge of the island in 1873.

The landing is not very good, and impossible when the rollers set in, so that coaling and provisioning was difficult, and I could not get away till the 31st. No one seemed to be in a hurry, or to appreciate their quiet life being interfered with, but fortunately I was senior officer, and could give orders. There is a hospital on the mountain, which is always cool, but generally in a mist, thermometer about 70°. I visited the hospital, and went round the farm, enjoying my ride. The rest of the interest of Ascension is represented by the turtles, and the "Wide-awake Fair." The former are very large, and are kept in Government ponds, being issued as fresh meat to ships calling, though many reach home as delicacies and perquisites for the First Lord and other high naval authorites; the latter takes place twice a year, when innumerable sea birds visit the island and deposit their eggs.

But I must not leave my visit to Ascension without a reference to a troublesome question with which I had to deal, as it represents one of the odd jobs which fall to the lot of the naval officer.

The day after my arrival, on December the 28th, an English ship arrived, the "Kate Kellock," from Calcutta, bound to Surinam, with coolies in a state of mutiny. A baboo doctor, Bepinbehary Dutt by name, who was also emigration agent, had quarrelled with the captain, and had stirred up the coolies, who were in a great state of excitement.

I sent an armed party on board and visited the ship myself, ending by ordering a naval court to meet to investigate the case, which assembled the next morning. This I was reluctant to do, as I was obliged to put my first lieutenant and another officer in it while coaling was going on, and I felt sure that the court would not report before I was ready to sail.

The court sat on the 29th and 30th, but as it was evident that both captain and doctor were very long winded, and the court, composed of young officers, did little to shorten matters, I went on board the "Kate Kellock" and endeavoured to compromise the matter. The doctor, who had an Edinburgh degree and had married a Scotch wife, was most litigious, and certainly more clever than the captain; but he had no common sense, and it was in vain that I told him that we were going to sea the next day, so that the court must be dissolved, and that I should have to settle the matter summarily. He had many witnesses, he said, and he claimed a fair trial, even if it lasted for six months, though I pointed out to him that the ship had not the necessary provisions, and could not be detained. I talked to the coolies, through an interpreter, and found them in a very excited state; indeed one of them told me seriously, that when they got to Surinam, they had heard that their throats would be cut and that they would be thrown overboard, with other absurd stories. The captain was quite reasonable, but he had certainly been hustled by the coolies, and even prevented from looking at his compass; which was on the poop, the Emigration Department's orders being that the coolies had a right to make use of the poop for air.

I accordingly closed the court, and landed the doctor at Ascension, where he was to remain till he could be sent home to the agents in England at the expense of the owners of the "Kate Kellock," but he lost the head money he would have received at Surinam, so that he was much annoyed, and behaved with such impertinence to me on board the "Barracouta" that I threatened to put him in irons.

The "Kate Kellock" had a second doctor, who appeared quite capable, and the ship arrived safely at her destination. On the 31st the "Barracouta" sailed for Cape Coast.

This case gave me much trouble, causing me some annoyance, and I was not surprised at the sequel. Of course, I reported the circumstances shortly to the Board of Trade, and the proceedings of the Naval Court as far as they had gone were sent home, but the Indian emigra-

tion authorities at Calcutta do not seem to have seen them, and they listened to Dr. Dutt's version on his return to Calcutta, the result being that I was generally supposed to have acted in a very high-handed manner.

It was rather more than a year afterwards, and, curiously enough, when I was again at Ascension in the "Doris," that a sort of Blue Book about Dr. Dutt and the "Kate Kellock" reached me, giving Dr. Dutt's letters, numerous minutes from Government officials in India, a minute of the Governor-General in council, and a covering letter from the Secretary of State for India, the general idea being that Dr. Dutt ought to be compensated for his loss, and that I ought to pay, though they mostly admitted that there was evidence of the mutinous feeling among the coolies.

I remember that one minute, a very short one, which came from Sir R. Temple, then Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, was an exception to the others, and summed the matter up much as follows: "It is clear that the coolies were in a mutinous state, and some steps had to be taken. Captain Fremantle considered that the best course to pursue was to remove Dr. Dutt from the ship, and the 'Kate Kellock' arrived safely at her destination. I cannot see how he is to be blamed."

I had no difficulty in explaining my action, and never heard anything more of it. A curious thing is that on my visiting Calcutta at Christmas, 1875, just two years after I had been instrumental in landing Dr. Dutt at Ascension, the authorities either could not or would not let me know anything further, so that I can only assume they were ashamed of the mare's nest they thought they had discovered. Probably it was a case of "*les absents ont toujours tort.*" There was no question of my having jurisdiction in the matter, as there was a special clause in the agreement between the charterers and the emigration authorities that any difficulty which might arise was to be settled by the governor of any British colony at which the ship might touch, and at Ascension I was temporarily governor of a British colony.

We reached Cape Coast on January 9th, finding the roads

full of transports and shipping, with the "Victor Emanuel," an old line-of-battle ship, as hospital ship. I soon found that I was not to be allowed at the front again, which I much regretted, but I was not astonished. I had been senior officer too long, and knew too much about it. The worst news I heard was the death of Lieut. Wells, my late first lieutenant, of fever, off Cape Verde, on his passage home to join the yacht. He was a very fine fellow, who did good service at Elmina and Abrakrampra.

I found many letters, of course, and had much to answer in the form of attacks from Mr. Swanzy, who apparently had the ear of the Colonial Office. I did not much mind these attacks, as it showed that we had successfully interfered with his trade, consisting chiefly of arms, powder and rum; though, of course, it was indignantly denied that the two former ever found their way to the Ashantis!

All the "Barracouta's" were terribly disappointed at not being allowed to land, a naval brigade having just been sent to the front from other ships, and the men came on the quarter-deck about it; but I could do nothing, though I think we were badly treated in the matter, when our men had shown such spirit, and had behaved so well. I did succeed in getting the Commodore to allow Macleod to go to Coomassie in charge of our Kroomen and carriers.

My time at Cape Coast was spent chiefly in writing letters, official and private, while our men were employed in clearing transports, and in other heavy work. On the 18th I sailed for the windward coast and King Blay's dominions, but with orders not to undertake any serious operations or to land men.

I called at Elmina, Secondee, Dixcove, Axim, and got into communication with King Blay at Ampence, finding his war still going on. Of course, I had a palaver with him, which was a most monotonous affair, as after our talk there was an interminable doleful dance and tom-tomming. He was rather hemmed in, but holding a strong position, well stockaded, and protected on three sides by the sea and a lagoon. He regaled me and my staff with palm wine and cocoanut milk, and some pink Indian corn.

It was difficult to get any accurate information about the

force threatening King Blay, which he declared was ten thousand strong; but this was obviously an exaggerated estimate, and probably there were few Ashantis among them. I found King Blay's people somewhat straitened for provisions, but they did not seem to be apprehensive of a serious attack.

I asked the Commodore to let me have 100 or 150 marines to allow me to disperse King Blay's assailants; but I do not know if my letter reached him before he left for the front, and I got no answer.

On the 23rd I went on to Droco Grove, which the French call Assinee, taking with me thirty of King Blay's men to buy provisions and stores.

About this place hangs a tale. The British and French protectorates meet at Assinee river, which forms the boundary, the old village of Assinee being on the right or French bank of the river. But it was found that the bar was bad and communication difficult, so that French traders established themselves at Droco Grove, on the British side, three or four miles from the river's mouth, where goods could be landed on the beach, being taken across to the river for conveyance up country. We had reason to believe that considerable amounts of powder and arms reached the Ashantis in this way, and the question of our jurisdiction was a delicate one.

I had tried, when senior officer, to get official corroboration about the real boundary, and, as a result, a copy of a letter from Governor Maclean (the husband of L. E. L., who died at Cape Coast Castle), dated in 1848, I think, was sent from England, showing that he had protested against the French being allowed to establish themselves in our protectorate east of the river. This letter was sent without comment, and it does not appear that the French action was objected to, so, though *de jure*, the station might be on British ground, there was no doubt that, *de facto*, it had been for some twenty-five years the French trading station of Assinee. On the other hand, they had no police or military force whatever there, though Mr. V., a French merchant, claimed to be *garde de drapeau* for his country, and certainly a display of numerous French flags seemed to give him some title to this distinction, though he had no real authority.

It will be understood that in speaking of Assinee in future I am referring to Droco Grove, which was the only trading station near the river. I had sent ships there before, and I decided that the only way to really stop the trade was through the tribes on the coast opposed to the Ashantis, giving them at the same time the countenance of a British ship.

In addition to King Blay's men I had entered into communication with a friendly chief called Amouaka, with whom I exchanged presents, this chief being a mortal foe to a chief —a friend of Mr. V.'s—called Amatifou, through whom the Ashantis got supplies.

It was, no doubt, rather hazardous; but I hoped that I could carry out my object without bloodshed, though there would be a row.

This turned out to be the case. Blay's men on landing found some Ashanti or Ashanti sympathisers buying powder, and there was some disturbance; and later, on my return from Grand Bassam, Amouaka's people came in, when they planted an English flag on the beach, and drove all Ashanti sympathisers out of the place, causing Mr. V. much annoyance, and some fear for his own safety. On this occasion I had to land to restore order, and, of course, I had the obnoxious British flag removed. Fortunately no one was much hurt, and, though I had some stormy interviews with Mr. V., who made bitter complaints of my action afterwards, the nefarious trade was stopped. I should mention that the French settlements of this part of the coast, at the time to which I am referring, were nominally under the jurisdiction of the French admiral, who made certain arrangements with native chiefs to keep the French right warm, and that he had advised or instructed Mr. V. not to sell arms to the Ashantis. Certainly our friends did us good service.

A French barque arrived while I was at Assinee, with 6,000 kegs of powder, commanded by a French naval lieutenant, and when warned against landing it at Droco Grove, as our blockade declaration blockaded to the mouth of the river, I was asked if I should seize the barque in case of any being landed; my reply being that he must take the risk of any consequences which might ensue, that it was prohibited by his

own Government, and that in any case it would probably cause a disturbance on shore. I knew Amouaka's men would seize it, if it were landed, and I think I was justified in making use of the natives. No powder was landed.

I don't think Mr. V. really knew of my connection with our native friends, but he saw that they were encouraged by the presence of the British ships, and that, as he put it, "*deux fois ma vie a été en danger.*" I told him that he ought to have some police to keep order, and to make his neutrality respected, but, as my journal says, "his only idea seems to be to keep out of the place any but staunch friends of the Ashantis."

I went on to Grand Bassam, another port on the French protectorate, towing an English barque (which had been hanging about the coast for some time) up to windward, as the captain stated his inability to get off the coast against wind and current. We searched her, but though she was full of powder, and undoubtedly had sold some, probably to the Ashantis, some months previously, it does not appear that she had done so recently, as I had an inventory of her cargo from one of our ships which had searched her two months before.

At Grand Bassam I was taken on to the lagoons in a steam launch by Mr. Swanzy's agent, who, I am bound to say, was very civil.

I was moving about the coast between Assinee and Chamah till February 6th, and we were at the latter place on that date, when we heard of the hard fighting at Amoaful, which I was certainly not prepared for. My journal states our loss as 300 killed and wounded—seven naval officers wounded, but no one killed.

I went up the Prah from Chamah, but did not land. On the 9th I was at Dixcove, and hoisted flags and saluted in honour of the fall of Coomassie, which caused great excitement ashore, where the natives wasted much powder, with singing and beating of tom-toms.

On the 11th I had another palaver with King Blay in honour of our victories, with firing of guns and beating of tom-toms. My journal says:—"The king's daughter was among the most honourable of women, but certainly among

the most hideous. She wore what appeared to be a coarse nightgown and night-cap, and during the whole palaver she gravely waved a switch of elephant's tail, surrounded by jingling rattles, over the head of her noble father."

I agreed, as a last stroke, to take 100 of Blay's men to a place called Half Assinee, to burn the place, which had been used by the Ashantis as a depôt for powder.

I arrived off Half Assinee in the "Barracouta," with the gunboats "Merlin" and "Coquette," at daylight on the 16th, and we soon set the place on fire, landing King Blay's men, under cover of the ships, to complete the work of destruction.

They were not opposed. From a prisoner we ascertained that the place was full of Ashantis when we arrived, and that there were some 6,000 in the district altogether; so that even after the fall of Coomassie it was worth while to encourage our friends and dishearten our enemies on the Windward Coast.

Shortly after this we were recalled to Cape Coast, arriving there at 9 a.m. on the 19th, finding the ships dressed in honour of the General's return. My journal says:—"He (the General) came in at 11.30, the fort and ships firing salutes. Only one of the staff (Brackenbury) was up to time; Maurice, Greaves, Buller, are all more or less down to it. Baker was able to receive the General, but he has been down here some days for his health, and looked very seedy. It is indeed a clearance of the 'brilliant staff,' all of whom I knew so well. When the "Ambriz" came out the personal staff was composed of McNeill, Baker, Huyshe, Charteris, McCalmont, Maurice, Buller, and Brackenbury. Of these, four are left, some of them very seedy, and all, as Sir Garnet says, 'played out.' The same in other departments. I missed many familiar faces, and many more I saw who were dreadfully altered and pulled down. There was a sadness in the hour of triumph, and we all felt 'How had the brave who fell exulted now.' Poor Charteris! where was his cheery face which should have been at the head of the table? McNeill's soldier-like frankness? Huyshe's almost feminine courtesy? Don't talk of it,' as the General said, with some feeling. The

General got a grand reception, of course, after which we all stayed to luncheon at noon. The Navy was well represented by the Commodore and others, though here, too, many were 'conspicuous by their absence.' The General looked uncommonly well. He was kindness itself to me, and a hearty congratulation I gave him on his success."

On February 21st I had landed and seen several officials—Winwood Reade, the *Times* correspondent, and others; and I ended by calling on the General, who surprised me by telling me he was just finishing a letter for me to take to Governor Berkeley, at Sierra Leone. So I hurried on board, and at 7.30 we were off for Sierra Leone, to bring the Governor to Cape Coast. Having the usual current against us of thirty knots a day, I only reached Sierra Leone on the evening of the 27th. Then, after waiting for the arrival of a mail steamer, the Governor got leave not to go to Cape Coast, so we had nothing to do but to return to Cape Coast, after a bootless trip. I sailed on the evening of March 1st, and we reached Cape Coast on the 6th.

I should mention that though Coomassie fell on February 4th, we brought the first news of it to Sierra Leone on the 27th, which is a good comment on the newspaper heading of "the latest news from the Gold Coast," through the mouth of a Sierra Leone imaginative correspondent!

I found Cape Coast roads nearly empty. The General had gone home on the 4th; the Commodore had left for Ascension on the 5th, having some fever. Glover, who had marched into Coomassie after the troops had left and stated his readiness to remain till the treaty was signed, was on board the "Argus." I was ordered to survey stores at Elmina and proceed to Ascension. Of course, I was in a hurry to get away, but coals were scarce, and for every ton we took from the bottom of a ship's hold we had to put in sand as ballast; and it was much the same with provisions. However, our men worked with a will, and by the evening of the 8th we were ready for sea, and my journal on the 8th records clearing up, hoisting in mules, donkeys, biscuit, sheep, fodder, etc., and preparing for sea.

There had been an extraordinary exodus from Cape Coast,

the Government having been left in the hands of a Colonel Maxwell as acting Administrator.

It certainly did not much matter. No treaty had been made, and only a small portion of gold dust had been paid up, but the Ashanti power had been broken, Coomassie had been burnt, and in a savage country, when once the *prestige* of a tyrant is destroyed, he is at the mercy of those he had dominated by fear. So Coffee Kel Kelli was quite harmless, and things could be left to settle down in time. This was fortunate, for poor Maxwell, who commanded a West Indian regiment, was utterly broken down in health, and I was shocked to see him. He was invalided, and died shortly afterwards.

It was fortunate that nothing was required to be done, for Cape Coast was looked upon as a plague spot, and everyone was clearing out who possibly could do so. I confess that I did not mean to be an exception to the rule, but I was glad to hear from Lieut. and Commander Darwall (who commanded the "Coquette"), who wrote from the Windward Coast, that our last bombardment of Half Assinee and Baynim had resulted in the Ashantis having deserted their camps, one of which he had visited with some of King Blay's people.

Probably the news of the fall of Coomassie reached them about the time of our bombardment, and aided its effect.

Before leaving Cape Coast, on the evening of the 8th, I had a farewell dinner party, picking up the few friends who yet remained at Cape Coast. I was delighted to get Glover (afterwards Sir John) who, with a zealous staff of naval and military officers, had overcome the difficulties of organising a native force, and he told me that he had 4,700 men with him at Coomassie, the arrival of whom, after the General had left, had a very good effect on the Ashantis and others, as Sir Garnet, on account of health and the near approach of the rainy season, had only remained there a very short time. Glover, who was a retired naval officer, was a wonderful leader of men, and his name and personal influence were invaluable on the coast, where he

had been Governor of Lagos not long before. Then I had "Judge" Marshall, the Chief Magistrate, of whom I have spoken before, who I had seen a good deal of from the time of my arrival on the coast in June. He was an able man, who had done good work in the courts about vessels detained under the blockade, and his advice on the council had always been valuable. With these there were several naval officers and others who had seen a good deal of the war. My trip to Sierra Leone had afforded me the opportunity of getting a few delicacies, and I think we all enjoyed ourselves. A rather amusing episode occurred about the judge. He had come alongside in a surf boat with others who had got on board; but the judge had, unfortunately, lost his right arm, and as the ship was rolling heavily, as usual, he could not manage to get up the ladder, and he called out to me that he must go ashore again, which really would have been dangerous. I was, of course, anxious to get him on board, and seeing a big quartermaster called House close to the gangway, I said: "House, get that gentleman on board." I confess I didn't know how he could do it, but he was equal to the occasion. Going down the ladder about two steps, as the ship rolled towards the boat, he was on a level with the judge. "Put your arm round my neck, sir," he said at the right moment. This was done, and the judge was dumped down on deck, much to his own astonishment.

The next morning, after some delay caused by supplying anchors to other ships, and picking up one of our own, I went to Elmina to clear out the store there.

I did not get there till eleven, and my orders were to embark everything from the naval stores, which had been much neglected. There were five stores in all, mostly full of damaged provisions, as I had expected. We had been "penny wise and pound foolish" about it. When I was first senior officer I had endeavoured to make arrangements for taking charge of the stores, which were frequently dumped ashore there, and had placed an assistant-paymaster in charge, ordering him to live on shore, with a suitable

allowance, when his ship was away from Elmina; but this order was cancelled by the Commodore, or the Admiralty —I forget which—and our paymaster, who was generally sick, and often away cruising, was nominally in charge, till, as the result of my protest, I think, it was taken charge of by the commissariat.

I landed myself with the paymaster and a strong party, having to threaten to break open the doors, as the commissariat officer had received no orders, and declined to give up the keys. However, when pressed he went on the sick list, and, of course, we took the keys under protest. The state of the stores, which were ill ventilated, was extraordinary. Everything had found its way there, and everything was musty and damaged. The best of the stores were embarked in our paddle-box boats, and sent on board the "Barracouta"; the rest fell to the hammer at an impromptu auction outside the fort. Many missing articles, medical chests, and comforts never opened were there, and helmets. These latter, which had been much required, had been sent ashore direct, addressed to the Colonel of Marines. Half the things were damaged by cockroaches, weevils, and other natives of these parts. There was much rubbish, but everything sold well—damaged biscuit, serge, flannel, cocoa, tobacco, etc.—but the real excitement was over the marines' helmets, every native being determined to get one if possible, whether he owned any other costume or not. They had earned money as carriers, and to wear a helmet was a distinction which classed them with our soldiers. It was a hard day's work, our boats making many journeys to and fro through the surf, but we made £68 in cash, and when at 9.30 p.m. we at length got away, we had 130 casks on our decks, besides what we could stow away below. My journal says, "All the trash, damaged biscuit, old casks, moth-eaten clothing, etc. was sold, and the rest embarked in our paddlers."

I know we were all dead tired, and the men could scarcely keep awake when hoisting in our paddle-box boats. Among curiosities found in the stores was a fine armadillo, which we brought on board; and a caricaturist in the ship

made a clever picture of our paymaster entering the store and being confronted by numerous strange creatures of a similar nature.

This was the last we saw of the coast, and we were all rejoiced when we could shake the dust of the shore with its pestilential climate off our feet now that the war was over.

When we left Elmina we were well laden with casks of provisions, and all sorts of remnants from the stores. We had also thirteen mules and donkeys on deck for conveyance to Ascension.

I used to be fond of putting the case of the donkeys *à propos* of the question of transport. This had given Sir Garnet much difficulty, and I propose alluding to it again. It was supposed that mule transport was impossible on the Coast as all the animals died, and the "tsetse fly" was often referred to though it did not infest that part of the Coast. I maintained, on the other hand, that the animals would last quite long enough for our purposes, and that our men carriers were untrustworthy. Hence my catch. I would state that twelve mules and donkeys were brought from Ascension as transport animals, and the question was how many I had brought back two or three months afterwards. The answer would generally be "Oh, I suppose about half of them," but as a matter of fact we brought back thirteen animals, all in good condition, and they had all been to Coomassie, the extra animal having been born just before Coomassie was taken!

Carriage, indeed, was a difficulty, and it was troublesome to organise. It is always the African traveller's greatest anxiety, and on the West Coast it is of more trouble than on the East. There was an energetic control officer called O'Connor in charge of the transport originally, and with the help of a big stick, which he used liberally, he would start a convoy in good order; but the organisation was faulty, and in spite of those in charge, the carriers would throw down their loads and run away.

I remember one afternoon, about January, I think, I was telling a naval officer, who had recently come out, about the transport difficulty, and after showing him round we came to

Cape Coast Castle, where I found a convoy just ready to start, every man having his small load in front of him, so we stopped to see the move off, O'Connor assuring me that they were quite ready, and that he was just going to report to the senior control officer when he would start them. I remarked to my friend that if we were to follow them a quarter of a mile—or to the bush—we should probably see many of the men throw down their loads and run for it; but just then there was a significant laugh which was universally joined in, and in a moment every man was running away, much to the indignation of O'Connor, who had reported the convoy as ready to start. Eventually most of the transport was done by women, who were more amenable than the men, and I believe Colonel Colley succeeded in organising the transport fairly, through the kings and chiefs; but at the last the soldiers of the West Indian regiments had to act as carriers, by the General's orders.

The Colonel Colley I refer to was the unfortunate Sir George Colley, of Majuba fame. He was a very able man and a brilliant soldier. I knew him well, as we were at school together, and I often met him subsequently. As I have stated before, Colley had joined some of my schoolfellows in giving me a compass when I went to sea. This compass I lent to Festing in Ashanti, as I had another, and in returning it to me he stated that it had often been of use to him in the bush.

Colley came out at the latter part of the war, and I did not meet him on the Coast.

And now I had left the Coast, and the war was over. I had made some use of my two days' temporary senior officership on the Coast, and, having found many good things just arrived for our invalids, much of which was perishable, I laid hands upon them. As my journal says :—

"These things pour in when it is too late, while we might in vain have implored for them when the marines were dying in July. Our men were revelling on the fowls and eggs intended for the 'Victor Emanuel,' while the real good English sheep which we were serving out as fresh meat has caused a general rejoicing among the gastronomists of the

lower deck. Potatoes and onions are given away to save them from spoiling. Beer is issued by the canteen fund, each man being allowed to have a pint. All this is well bestowed, as our men require to be fed up after their long spell on the Coast. The ship is rather too much like a farmyard to be quite pleasant, and a great deal too like a store ship to please me; but we shall have good food, and, above all, we are going away from the Coast, so everyone is cheerful."

We duly reached Ascension on March 17th, where we remained till the 26th, when we sailed for England.

At Ascension I found the Commodore, who was troubled more or less with fever, and I spent much of my time with him on Green Mountain. We picked up some of our sick from the hospital, and put the ship to rights, our men recovering their health wonderfully, and when we sailed the anchor was tossed up to the bows in fine style. It was quite exhilarating passing under the "Active's" stern under all sail while her band played "Home, Sweet Home."

Poor "Billy Hewett" (who afterwards became Sir William Hewett, V.C., K.C.B.), he has joined the majority, now fifteen years ago. We were midshipmen together in the "Spartan," though he was two or three years my senior, and I have already mentioned how intense his ambition was, even in those days. He had faults, but he was a fine character; most impulsive, but with an extraordinary talent, almost genius, for seeing the right thing to do, and taking the tide at the flood. Hence his good fortune. His sudden changes, and the way he would drop an untenable case, always surprised me.

I remember, on the occasion of the "Barracouta's" being suddenly ordered to Sierra Leone, which I have mentioned, he made many signals to the ship, hurrying her, and as I came off from the shore, the second lieutenant, the only commissioned officer doing duty, was just going to answer the Commodore's signal to repair to the flagship. He had done what he could, though he was far from well, but certainly there had been no undue delay. Of course, I answered the signal, and I was able to report the ship ready, but that we had a boat away to fetch our doctor from the hospital ship, and that I

would pick her up as we steamed out. I pointed out the boat, feeling rather hurt at the commodore thinking the ship had been slack. Hewett, who had been fuming up and down the poop, looked at the boat, then suddenly changed his tone, saying, "Well, they pull a d——d sight better than our boats do!" and was immediately as friendly as possible.

Our passage home was uneventful. We called at Sierra Leone, but there was no coal there, so we had to economise, which delayed us. We reached Bathurst on April 9th and Madeira on the 21st, where we stayed till 25th, Spithead being reached May 6th.

At Madeira we heard of the rewards for the war, and the vote of thanks in both Houses of Parliament. I was quite satisfied with what was done for the ship. I was made a C.B. and C.M.G., and mentioned by name in the vote of thanks as well as in the speeches of the Prime Minister in the House of Commons, and the Duke of Richmond in the Lords, while Dr. Moore and Mr. Hickson were specially promoted. We had, of course, heard of the change of Government previously, the Conservative Government, under Mr. Disraeli, having taken office early in 1874; but while, as I said above, I was quite content with the rewards given to the Navy, Hewett and Commerell having been made K.C.B.'s and Festing a K.C.M.G., with numerous promotions, I should like to have talked over the war with Lord Kimberley, Mr. Goschen, and Mr. Cardwell, who had been in office when the troubles first arose; and who would have fully appreciated the difficulties with which we had to contend before Sir Garnet came out, or a military expedition was thought of!

I may mention here that, through a miscalculation of the engineers, we had suddenly found ourselves short of coal, and had only two or three tons left as we crawled past Plymouth under sail; but I was ordered to Portsmouth, and I meant to get to Spithead somehow. The wind was from the north, and the leewardly old craft drifted unpleasantly near the Channel Islands, with their strong tides and currents, on the evening of the 5th of May, to the natural concern of Wonham, our navigating officer. We had fires banked, as our coal would not allow of us lighting

up again had we drawn fires; and I was trusting to being able to steam in when we had Portsmouth abeam, or at least to get near enough to the English coast to let our wants be made known. Fortunately, it fell nearly calm in the first watch, and I inspected the coal bunkers with the senior engineer, where I saw two little haycocks of small coal which had been swept up. It did not look promising, but I sacrificed two old canoes we had brought from the Coast, and we made an amalgam of coal and tar, which burnt splendidly. With this fuel we drew the fires forward, and gradually crept across the Channel, first sighting a training brig, to my great relief; and, with fore and aft sails drawing, we just managed to creep into Spithead in a snowstorm, on the afternoon of May 6th.

From Spithead we proceeded to Sheerness, and I shortly afterwards left the ship and went on half pay, having been promised a frigate in the training squadron, when the squadron, then on its way home, was recommissioned.

Thus ended a short, but eventful, commission for me, and, if I am to point a moral, it is that a naval officer is usually right to take any appointment offered him, as in my case the command of an old fashioned "paddle-flapper" gave me opportunities which would not otherwise have fallen to my lot.

Before altogether leaving my Ashanti service, I am tempted to give a copy of a specimen letter I received from our ally, King Blay, who I have so frequently mentioned, which shows the difficulty we had in communicating with him. It is dated "Ampance, September 19th, 1873," and fairly written, and runs as follows:—

"I have received your letter, accompanying with the hamac (I think I had sent him a hammock he had asked for), which I do render you my cordial thanks. I am glad to tell you that soon as the canoe left me this morning for board, the spies men arrived with the some of broking shell from the enemy's camp. How glad I feels my protector," etc. "My spies man tolds me that all the houses at enemy's camp are broked, truly that you have killed them much, there (they) left all their calabashes, pots, stools,

baskets, and run away. My hunter, who hid himself the other day behind the enemy, told me that he saw them that they suffered by shells. Herewith I send you a broking shell from the enemy's camp. I am glad that you will come back very soon, if not it will be extraordinary. According to my (your) Majesty's request, I have told my people do not touch the shell if they find at bush, because it will burst and hurt them. They understand very well.

"I am going to send you a word when I found it faithfully, because what King of Baynim done to me throu your assistance am not yet finish with him, to-morrow, if I have found right I must pass by land with a British flag and that you may see. Please let another spies man come (please wait for the return of another spy; he did return the next day, and I had a further letter dated September 21st), and if I see that all gone for (from) Baynee then I would know that I may tell you the truth. I think you have forgot. I have send you by the canoe 1 plank to let you commands to . . . . make me a wooden writing desk to keep all your lucky letters, everything was been spoilt by this war, therefore do excuse me of troubling.

"How children, women, men old and youngest are praising for you. God knows :—

"Your obedient humble servant,

"MARK X KING BLAY.

"P.S. Some of the spies men is not yet return, I waiting for them to tell you the truth.

"Yours,

"KING BLAY."

CHAPTER XII.

PEACE SERVICE—H.M.S. "DORIS"—DETACHED SQUADRON.

Appointed to H.M.S. "Doris"—The Detached Squadron Leaving Port—Sailing to Madeira—Mr. Wingfield—Drills and Exercises—Mild Discontent—Private Signals—Desertions at Monte Video—A Naval Officer's Powers—Gunnery—Inspection—A Shooting Trip in the Falkland Islands—A Scotch Settler—A Survivor of a Massacre—Passage to the Cape—The Cape in 1874—To St. Helena, Ascension, and St. Vincent—Dr. Dutt and the "Kate Kellock"—A Scattered Squadron—Making "Gib." in a Levanter—Admiral Rowley Lambert—Sailing for Bombay—A Mistake and a Discovery—French and English Use of St. Helena—Man Overboard in the "Raleigh"—Arrival at Bombay—Night Quarters—H.R.H. The Prince of Wales—Sailing for Trincomalie and Calcutta—A Man Overboard and a Pleasant Swim—Making Trincomalie under Difficulties—Replacing Burnt Spars—A Hemp Cable a Necessity—Pilotage of the Hugli—Unnecessary Batteries—Arrivals at Calcutta—An Unappreciated Welcome—Visits to Rajah—Salutes—Sailing from Calcutta—Arrival at Trincomalie and Bombay—Detached Squadron Sails—A Week's Shooting in the Hills—Sailing for England—Small Pox and Vaccination—Death of the Paymaster—More Small Pox Patients—Going Home Under Sail—Position of Lighthouses—How we Sailed from Table Bay—"Wide Awake Fair" at Ascension—Drills—Arrival at Plymouth—Sir Thomas Symonds and Inspections—Paying Off: A Warning against Changing Date Submitted—Passing Accounts—A Satisfactory Command.

I WAS appointed to the "Doris," a smart frigate with full sail power, in September, 1874, after a pleasant spell of nearly three months ashore, which was useful in setting up my health after the hard work on the Coast of Africa.

The "Doris" formed one of the detached squadron under Rear-Admiral (now Admiral Sir George) Randolph. The squadron consisted of six ships, most of which had just returned from a cruise in the Mediterranean, to be recommissioned with new officers and men, the ships being refitted. The other frigates were the "Narcissus" flagship, Capt. Bowden Smith; "Immortalité," Capt. Hume; "Topaze," Capt. Thrupp; "Newcastle," Capt. Gordon Douglas; and "Raleigh," Capt. George Tryon.

It was peace service and uneventful except in the sense

that all sailing cruises are interesting, and all squadron work, with its ceaseless competitions, is stimulating. To me it was all that I could wish—a fine frigate, the good old practice of handling a ship under sail, and the change from senior officer's work to competition and good comradeships made it delightful. I looked forward to an interesting commission, and I was not disappointed.

It may be worth while to give some particulars of the ships composing our squadron. All were steamers, of course, and though none were sister ships, all but the "Raleigh" were modifications of the fifty-one gun screw frigate built of wood, which came in about the time of the Russian war. Certainly there were differences; the "Immortalité" was undoubtedly the crack sailer, and the way she sat on the water was our admiration. The "Narcissus" was less horse power than the others, and too much by the stern; the "Newcastle" was a very fine frigate, and quite new; the "Topaze" was a fair specimen of her class; and the "Doris" differed to some extent from the others, having a flatter floor, more horse power, and fewer guns, as she had been built to carry 10-in. guns on her main deck. The "Raleigh" was a new, composite built ship, larger and more of a steamer than the others, and carrying a heavy armament; she had at that time *papier maché* scantling on her main deck, which was rather a failure. Under sail she was slow off the wind, owing to small sail area in proportion to her tonnage; but on a wind in a fresh breeze she could weather us all, except the "Immortalité." The "Doris" only carried thirty-two guns, four of these being 7-in. muzzle-loaders; the remainder, 64-pounder muzzle-loaders, converted 8-in. smooth bores.

Owing to the "Doris" having been detached to the West Indies she was later in returning to England than the others, and as the rest of the squadron had completed their refit by the date of my relieving Capt. W. H. Edye, on September 22nd, the squadron sailed without me, my orders being to join at Madeira. I had a good commander in D. H. Bosanquet, now a vice-admiral in command of the West Indian station, and good officers generally; but my ship's company was very young, as we were the last to

recommission, and the drafts had been heavy on the depôt ships, so that I had in many cases to take A.B.'s and even ordinary seamen in lieu of petty officers.

I do not propose to give our cruises in detail, and intend simply giving a summary of our movements, mentioning any matters of special interest.

With the frigates of those days steam was indeed an auxiliary only, and in Admiral Randolph's time it was never used at sea, and seldom in going in or out of harbour. Accordingly, I was most anxious to make my passage to Madeira under sail, and I wanted to sail out of Hamoaze, but this was not allowed.

This last proposal raised rather a storm in the dockyard, as such a suggestion had not been made for years, though I remembered that the "Queen" had sailed out of Portsmouth Harbour in 1852, and I could not see why a smart frigate could not sail out of Hamoaze into the Sound in 1874. The admiral superintendent, however, Admiral King Hall (afterwards Sir William), would not hear of it, and though he was a good sailor, and generally most friendly to me, the preposterous nature of my proposal, from a dockyard point of view, was such that he was very angry, and I fear the "Doris" sailed in his black books. So much for routine. But once in the Sound I could go my own way; so on Sunday, November 6th, I sailed out of the Sound fortunately not having to tack, and that day week I joined the squadron at Madeira, picking up our berth under sail very well, on which I was complimented by my brother captains. It was a good passage, just a week, under sail only, the distance being 1,210 miles.

It may be worth while mentioning one episode pointing to the necessity for young officers joining at the time ordered, and not trusting to the ship being delayed. There was a young naval cadet, called Wingfield, who was ordered to take a passage in the "Doris," to join the "Newcastle," and he should have joined on the Saturday night. His chest came on board that evening, and was duly hoisted in, but Mr. Wingfield, though he was, I believe, at Plymouth, did not show, and when I got leave to sail, about 10 a.m., I was ordered to send his chest on shore in the harbour master's boat. This

was done, the boat leaving the "Doris" just as we were under way. We could scarcely lie our course clear of the breakwater, and I was naturally looking after the ship, but my attention was called to a boat pulling frantically out after us, and I observed that she passed close to the harbour master's boat, though they did not communicate with one another. I could not "heave to" then, and when we lay to off Penlee Point to pick up Mr. Wingfield, the boat with his chest had got close to the shore. The boy preferred to come on in the "Doris" without his clothes, and the chest did not reach him till we arrived at Monte Video, I think. He was sent to the "Newcastle" at Madeira, and, poor boy, he was drowned in the China seas, having jumped overboard after a man, about which there was a Court of Inquiry. He was rather a wild young fellow, but a plucky lad. I was always sorry that he did not stay in the "Doris," which he wanted to do.

From Madeira we went to St. Vincent, Monte Video, and the Falkland Islands, under sail nearly all the time. It was interesting, but rather anxious work keeping station under sail, which often kept one on deck half the night, especially till the officers of the watches had got up to the work.

The Admiral was in a hurry to have his squadron "smart," as his time was running out; so we had plenty of drill aloft, general drill for all hands in the evenings, and watch drill every forenoon and afternoon at sea. Of course, our young ship's company were rather rushed, and I find in my journal that "we are expected to run before we can walk." It would all come right in time, I knew, but meanwhile there was risk of accidents, the "accident" being at the time problematical. I remember a boat's fall being let go once, quite accidentally, of course, for the topsail halliards. Undoubtedly, there was some mild dissatisfaction at that time, but the Admiral's signals had to be carried out, and the men were necessarily a bit hustled.

I had a centre sleeping cabin, with a skylight, not far from the mizenmast, and it was easy to throw down anonymous chits into the cabin full of complaints, of which I took little notice. However, I took an opportunity of acknowledging them one morning, when I said that it was

quite true that we were asked to run before we could walk, but that we must then learn to run quickly; I then displayed some half-dozen of these missives, and threw them overboard. Some officers thought that I ought to have taken more notice of them, but I thought not, especially as they were not expressed in insubordinate language.

I find in my journal of November 25th the following: "We are gaining ground steadily, however, and if the Commander and Captain can keep their heads and their tempers we shall get right in time." About this time we had an unexpected success in being first in a watch drill, though the competition was, of course, severe. Then there were squadron evolutions, which were very interesting, though under sail they meant a good deal of work and some seamanship.

The "private signals" were exercised by the Admiral occasionally, about which it may be worth while to make some remarks. "Private signals" are signals between one ship and another intended for use in war time, as an enemy could masquerade under false colours, and he might even have got hold of our flags and signal book.

These signals are naturally very confidential and secret; and are given into the captain's hands by the port admiral or his secretary before sailing. Secrecy being strictly enjoined, they are generally put away in a drawer, which is locked, and in the pressure of ordinary work they are overlooked. The signals have been altered now, so I am not telling any secrets, but at the time I am speaking of they consisted of question and answer according to certain rules. The signal staff and officers know nothing about them, and there is what in naval parlance is called a "panic" when an unintelligible signal is made. Then it dawns upon the captain that it is a private signal; he rushes to his drawer, lucky if he can find the key, pulls out his instructions which, perhaps, he reads for the first time, and more often than not makes the wrong answer. Fortunately I had studied them and understood them pretty well, but one captain I know told me that he got so confused over them that he preferred to see what the "Doris" answered, and then hoist the same signal, which was complimentary to me at all events!

At Monte Video a certain number of our men deserted, much to the Admiral's annoyance, and we were ordered to search the ships lying off the port with the view of finding them if possible. All the ships had lost two or three men each, which was not wonderful, as the wages were high on shore, and the Detached Squadron work, with its long sea cruises, salt provisions, and constant drills was not popular with our men, especially in the case of newly commissioned ships; so we captains thought that the men had gone up country. We were anchored four or five miles from the shore, as the River Plate shallows near the town, and between us and the shore lay about a hundred sail, so that, as I remarked in my journal, "it was rather like looking for a needle in a bundle of hay;" but I determined to do my best to carry out the Admiral's orders. It was one evening, when we were all dining with the Admiral, that the orders were given; so before leaving we captains put our heads together and agreed that as only British ships could be searched, and men could only enter through the British Consul, the first thing to do was to send to the consulate to find out what ships had entered men recently. I proposed that each lieutenant should have six description lists, so as to exchange with others, and if possible they were to arrange together as to which ships each should board. As soon as I got on board I got hold of a little book supplied to us, called, I think, "Naval Officers and Merchant Ships," showing a naval officer's power in such cases, and I marked passages for the benefit of my lieutenant. At 5 a.m. the next day I saw the lieutenant and gave him his instructions, pointing out to him that he had a right to muster the crew, to insist on seeing every hand, and that should any of our deserters be on board, they would probably have shipped under an assumed name.

It turned out that the Admiral was right; at least, in the case of the "Doris" men. We had two deserters, one of whom was found by our boat and one by the "Raleigh's." None of the other ships were so successful, but, except the "Raleigh," the others had not given sufficient instructions. The "Raleigh's" was the only lieutenant who had exchanged descriptions with my lieutenant, though others should have

done so. I may say that the suggestion for the lieutenants to meet ashore came from George Tryon, who had a most intimate knowledge of the service in all its branches. I had had to do with merchant ships before, and knew our powers pretty well. It is probable that some of the captains did not know of the existence of the little book I have above referred to.

I have mentioned this little incident as an instance of one of the odd jobs which fall to the lot of the naval captain, who should be fully acquainted with all his rights and powers; and here I may remark that it would be a better system if all commanders were obliged to hold independent command for a year or two before being promoted, as it is only when in command of his own ship that an officer has to act in similar cases. Legal cases and jurisdiction do not come in the way of the second in command, who is immersed in his important executive duties and organisation.

On January 21st, after provisioning, we sailed for the Falkland Islands, having the usual drills and exercises. We were now often first, and I note in my journal that I am quite ready for inspection. At night quarters we were first ship, my journal says, but I was not satisfied, as the time was seven and a half minutes. So much discussion has taken place recently about neglect of gunnery and firing, about which there has been some exaggeration, that I may mention here that we had no gunnery lieutenant in the "Doris," though we were allowed one, so I put gunnery under the second lieutenant, and gave great attention to it myself, though in the Detached Squadron I admit that handling the ship and station-keeping were looked upon as of even more importance than good gunnery.

We were at the Falklands from January 30th to February 14th, and I got some shooting after we had been inspected on February 8th. The inspection was a searching one, though the day was not as fine as we could have wished; however, the Admiral, though he spotted some weaknesses, was most complimentary. This was very satisfactory to me, and to all hands, who were so pleased that they hoisted boats up in grand style.

My shooting trip is worth some description. A Mr. Greenshields, a hard-headed Scotch farmer, who had a station about fifty miles from Port Stanley, kindly took me to his house, and put me up for two days and three nights.

Our ride was a long one; there were delays, and we did not get away till 10 a.m. on Tuesday, the 9th.

Our party consisted of Mr. Lory, the colonial chaplain, Greenshields and myself, and we were all well mounted.

Greenshields had intended taking two days for the journey, as much of the ground was rotten and boggy, technically called "soft camp;" and there were several inlets, called here *brasses de mer*, to cross; but my leave was up on Friday night, so I persisted in going on to our destination, on which Greenshields said, "Well, then, we'll just keep going till we get there." Some fresh mounts were got at a halting place, and a little after midnight the welcome "home," a bare but substantial building on a bleak moor, was reached at last. For some time we could make no one hear, but Greenshields' persistent calls for Elizabeth (his wife) were responded to at last, and she soon got a cheery peat fire and good food ready, which was very welcome to tired and wet travellers. All was very rough, and we mounted to our rooms by ladders, there being no staircases. The house was substantially built of brick, but there was no pretence of plaster or paper.

My journal says: "Mr. Greenshields has a family of eight sons and daughters, between sixteen and two years of age. I found him very well informed, and setting a steady, good example to all around him at his station; he is, in fact, just such a man as is required in a new country. His business is sheep farming, and he has been successful, occupying a large tract of country and owning some 12,000 sheep.

"Of course he has sixty or seventy horses, which are used as they are required; while wild cattle range about in large herds, which are the property of the owner of the land they happen to be on."

We had two days' good shooting, being out from morning till evening, though it was very wet. There was plenty of game, chiefly wildfowl, widgeon and teal; and I was fortunate enough to kill a couple of Pampa teal, which are rather rare.

Geese were numerous, but they were so tame we despised them. Some of Mr. Greenshields' men chased the cattle to show us how the lasso is thrown, and we saw two killed. I much enjoyed racing after the cattle, as a change from the shooting. On Friday we started early, and reached the ship by seven o'clock, after much floundering in the boggy ground, and I was fortunate in only getting one fall crossing a "rosia," or stream, with rotten banks. Altogether, I much enjoyed my two days' sport. My journal thus describes the Falklands: "They are certainly very inclement, even at this summer season. It blows and rains two days out of three, while the thermometer never gets higher than 50° to 55°. The country is very boggy, but affords good pasturage for cattle, and in some parts, as at Mr. Greenshields' station, for sheep. It is never very cold, snow being unusual. The land is destitute of trees, and though there are some high hills, they all have the same bleak and bare look." But I must not run on about the Falklands. The harbour of Port Stanley is quite land-locked and safe. One of Greenshield's men, called Cole, was the only man saved when the mission steamer, "Ellen Gordon," on her way to Tierra del Fuego, was taken by the natives, and all hands but himself were murdered.

He escaped at the time, and hid himself for a fortnight, when he was obliged to give himself up, and he lived for four months and sixteen days with the Tierra del Fuegans, being, like them, quite naked. He spoke of them as a miserable race, crouching round their fires, their food being chiefly mussels and shell fish.

On February 14th the squadron sailed for the Cape. It was fine when we sailed, but that night it blew hard, and all the frigates rolled very uncomfortably. I don't think the "Doris" was worse than the others, but I know that I had a very unpleasant night, the ship rolling 25° to 30° each way, shot jumping out of the racks, and even guns getting adrift. It was a heavy, revolving gale, but it did us little harm, our only loss in the "Doris" being a topmast studd sail boom. The "Immortalité" lost a quarter boat.

We had a good passage, and as the weather moderated

drills were constant; and my journal is full of performances which were generally satisfactory, as we were frequently first or second. It is interesting to see what this squadron could do under sail, so I mention that on the 26th we ran 278 miles, an average of eleven and a half knots. On March 6th we arrived at Simons Bay.

The squadron refitted, the officers gave a dance in the dockyard, and we enjoyed our long stay there, making many friends at Cape Town, and in the pretty suburbs of Wineburg, Rondebosch, and Heidelburg. We gave sundry entertainments on board, of course, and I remember Colonel Pulleine and his wife lunching with me. The 24th Regiment were then at Cape Town, and poor Pulleine and nearly all the officers we knew so well were killed a few years later, when the regiment was cut to pieces at Isandlwana.

On April 3rd the squadron sailed for St. Helena, except the "Raleigh," which had taken Sir Garnet Wolseley to Natal. She rejoined us at St. Helena. We had plenty of drill while running before the trade, the favourite drill being to furl sails, and then make all possible sail again. Our best time, and the best time made, I think, at this evolution was 3 min. 30 sec. from "let fall" to all studd sails. I was glad to see my old friends the Chevalliers again.

We touched at Ascension and St. Vincent. The north-east trade, when nearing St. Vincent, being very baffling and squally under the Islands, we split several sails, and eventually we all had to steam to get in.

It was at Ascension that I received the voluminous correspondence about Dr. Dutt, who I had discharged from the "Kate Kellock" at the same place eighteen months before, as explained in my "Barracouta" service. The story had now become rather ancient history. My journal remarks: "As I know I did right in the matter I do not feel very anxious about it, but one has to furbish up one's memory as to facts which occurred eighteen months ago."

On May 27th we left St. Vincent under sail; but we all got becalmed under San Antonio Island, all the squadron

being scattered. Indeed, at daylight on the 28th, a lovely morning with a fresh trade, only one ship was in sight, half topsails down, from our topgallant yard, where I went myself to make her out, as I did not want to be chasing a merchant ship to leeward. We were further from the flagship than any of the ships, but all were miles distant from each other. Fortunately we were to windward, and by carrying on we rejoined at 9 p.m.

I mention this as it shows how, under certain circumstances, it is possible even for the ships of a squadron most anxious to keep together, and when the general direction is known, to lose each other; so that the difficulty of finding an enemy's ship, or even an enemy's squadron, is much greater than is generally supposed, and this will, I think, be found to be the case in the next maritime war.

We reached Gibraltar on June 20th, having worked up against a levanter under steam and sail, "our sails splitting by the dozen," my journal remarks, as they were all much worn, and I was not sorry when we reached our anchorage in the middle watch.

We remained at Gibraltar from June 20th to July 15th, Rear-Admiral Rowley Lambert relieving Rear-Admiral Randolph, with Lord Charles Scott as flag captain. Our time was spent very pleasantly, refitting, filling up with stores, public and private dinners, and cricket matches, in most of which I played.

The Detached Squadron sailed on July 15th for Bombay, to assist in doing honour to the Prince of Wales on the occasion of his visit to India in the "Serapis," and it is unnecessary to give any more details of routine and drills.

A curious thing happened on August 22nd, when we were about 2,500 miles from the Cape, and running before a strong westerly breeze. We usually steered by a tiller which was high up in my cabin, but the leverage was great, and there was a yoke which was shipped lower down on the rudder head, but which swept all the after part of the cabin, so it was never used except in bad weather. However, I thought it best to ship it; and this had just been done to my satisfaction when I heard a commotion on deck, and found the

ship almost by the lee, and not answering her helm. Fortunately it immediately occurred to me that this had to do with the change of steering gear, and on rushing down to my cabin I saw plainly that the rudder showed starboard helm, though on deck the "tell tale" showed port helm. There was no time for argument, so I at once gave the order, "Hard a' starboard," much to the astonishment of the officer of the watch and quartermaster; but the ship came to apparently against the helm, the navigating lieutenant having failed to see that the wheel ropes had to be crossed, as the tiller ropes worked from forward aft and the yoke lines from aft forward. For the remainder of this cruise the lead was not altered, only starboard meant go to starboard; port meant go to port.

I have referred to this, as the plan by which the ships' course is altered in the same direction as the helm ordered is, I consider, far more satisfactory, and less liable to confusion, than that adopted in the British service of referring to an imaginary tiller when giving orders to the helm. This is, I believe, the system adopted by the French, and most foreign navies. I know that we dropped into it quite easily in the "Doris;" it was so evidently the right thing. The confusion in our practice to which I have referred, is, I think, evident; but most seamen know that pilots and navigators are in the habit of ordering the helmsman to "starboard (or port) a point," meaning put the helm a starboard (or port), so that the ship's head may go to port (or starboard) a point.

On the other hand, the signal book orders course to be altered one point to starboard (or port), so that to "starboard a point" means to alter course a point to port, while "alter course a point to starboard" means the reverse.

One other episode of this cruise is worth mentioning. It was blowing very fresh; we were running 11·5 knots under double reefs, and rolling heavily at 6 a.m. on August the 26th, being about 1,700 miles from the Cape, when the "Raleigh" dropped a man overboard. She lowered her boat, rounded to, then beat up to the boat, and the man was picked up. It was a fine piece of seamanship, chiefly due, I believe, to A. K. Wilson, then commander of the "Raleigh" (now Vice-Admiral Sir Arthur K. Wilson V.C. K.C.B.), who was on

deck at the time. I did not think the "Raleigh" would ever get up to her boat again, and the "Doris" was to windward. I was on deck and saw the whole affair, so I at once wore round and stood to windward of the "Raleigh's" boat, ready to pick her up, several boats' crews having been lost under similar circumstances—unable to regain their ship. Our services were not needed; but I was warmly thanked by Tryon, and our moral support was, I believe, of great help to the boat's crew, who knew they were sure of assistance.

We were at the Cape from September 6th to the 14th, when we sailed for Bombay. We had plenty of rolling when making Easting, and, steaming occasionally, we reached Bombay on October 22nd.

Some foolish remarks of the German Admiral Livonius having been made, a few years since, about British men-of war never exercising their guns at night, I may mention here, what is well known in the navy, that an Admiralty order has existed certainly from long before my entry into the service, fifty-five years ago, that "night quarters" must take place once in each quarter, and in proof of which I give the extract from my journal under date of September 30th: "Being the end of the quarter, kept a good look out for night quarters, which came off at 11.30 very successfully. Our first divisional broadside was 2.35, and I think we were first by a good deal.

I need not deal here with the ceremonies and shows on the occasion of the Prince of Wales's arrival on November 8th, nor with the dinners and receptions which took place afterwards, the most interesting of which was a picnic in the Caves of Elephanta.

On November 22nd the squadron sailed from Bombay for Colombo, but "Topaze" and "Doris" were detached when off the Malabar coast to Trincomalie and Calcutta, so as to arrive at the latter place in good time to receive the Prince of Wales on his arrival.

On November 26th, "squadron, in company," under steam and sail, going about 6·5 knots, at about 7.30 a.m., when I was in my bath I heard the unmistakable commotion which, to practised ears, means "man overboard."

I was in no state to go on deck, and, looking out of a large port, I saw the lifebuoy let go, and I saw, or thought I saw, the man in the water, so I at once jumped overboard through the port; but, on looking round, I could see nothing of the man, though I swam round the buoy and near it several times; then the unpleasant notion came to me that he must have been taken by a shark, as several had been seen, but I could see no blood.

The "Newcastle" was the next ship astern of us, and, as she approached, excited bluejackets were calling out to me "Keep up, my lad," which rather annoyed me, and I called out, "Oh, I'm all right"; when, I suppose, my voice was recognised, as the shouts ceased, and I heard afterwards that the men said, "Blowed if it ain't our captain's chum." The "Newcastle's" boat first picked me up, Mr. Cust (son of the Dean of York, and now a post captain) being midshipman of the boat, when I was transferred to the "Doris" boat, which had the man who had fallen overboard in it.

This man, Sanders by name, had caught hold of the boat rope as he fell overboard, but had gone astern, the stops breaking; but he held on and was towed astern, mostly under water, till he was picked up.

I know I had a pleasant swim in the tropical sea. The Admiral signalled to ask what had happened, and I answered that "a man had fallen overboard, but had held on to a rope astern, and that an officer had jumped after him, and had been picked up, no one the worse." I doubt if he ever knew who the officer was, though, of course, it was generally known in the squadron.

The next day the "Topaze" and "Doris" parted company from the Admiral for Trincomalie, and I was under Captain Thrupp's orders. These ships carried little coal, and my senior officer did not seem to appreciate the current we were sure to meet with after rounding Point de Galle, at the south of Ceylon, so my journal shows that I was anxious about reaching Trincomalie. On the 30th I signalled to him that I must go our own pace or we should fail to get in. This I was allowed to do, though Thrupp jauntily added that he would tow us in. The prospect was not pleasant with a strong head

wind, thick weather, and heavy rain, a three knot current against us, and little coal. At 8 a.m. on December 2nd I had only seven tons of coal left, and I was burning spars. I knew we were off Trincomalie, but no land was in sight; it was very thick weather, and raining in torrents.

The "Topaze," so far from being able to tow us in, was worse off than ourselves, owing to a miscalculation of her engineers. I got leave to try and make the port, and we got in all right, the "Topaze" following two hours later. I find that I burnt a spare topmast, two top studding sail booms, and some small rough spars; but my greatest stand-by was burning fifty bags of weevilly biscuit mixed with coal dust and tar, which made a capital amalgam. The "Topaze" burnt a hemp cable, a hand-mast, etc. I was more fortunate than the "Topaze," as she could not replace her cable, while I dug up a good cowrie spar, which had been brought to Trincomalie from New Zealand in a store ship thirty years before, and would probably have rotted had it been left much longer; so our carpenters made us a really good spare top-mast on the way to Calcutta, and the other spars were replaced. This was a mere matter of account, and I really was a gainer, as I got rid of my bad biscuit, which the surveying officers had refused to condemn at Bombay, and the new topmast was a much better one than the old one, which had become warped from lying on the booms.

But at that time a hemp cable was considered a necessity, and my brother captain had a good many questions to answer about it. I am bound to admit that I got my hemp cable up to burn it if necessary, but I kept it back to the last, and fortunately I was able to save it. I did not consider it very valuable myself, but I knew that the admirals and the Admiralty would be horrified at such a sacrifice! It is not, of course, thought to be a necessity now.

At Trincomalie I filled up every crevice with coal and took eighty tons on the main deck, so that we had no difficulty in steaming up to Calcutta against the monsoon, though the "Topaze" had to go to Madras for coal.

On December 14th we reached the Hugli, and on the 15th we reached Calcutta. The "Doris" drew only twenty-

one to twenty-two feet when light, and my journal remarks that we had only two to three feet under her bottom in the shoal parts. Of course we had one of the regular pilots on board who was quite an educated gentleman, and the river is well marked and buoyed, yet batteries have been built at Fulta and elsewhere capable of resisting "an ironclad fleet," though nearly all ironclads draw twenty-six to twenty-eight feet; but in these matters of defence, until recently, it was too much the custom for forts to be erected without regard either to our probable enemies or even to naval possibilities.

The Detached Squadron was now rather broken up, as the "Raleigh" and "Newcastle" drew too much water to come up the river, and after the Prince's arrival in the "Serapis," we flew Admiral Macdonald's flag, who was commander-in-chief on the East Indies station. The "Topaze" and "Immortalité" arrived some days later, and the "Narcissus," which was a poor steamer, arrived on the afternoon of Christmas day, the Admiral being much annoyed at being too late; the "Serapis" having arrived on the 23rd.

I remember that as he passed the "Topaze," a bluejacket who had dined well called out to a man in the "Narcissus'" chains "A merry Christmas to you." Unluckily, Admiral Rowley Lambert was just above him on the poop and he chose to think this rather inopportune welcome was addressed to himself.

Lord Northbrook, the Viceroy, kindly took me round when he paid his return visits to numerous rajahs, which were very interesting; among others we paid a visit to the Begum of Bhopal, who, my journal says, appeared in a sort of muslin bag, having even covered her hands with gauze.

Of course, there were numerous ceremonies, dinners, dances, and a big durbar; but I avoided them as much as possible, having received bad news from home.

My time was a good deal taken up by receiving the rajahs, most of whom came on board to be saluted, as the "Serapis," which lay alongside, could not salute, and the Commander-in-chief rightly would not salute them

unless they called upon him. In this way I had Gwalior, Puttiala, and many other great men to see the ship.

Most of these rajahs wanted two more guns than they were entitled to, but of course I was duly posted in their right number, and had to stick to it. Poor Puttiala had a fearful headache, from the weight of his jewelled turban; the diamonds, he told me, had belonged to the Empress Eugenie, and he was much more comfortable when he could change it for a simpler and lighter one. The Resident, who came with him, put the valuable turban, somewhat unceremoniously, I thought, into an empty cigar box!

I left Calcutta, in the "Doris," on January 8th, hauling down the Admiral's flag as we sailed. I had permission to call at Madras and Trincomalie on our way to Bombay. There was a great question as to whether we could turn the ship with the ebb tide, which would save us a day, and I had much trouble to persuade the harbour master it was possible, though we managed it all right. We were clear of the river by the evening of the 9th.

I spent two days at Madras, and sailed in and out of Trincomalie harbour; rather a feat, I believe. We had to make four tacks working out. We were short of coal, and had to work up the coast for Bombay, but we arrived there on the morning of February 1st, rejoining the squadron, which had arrived on the previous day. On February 14th four of Admiral Lambert's squadron sailed for China. The "Raleigh" was to accompany the "Serapis," and our boilers in the "Doris" were so bad that we were left behind, rather to my disappointment.

I was fortunate enough to get a few days' shooting in the Sautpoora Hills with a Mr. Shuttleworth of the Forest Department and Mr. Hartley of the Indian Civil Service, who kindly provided tents and put me up with two of our lieutenants, Royle and Cross, both now post captains. I need not describe Indian travelling, the dusty plains and bullock carts after the railway was left, nor the tent life, which I much enjoyed; and after our sport I slept well, notwithstanding the howling of hyænas and the yelling jackals. We only got deer though we tried for tiger and bear, and wounded one of the latter.

On one occasion we thought we had a tiger which had recently killed a buffalo, and was reported by the beaters to be still in the nullah, but he had made off, so we were disappointed. We were generally placed in trees, but on this occasion there were no suitable trees, so we lined the head of the nullah where the tiger was to be driven by the beaters, and I think some of the party were relieved to hear that no tiger was to be found. I was away from the 20th to the 29th, and got just a week's shooting, but we were much disappointed at failing to get a tiger.

We remained on at Bombay till March 25th, when we sailed for England, the "Serapis," with the Prince of Wales, and "Raleigh" having left for home on the 13th *via* the Suez Canal.

A question connected with smallpox and vaccination may well be recorded here. There was much smallpox on shore, and our men had all been vaccinated at the dockyard. It was easy to see who required vaccination among the men, as they are all vaccinated on joining the service, the date and result being recorded on their certificates; but with the officers one had to depend upon their own statement. I had directed the doctor to make personal inquiry from every officer in the ship, but he had only given general notice about vaccination being necessary, and when the operations would take place; this was evidently unsatisfactory, very few officers availing themselves of the first opportunity which offered itself. Accordingly, I sent my clerk round to every officer, and I found that the worst case was that of the paymaster, Mr. Hills, a man of about forty, who had never been vaccinated since he was a baby. He admitted this, but seemed to think it of little consequence till I spoke seriously to him about it, when he promised to have the operation performed the next opportunity. Poor fellow, when the next chance came he was unwell, really sickening with smallpox; he was sent to Butcher's Island in the middle of the harbour, where I saw him frequently, sailing over there in my galley every day with the sea breeze. The attack was a virulent one of confluent smallpox, and he died on March 24th, after eight days' illness.

Shortly before this two of our "seedy boys," natives, of which we were allowed a dozen, I think, while on the station, were found to have smallpox, and as it had not been discovered for some days, I pointed out to the doctor the importance of isolating any suspicious cases at once. The result of this was that four of our men were sent to the European hospital rather in a hurry one afternoon while I was away from the ship, being supposed to have smallpox. I feared that the doctor had been premature, and on going to the hospital the next morning the civilian doctors agreed that probably the men had not got smallpox, but that as they had been put in the smallpox ward they would probably have it by this time. There was really nothing the matter with them, but they were sent to Butcher's Island for twelve days, where they played quoits and amused themselves. We had no other cases, but these men were to be in quarantine for twelve days.

They were sent to Butcher's Island on the 14th, and as we had our orders for England on the 25th, rather disbelieving in their being likely to have smallpox, I arranged to embark them after the funeral, and we started under sail at six that evening. The 25th was a Saturday, but on Sunday morning the doctor found that two of the Butcher's Island men had smallpox, so I isolated all the men who had been on the island, put back under steam and landed them, with all they had, destroying most of the clothes and bedding. I then sailed again, and we had no more cases. All these men recovered. The moral is worth mentioning for the anti-vaccinators. Our complement was 490, and had I been asked who was likely to catch the smallpox and die I should certainly have said the paymaster. On the other hand, the patients who had been vaccinated all recovered, and were little the worse for their attack.

Our boilers being bad I sailed all the way to Mauritius, and thence to the Cape, without lighting fires. At the Cape, where we arrived on May 21st, we were put in quarantine, though our last case of smallpox had been landed nearly two months before. At Mauritius, on the other hand, we had pratique, as they had not been frightened by newspaper reports. In the

tropics I generally hove to for the men to bathe every night, and I liked to have a swim myself. We used a sail, in case of sharks being about.

We were off the Cape on the evening of the 20th, but a dense fog coming on I hauled off for the night, standing in again early in the morning.

It seemed clear, but the Cape light could not be seen, I was pretty sure of our position, and stood in till we saw the Roman Rocks light in Simons Bay. It was a not uncommon instance of the high light being obscured by clouds. I believe the light is now placed in a lower position.

We went round to Table Bay for a ball, and got caught there in a gale, having to put to sea under steam; but we returned in time for the ball on the 7th.

On the 11th I sailed for England, and it is worth while saying how we got out under sail. The wind was extraordinarily baffling—a lower wind from the north-west—while aloft our upper sails were generally filled with a south-east wind blowing over the low land. After bracing round several times and drifting about, I decided to trim for the south-east wind, set topgallant studding-sails, furl courses and clew up topsails; this was successful, and we slipped out, going inside Robben Island, making 2·5 knots. I sailed all the way home till near Plymouth, touching at St. Helena and Ascension, and was glad to see my old friends the Chevalliers at the former place, and many others. Steam was only got up for target practice. In corroboration of what I mentioned before about night quarters, I may mention that we went to night quarters on the night of June 30th, being the end of the quarter, and if the German admiral I referred to had said that night quarters were not generally appreciated, and were often put off as long as possible, he would not have been far wrong.

In those days, with muzzle-loading guns, we nearly always fired with blank cartridge, chiefly to show that powder has been supplied from the magazine; but this is not done now, blank never being fired from the heavy guns. We fired several broadsides by order.

The "Wideawake Fair" was going on at Ascension, when

we arrived there on July 8th, and my journal thus describes it :—

"The fair was going off a bit, but it was a curious sight still. Thousands of eggs the size of small hen's eggs, with black spots were lying about. On some the old birds were still sitting, while young birds in every stage of development were flying or running or staggering about, and just over our heads thousands of these curious sea birds were careering round and round. The fair is a sort of amphitheatre between the hills, and not badly selected for shelter. It is not very large, being some half-mile or less across. The birds are handsome, with long, pointed wings, and, when full grown, are nearly all white, the young ones being black. All were very tame," etc. These birds were boobies and noddies, I believe, but I am afraid our naval knowledge of ornithology was indifferent, as I could not find out much about them.

I did usual drills on the way home, to interest and employ the men, and I find my journal mentions some good work, such as shifting courses in 3 mins. 46 secs., which really was smart. We were bound to Plymouth, where Sir Thomas Symonds was commander-in-chief. He was fond of taking ships by surprise, to see how they would acquit themselves, and I hoped to show him that the "Doris" was prepared for any "heavy drill" it might please him to order.

We had fine weather and very light winds most of the way. Being rather short of provisions, I was obliged to get up steam when near the Wolf Rock on August 18th, and we steamed into Plymouth Sound that evening. The Admiral passed us in his yacht, the "Vivid," going to the Scillys, catching us having a last clean up, with all the guns fore and aft; but we went to general quarters and fired our salute all right. He returned the next day, but refused to inspect us, our inspection, which was very satisfactory, being carried out by Admiral Phillimore, then second in command of the Channel Squadron.

It was curious that Sir T. Symonds had inspected the two last ships himself which had been paid off at Devonport, both smaller than the "Doris," and in both cases had made them drill aloft, shifting topsail yards in one case, and main topsail

yard and jibboom in the other. This was exactly what I had expected and was prepared for; but we had no such tests of our efficiency. I was rather disappointed, but it was, I think, rather a compliment than otherwise, as he himself told me how he had astonished one of the ships I have referred to, and apparently he looked upon the "Doris" as unlikely to afford him sufficient sport.

Sir T. Symons, who died as Admiral of the Fleet, is too well known in the navy to need any description from me. He had been one of our best frigate captains in the "Spartan" and "Arethusa," and was a splendid sailor in the old sense of the term; but he was a very clever man, and as sails were becoming obsolete, and our fleet consisted of ironclads, he always grasped the essential attributes of efficiency, assimilating new ideas and throwing old prejudices overboard.

We paid off, I think, on September 4th. I am not quite sure of the date, which is immaterial. Having been warned on my arrival that ships paid off recently had not allowed themselves sufficient time I had named a later date; but our men worked so well that I was unwilling to detain them, and I got leave to antedate the day of paying off by six days.

I was also anxious to get away to assist my brother in his contested election for Buckinghamshire. The ship was more than ready by the date last named, but it was a great mistake, the change causing much confusion of accounts, and I had only an acting paymaster and indifferent clerks, so that I had more trouble in "passing my accounts" in the "Doris" than I ought to have had. In other respects the "Doris" was the most satisfactory ship I ever commanded. The crew joined with me, and I paid her off. Thanks to good officers she was a thoroughly efficient good man-of-war, always looking well, and I was very proud of her.

CHAPTER XIII.

H.M.S. "LORD WARDEN" AND "INVINCIBLE."

Half Pay—A Torpedo Course and Appointment to "Lord Warden"—The "Lord Warden"—Joining Channel Squadron—A Coastguard Ship and District—Some Difficulties—Compensations—Pilotage of East Coast of England—Pilots—Harbour Masters' Red Tape—Going into Harbour at Sheerness—Pilotage Money—Moderate Speed Rather than Slow Speed—Trips Up and Down the Coast—Most Economical Rate of Speed—A Reserve Squadron—Inspection of Coastguard Stations—Old Coastguard Officers—Promotion and Appointments—Taking Coastguardsmen to Sea—Removals and "Methods of Barbarism"—Moorings—The Outfit of a Coastguard Station—My Blacksmith's Shop—Different Ways of Conducting Business—Purchase of the "Psyche"—The "Fremantle"—Correspondence on the Subject—A Zealous Coastguard—Capturing a Smuggler—Exchange to the "Invincible"—Saving a Boy in Plymouth Sound—A Winter's Passage to the Mediterranean—Loss of Two Men—An Unsatisfactory Inspection—Sir Geoffrey Hornby—Supercession of Officers—Mediterranean Drills and the "Invincible"—A Russian Frigate and her Officers—Stay at Alexandria and Visit to Cairo—Visit to Aboukir Bay—Saving a Man—Assisted by Mr. Charles Moore—Meeting the "Rifleman"—A Knotty Point—Medals Received—Two Gold Medals—Capture of Colonel Synge by Brigands—Sailing from the Piræus for Salonica—Lieut. Hill a Prisoner—Rescue of Lieut. Hill—Turkish Officers Impressed—Excuses—Entertaining the King under Difficulties—Salvage Again—The "Georgio Boscovitch"—Austrian Consul's View—The Captain of the "Georgio Boscovitch"—Independent Cruises—Water Glasses—Recovery of a Whitehead Torpedo—Offer of Senior Officer at Gibraltar—Acceptance of the Appointment—An Enthusiastic French Admiral.

AFTER paying-off the "Doris" in August, 1876, I was ashore till May, 1877, when I was appointed to the "Lord Warden," coastguard ship, at Queensferry. The winter of 1876-77 was spent mostly in London, chiefly on account of my wife's health; and I liked to keep in touch with the service, attending lectures and writing articles for the magazines and naval papers.

I was at Portsmouth in April for a course of torpedo, which I had nearly completed, when I had a sudden order to join the "Lord Warden" at Queensferry immediately and take her to sea, in consequence of the ill-health of her captain.

It was only a temporary appointment, which I did not object to, as I had no wish to go into the Coastguard.

The "Lord Warden" was a fine old ironclad, of 7,800 tons, and a fair steamer. She and her sister, the "Lord Clyde," were the only wooden ironclad battleships built in England.

She had only recently been commissioned, and winter time, and a reduced complement of officers and men, were not factors tending to good man-of-war like appearance or discipline. Captain Bedingfeld, who commissioned her, had retired, being succeeded by Captain C. Buckle, who had known the "Lord Warden" in tip-top order as flagship in the Mediterranean. He was in bad health, and unable to put matters to rights, while he deeply felt the contrast between the ship as he had known her previously and her state when he joined. Accordingly, when he knew that she must go to sea, he applied to remain ashore on leave, and I was appointed.

Two days after I joined we sailed to join the Channel Squadron at Plymouth, calling at the Humber, Yarmouth and Sheerness to pick up coastguardsmen to fill up our complement.

At the end of this cruise we were detained south, first as guardship at Cowes, and then for docking and overhaul at Portsmouth. I expected to be relieved by an officer permanently appointed, as Captain Buckle was still unwell; but no appointment was made, and feeling the inconvenience of the uncertainty of my position, I volunteered, at the Admiral-Superintendent of Naval Reserve's suggestion, to remain, and was appointed accordingly.

We did not leave Portsmouth for our station till October, 1877, after five months' absence from the coastguard district under my orders.

To the uninitiated in naval matters, I must explain what the command of a coastguard ship meant. The system, which has only quite recently been changed, was for the captain of a coastguard ship to be in charge of a "district" of coastguard. In my case, this meant all the stations on the east coast of Scotland, and even Loch Inver on the west coast, besides the Orkneys and Shetlands. All these stations

had to be inspected once a year, besides the Royal Naval Reserve drill ships at Dundee, Aberdeen, and Inverness, and drill batteries at other stations.

My beat was extensive, but the men were few, only 175 or 185 I think altogether, so that a big ship like the "Lord Warden" had to fill up from other coastguard districts. The ships had only half complements when at their stations, but as they only went to sea to fire once a quarter, it was supposed that this did not matter, and when the summer cruise of four to six weeks took place, extra officers were appointed, and the crew completed.

It certainly was simple to exist in a slovenly condition, but far from an easy task to keep up man-of-war discipline and order. Hence the opprobrious name of "gobby ships," or "gobbies" as they were commonly called. Naturally they were not popular with the best officers or men, and the officers only counted "harbour time," *i.e.* three years for two years' "sea service" towards promotion or retirement, which was a real grievance.

Under these circumstances much depended on the captain, and he had a choice of evils as regards executive officers; indifferent ones he might keep, but good ones only came for a time, till something better turned up. As I preferred the latter, I had in my two and a half years in command of the "Lord Warden" three commanders, three first lieutenants, and three chief engineers. So what with absence inspecting, short complements, and officers constantly changing, it was hard indeed to prevent a coastguard ship from earning the right to the slang name above referred to.

However, there were compensations. I lived on shore in a house close to the ship, and the heads of departments were generally efficient men; but I think most of them considered the "Lord Warden" as a harbour appointment in the light of a swindle, their families being at Portsmouth or Devonport, and even the six weeks' leave a year to which they were entitled meant a good hole in their pockets for travelling expenses, which they could ill afford. In 1877, after our cruise with the Channel Squadron, the

"Lord Warden" was ordered to be guardship at Cowes during the Cowes week, which I need scarcely say was generally appreciated, but "some were sad and felt no mirth" at being kept away from their port, where they had established their families, and I remember the old staff commander, "Dan" O'Connell (as we called him, though his name was John), saying to me quite seriously, in the middle of all the gaiety and nautical excitement of the Cowes week, that "this was worse than the coast of Africa," he considered.

The charm to me of the appointment was the opportunity it afforded me of familiarising myself with the pilotage of the east coast of England, so that I became well acquainted with this well lighted but shallow coast. I always went at a fair speed, even in thick weather or fog, trusting to pick up the marks and buoys, and to be passed on from milestone to milestone as it were. I think I could now give the principal landmarks and lights on the east coast.

At that time, at all events, the Spurn, the Dudgeon, the Dowsing, the Newarp, East Swin, and Alexandra Channels, leading to Sheerness, etc., were household words to me, and thanks to accurate tide books supplied we could calculate the tides to a few inches of water or minutes of time.

I only once had a pilot on board, which was when I first went into the Humber in 1877. We had anchored near the entrance, not going up as far as Grimsby, as we usually did afterwards, and in going out again with a fresh breeze and dirty weather, I had to stop and drop him before we were well clear, which I did not at all like with the strong tide running. After that time I never had a pilot on board, the navigating officer doing the pilotage. I had a good staff commander in O'Connell, mentioned above, and in Brown, who was with me afterwards.

In my "Barracouta" time I had, as I have mentioned, to take a pilot on leaving Sheerness, though the old "flapper" only drew fifteen or sixteen feet of water, and there was eighteen feet on the bar at low-water springs. The "Lord Warden" drew twenty-eight or twenty-nine feet, and at high-water

the chart only showed thirty feet, so that we had little to spare; yet we used to go in and out of the harbour without a pilot. I remember that when I first went to Sheerness in the "Lord Warden," not wishing to remain at the Nore three miles from the shore, I hoisted the signal "Permission to come into harbour," which I felt sure would not be given; but I thought it worth trying, and the entrance is perfectly easy, on which Dan O'Connell came to me in a great state of mind, as he had never been to Sheerness I believe. "Oh," I said, "you can make your mind quite easy, as they won't give us leave." However, perhaps the Admiral being away and Capt. (afterwards Sir Thomas) Brandreth, the Superintendent of Sheerness Dockyard, who was always very friendly to me, being in charge, my signal was "affirmed," and we went in all right, Dan O'Connell being astonished at his own audacity, for he was nominally the pilot.

In pilotage water it is the Admiralty custom to pay reduced pilotage to navigating officers where the instructions allow of pilots being taken, and though O'Connell was quite miserable at first at my going in and out of ports without taking a pilot, I remember that he was much reconciled when, after I had been two or three months in the ship, the paymaster had an order to pay him £66 of pilotage, which was more than he had ever received in the whole of his previous career, and was a substantial addition to his ordinary income.

I think that the course I pursued of generally going straight on at a fair speed was the safest, as cautiously easing down to slow speed in thick weather left one too much at the mercy of the tides and currents; at all events it was very successful in our case, for we nearly always kept to our time and never came to grief. Certainly the run from Queensferry to Spithead, a distance of some 550 miles mostly in pilotage water, was rather trying, as one had to be on deck most of the time, and the hospitable admirals at Sheerness and Portsmouth generally asked me to dinner on my arrival, which I did not like to refuse, as though I was often very tired I was glad to meet my brother officers and to hear the naval news.

We had two trips each way every year. First to Portsmouth to refit and dock, then north again to fill up our crews, then south again for our yearly cruise, and back to our station in August. At that time—1877–79—the sailing traditions still held good, and the "Lord Warden," like the other ironclads of that date, was a masted ship with a fair spread of canvas; but she was scarcely manageable under sail alone, and it was a great feat to her to "wear" at all. Though a single screw ship she was very handy under steam, steering "like a jolly boat," in naval parlance. All men-of-war at that time were supposed to have a "most economical rate of steaming," which had been carefully ascertained by numerous trials, and we were all enjoined to use this "economical speed" whenever possible, though it was obvious that it was only "economical" under the abnormal circumstances of a flat, calm, smooth water, with no tide or current.

The "Lord Warden" was a great coal eater, and I remember a conversation I had with the Admiral Superintendent of Naval Reserves, Admiral Phillimore (afterwards Sir Augustus), who was always very appreciative and friendly to me, as I had served as a youngster with him in the "Queen," when he was flag lieutenant to Sir William Parker, which was an unfailing passport to his good opinion. He complimented me on the way we went up and down the coast, generally turning up at the right time; but he added, "I don't think you go at the most economical rate of speed," to which I replied, "No, sir; I certainly do not, for our economical rate of speed is 3·8 knots, and the tides run three to four knots in the 'wold' between the Hasborough Sands and the Norfolk coast, and seven to eight knots at springs in the Humber." After this I was not asked any questions about economical rate of steaming, though I always used sail as much as possible.

But I need not say much more about the "Lord Warden." In 1878 we formed one of a reserve squadron under Sir Cooper Key for four months, and it was a nice change, having a full complement on board. Our cruises were generally off the coast of Ireland and in the Atlantic, but in 1879 we went to Gibraltar and cruised, under the orders of Lord John Hay with the Channel squadron. Altogether, I found that I was

rather over a year away from my station out of my two and a half years of command, and, though I was only allowed "harbour time," I was quite as much actually at sea as most sea-going ships, while the weather and waters on the coasts of England and Ireland are such as make other than fine weather sailors.

The inspection of coastguard stations was one of my principal duties. We were away on the cruise in the summer, and both in '77 and '78 I did not return north till late in the year, so that most of my inspections were done in the winter time. It was also the right time for the Royal Naval Reserve men, many of whom were whalers and sealers, who were at sea all the summer, and did their drill in the winter—thus at the Shetlands, for instance, there were 250 to 300 fine seamen on drill in mid-winter and the battery was closed in summer. I had a splendid chief officer of coastguard in charge of the drill battery at Lerwick, a Mr. Johnson, who drilled capitally, and it was a pleasure to make a trip to the Ultima Thule to support him. These men were of good Norse breed, though they spoke little English, and were supposed to think more of their retainer and drill pay, which was a boon to them during the winter months, than the possibilities of war service. One difficulty was that in December—and one had to inspect in December or January—there were only two or three hours of daylight, so that an inspection began and ended in the dark.

I used to go to the Shetlands either in a gunboat or by the mail steamer from Granton. Altogether I rather enjoyed my inspections of coastguard, and I think I visited every station each year, chiefly by rail and driving, as landing from a gunboat could not be depended on. It was often very cold work, and I have frequently inspected stations such as Peterhead and Wick in a snowstorm, wearing a frock coat, as no great coats were uniform at that period, and it was important to insist on strict uniform, the tendency being to be decidedly slack in such matters. At that period a good many of the chief officers in charge of coastguard stations were old customs men, who knew more of the preventive service than of drill, and the naval authorities were anxious for them to

retire, so that I am afraid I took rather a malicious pleasure in running them up and down the "braes," and generally making them feel their inefficiency, which was specially marked when they had to wear a frock coat with the unusual encumbrance of a sword. My time was generally limited, and the boat-house was often some distance from the station, and had to be kept locked. At one station, Rattray Head, it was quite a mile away, and I used to race there after inspecting all the men at the station, leaving the chief officer to follow as he best could. I remember that on my last visit, in November '79, the chief officer, an old fellow called Mackinnon, saying, "Captain, I've got the fastest runner in the detachment with the keys, and he'll run down as soon as you've inspected the station, and I don't think he'll be long after you, and I'll follow," so that little time was lost. It was always important to see the boat and boat house, but in this instance I had built the boat house on my own responsibility, as it was much needed, "in anticipation of their Lordships' approval," which formed the subject of a long correspondence, so that it specially interested me.

On another occasion, after I had made an old chief officer run about the station with me, he naïvely told me a story of how when in Ireland the chief officer at his station, after an active "district captain" had been round, had said to him: "'Really, Mr. B., I think I must send in my papers, as I cannot stand this.' But I says to him, 'He only comes once a year, and next year there will be another captain who, perhaps, won't run you about so much.' And so it turned out, for the next man he never got out of his carriage." As this was most likely my last visit, the story was decidedly applicable, and Mr. B. did not offer to retire.

One great question always was that of promotion and appointments, and on this hinged the comfort of the men and their families; so that it was well to be acquainted with the wives and families of coastguardmen, as promotion to a man with a family to a place where no schooling was to be had would be ruinous. I endeavoured, as far as I could, to make my promotions with due consideration for the men. When I first went to Queensferry, as the former guardship had been

unfit to cruise, the coastguard men had not been to sea for some years, and going afloat was unpopular, as the men's subsistence money which helped the family was stopped ; but though this was rather a grievance, after the first year our men rather liked the change. They were fine men and good sailors, though some had got rather stout for going aloft. Most of the coastguard had been petty officers, but as "boatmen" they were only equivalent to A.B.'s in the navy, so that it was reasonable to humour them as much as possible. Certainly I never had any trouble with them, and, with our coastguard men on board the "Lord Warden" was in very good order, and even smart aloft; indeed, I remember being very proud of the way we laid a sheet anchor out at Portland with four shackles of chain, when with the Reserve fleet in 1878, on which we were complimented by our two admirals, Sir Cooper Key and Admiral Boys.

But I must not run on about the coastguard, although I will not omit to acknowledge that the removal of coastguard men was effected rather cruelly. I had two gunboats, "Tyrian," replaced later by "Firm," and "Netley," and two coastguard cruisers, sailing cutters the "Eagle" and "Squirrel," all tenders to the "Lord Warden," besides the little "Psyche," of which more presently; and, to save railway fares, the changes of stations were generally effected through these craft. I am afraid I stuck strictly to my orders in these respects: but in bad weather and winter time a family might be on board a sailing cutter for several days. It was part of the service in those days, and the officers made the women and children as comfortable as they could; but I confess to have seen a sailing cutter, which had a family on board, beating up to the north near Montrose in a snowstorm, which I should now, at all events, think not unfairly described as a "method of barbarism."

The moorings at which we lay at Queensferry were very heavy, and we had some trouble with them. On "slipping" in '77, when I had just joined, through some inattention as the bridles were being eased down, the capstan took charge, and two men were killed. There was, I fear, some carelessness, but fortunately no inquiry was held. I was signing papers in my

cabin, and I was not in any case responsible for what was going on on the main deck, though I had given special orders; but I blamed myself rather, as there was, I fear, a want of attention all round. In March, '78, when we went out to fire, on slipping the buoy chain parted and the moorings went to the bottom, thirteen fathoms and deep mud, so that we had some trouble in recovering them. This I eventually did by making a "creeper" with cat and fish hooks, which I dragged along the bottom with a 6-in. wire hawser. I well remember that March Sunday when the "Eurydice" was lost off the Isle of Wight, as it was extremely squally in the Firth of Forth, and we were hanging by our creeper to the moorings, which were foul, giving us some trouble to clear them. I did not dare to let go an anchor, as it would probably foul the moorings.

As district captain my great object was to see that each coastguard station had its boat, boathouse and flagstaff, and I had much correspondence before I could get these necessaries provided. Having to keep our tenders in order we had much blacksmith work, and our forge was constantly in use on shore. A predecessor of mine had erected a rough shanty in which the blacksmith worked in his time, but this had fallen down, and my immediate predecessor had asked the Admiralty leave to rebuild it, which was flatly refused; so on consideration I decided to build a substantial shop, and to ask permission afterwards. This was done, and in due course I pointed out what an advantage the shop was to us, and that it would prove a saving to the Government. I had built it substantially but as cheaply as possible, chiefly with the help of some marines who had been bricklayers; but it had to be paid for, about which there was some demur, though eventually their Lordships approved "but permission should have been previously asked!"

In Scotland, especially, where there were few regular coastguard stations, in many cases houses had to be hired, so that I was in constant correspondence on the subject of houses for coastguard men. My letters, of course, went to the admiral superintendent, but the real authority on these matters was the Works Department, and whereas any letter on a question of discipline to the admiral superintendent was sure to

receive a prompt answer, the "works" made it a principle never to reply under a month, and if a difficult point was raised it was more than probable that no answer would be sent until after repeated representations. This was true in any question connected with money, and is more or less true to this day. The Admiralty executive imbued with naval ideas is little troubled with red tape, but the civilian branches of the Admiralty belong to the great circumlocution office, full of precedents and good reasons for asking for further information, but reluctant to come to a decision.

I have referred to a question of a boathouse, and to the blacksmith's shop, in both of which cases I acted without waiting for authority, which in the latter case I knew it was useless to apply for; but I may as well give the circumstances under which I purchased the "Psyche" as a tender for service in the Firth of Forth. Before my taking command, the Admiralty had become the owners of a boat which had been run down by the "Tyrian" gunboat, on the understanding that she would be repaired, and that a small cruiser would be useful in the Firth when the guardship was away and the tenders were protecting fisheries in the summer.

To repair this craft with only six carpenters was a long job, which had only partially been completed when I assumed command, and I did not think she would in any case be suitable for the work; so having made her seaworthy I got permission to sell her, and was glad to get £20 for her from a Scotch fisherman, who was so pleased at my assisting him to launch her on a pouring wet day that he asked me to name her, and I suggested the "Lord Warden"; but he shook his head, saying that he did not know the Lord Warden, but that he would like to call her the "Lord Fremantle," which, of course, was absurd. He named her the "Fremantle" and I often saw her sailing up and down the Firth.

This, however, is only by the way intended to show that a small cruiser was wanted or supposed to be wanted in the Firth; so I looked round and I came across a suitable little cutter-yacht of 17 tons at Dundee which was offered to me for £120 fully equipped. Accordingly, I got the refusal of her and applied for leave to buy her for coastguard service.

Several letters having received no answer, and as the owners were pressing me for a decision, I at last telegraphed asking for a reply to my letters. To this wire I got a prompt answer informing me that the telegraph should only be used in urgent and important cases, and that this did not come under such a category.

As I was determined not to lose the boat I at once accepted her, and pending a further decision I was allowed to man her with three men. She was very useful to us in communicating with the steamers arriving at Granton which brought stores and supernumeraries, and in the summer time her presence was valuable as showing that a man-of-war was about. Of course the correspondence was almost interminable, and I quite expected to have to pay for her myself at one time; but eventually the purchase was "approved." I named her the "Psyche," and I was rather amused to see her mentioned in the First Lord's speech in moving the Navy Estimates, with two or three other small craft, as an item in a sum of £150,000!

One more coastguard yarn, and I must leave the "Lord Warden," where I have spent too much time.

Many of our stations were much scattered with detachments, offshoots from the parent station miles away, but I think Wick "took the cake" in this respect, as we had detachments at Loch Inver and Tongue of two men each, some seventy or eighty miles from the parent station, and nearly fifty miles from any railway. It is of Tongue, situated on the northern coast, that I am now speaking. I used to visit it either from Lairg or Thurso, where the railway ended, the distance being fifty miles from Lairg, and rather less from Thurso. As I have said, there were two men on detachment at Tongue, the senior of whom, a man named Condon, a "commissioned boatman" (ranking with a leading seaman), was in charge.

Condon was a reliable man who had been a gunner's mate in the service; but he was a Roman Catholic, which did not add to his popularity, and he took rather a sombre view of life. It was in the spring of '79, I think, that I saw Condon at Waverley station on his return home after

doing his drill in the "Lord Warden." He was not coming for the cruise that year, but his colleague was, and he seemed rather unhappy at the prospect of being alone while we were away; so partly to cheer him up I called him and told him that he would have a fine chance of distinction this year, of which I felt sure he would avail himself; that a French lugger, the "Amelie," I think, which had been about Loch Erriboll last year, was sure to come again, to sell brandy, and that I relied on him to capture her if he could. I did not really think he could do this single-handed, but that he might do so with assistance from Wick. He promised to keep a good look-out for the smuggler, and seemed much pleased. He kept his word, for with the assistance of some half-hearted Reserve men he seized the "Amelie," and almost alone kept possession of her for thirty-six hours, till he could get assistance.

It was no child's play, for the Frenchman had heard of the coastguard, and had a loaded blunderbuss on deck, which he boasted he would use against him if any attempt was made to interfere with his business. He afterwards complained that Condon, who had been lying down in a boat owned by fishermen, had jumped on board and seized him by the throat, putting his sword to his stomach, "which he did not consider English fash." The smuggler was condemned, and, of course, Condon got promotion and a share in the seizure. It was really a very plucky act, isolated as he was, with the sympathies of the population entirely with the smuggler, who had given them cheap brandy, unadulterated by Customs dues.

And now I come to an end of my coastguard experience. On November 18th, '79, I was at Inverness inspecting, when I got a telegram from Capt. Lindesay Brine, commanding the "Invincible," an ironclad of 6,000 tons, then attached to the Channel squadron, asking me to exchange with him.

The ship was ordered to the Mediterranean, on which station there had been some trouble between Capt. Brine and Admiral Hornby previously, which had resulted in a court-martial. My naval readers will remember the circumstances,

no doubt, but it is unnecessary to allude to them further. However, it was natural that Brine was not anxious to go back there; hence the proposal which Sir Cooper Key, then First Sea Lord, urged me to accept. I am here on rather delicate ground, as my friend Lindesay Brine is still alive, and in any case, recognising his undoubted talents, I should be reluctant to do him an injustice; but the "Invincible" was notoriously in bad order, and from what had occurred previously, it is certain that so smart an admiral as Sir Geoffrey Hornby would be much prejudiced against her being again sent to his station. So the prospect was not a very rosy one but I wanted a sea-going ship, and I hoped that I could get the ship into a good state, so I accepted without hesitation. I joined the "Invincible" on November 27th, in Plymouth Sound, and I reported the ship ready on December 1st, though we did not sail till the 3rd, as we were waiting for some Nordenfelt guns, the first that were mounted in our men-of-war, I think. It was very cold weather, with snow on the ground, and blowing hard from the eastward, so that leaving England for Malta had some compensations, though it was a wrench leaving home so suddenly, and my good wife had to make all the necessary family arrangements.

Before finally leaving my "Lord Warden" service, I ought perhaps to mention that in 1877, whilst we were lying in Plymouth Sound, a boy fell from aloft overboard. He had broken his arm in falling, and I feared he would be drowned before a boat could reach him as he was drifting astern, so I jumped from the poop with all my clothes on, and had little difficulty in saving him. It was an easy thing to do, though I spoilt a valuable gold watch; but it got into the papers, the admiral, Sir Beauchamp Seymour (afterwards Lord Alcester) called upon me to report it, and I was awarded the copper medal of the Royal Humane Society.

We had very heavy weather crossing the Bay, and lost a man, who fell from aloft, besides having a cutter stove, with a good deal of water below. We were again unlucky in going into Gibraltar, losing another man, who fell overboard. I was much tempted to jump after him, but I did not like to leave the ship as we were coming to anchor, and I hoped our boat

would have picked him up; but he was drowned before the boat reached him.

At Malta, in January, we were inspected by Sir Geoffrey Hornby. It was bad weather. The ship was not creditable, and the Admiral made an unfavourable report, which I fear was deserved, and, as a result, two out of the three senior executive officers under me were superseded; he exonerated me from censure on account of the short time I had been in the ship. I hoped to have had more time to put the ship to rights before being inspected, but I could not complain, as the ship had been nearly two years in commission, and she ought to have been in good order. I may mention that, in the August following, we passed a very satisfactory inspection by Sir Beauchamp Seymour, who had relieved Sir Geoffrey Hornby in the spring. I had served with Sir Geoffrey Hornby as a lieutenant, and I have a very complimentary certificate from him, of which I am proud, as he was a very able and distinguished officer.

He was decidedly "smart," and had no patience with slackness or slovenliness. This, I think, he carried to a fault, as he failed to appreciate an officer who might work hard, have good abilities and judgment, if he had not the smartness and activity which he thought requisite for a naval officer. On receiving Sir Geoffrey's letter, about the inspection of the "Invincible," I at once applied that the officers to whom he referred should be superseded. I could not dispute his decision in the main, though I thought he was rather severe; and I can only say that I told them frankly what I meant to do, and that we had no personal quarrel on the subject; indeed, we are all good friends now.

I have dwelt somewhat on this, as the situation was an unpleasant one to us all; and, perhaps, it made special impression on my mind, as it was the only unsatisfactory inspection I ever had, all the others having been complimentary. It is fair to the officers who left the ship, one of whom is now a retired rear-admiral, to say that we were rather caught "swapping horses," as I had made a good many changes with which the men had scarcely had time to become familiar within the short period during which I had been in command.

I was only in command of the "Invincible" for fourteen months, and the Mediterranean routine of drills and exercises is scarcely worth recording; but I may boast that, whereas we were almost invariably last at first, before I left the ship we were frequently first in exercises; though I admit that our usual place was second, as the "Monarch," George Tryon's ship, with Commander Thomas as commander, who were both splendid officers, generally beat us. The "Monarch" had a larger ship's company and a clearer deck, and she certainly was smart; but I had little to complain of latterly, and my successor, Fitz-Roy (afterwards Sir Robert), who had been much prejudiced against the ship as flag-captain to Sir G. Hornby, told me after he joined that he should change nothing, and that he was quite satisfied with the ship.

All the ships in the Mediterranean at that time were masted, the "Alexandra" being the flagship, and "sail drill" was practised much as in Sir William Parker's time thirty years previously; but it was so evidently only an excuse for "exercise aloft" that it was difficult to keep the men's interest in such drills at the same pitch as formerly. "Preparing for action aloft" was a frequent practice at this time, and as sending down top hamper in a masted ironclad was a necessary preliminary before going into action, it was more practical and interesting than mere handling of spars or sails "for exercise."

After our inspection in January, 1880, we were sent to Alexandria, where we met a Russian armoured cruiser, the "Minim," one of the first of a class now so common in all navies. She was flying the flag of an Admiral Aslambegoff, the captain being Nazimoff.

The admiral spoke French well, and could not speak English; he was very courteous, and anxious to be friendly, so he was delighted to find that I could speak French, and I saw a good deal of the "Minim." Nazimoff spoke English fairly, and was a good officer. The Russian Navy at that period was certainly much behind the times. The ship and guns were well enough, but several of the engineers were Scotch, and to say that the men were unintelligent is to speak of them in too complimentary a way

As to interior economy, it was almost entirely wanting. The admiral insisted on Captain Nazimoff showing me round the ship, and the dirt was indescribable; while the stolid way in which a sweeper in the flats was piling up the dirt he had collected without attempting to hide it was a revelation to me of the difference between our seamen and the Russians at that time. The "Minim" used to drill aloft from morning to night, fairly smartly, as she did the same things over and over again; but it was not done in a seamanlike way. We were not then, I considered, at all "smart" in the "Invincible," but we could generally beat her in the drill aloft, and as to good order and cleanliness we were a wonder to the admiral and his flag captain, both of whom were frequently on board, and most curious as to our arrangements. Nazimoff was an able man, afterwards one of the most distinguished of Russian admirals. I remember his going round the ship with me and some ladies, when he suddenly asked to see the engine room. I directed the chief engineer to take him down, and on his return the ladies told him that he ought to see the flats, but he said, "I've seen too much; I'll see no more;" and then he whispered in my ear, "You make me too much ashamed."

I much enjoyed my stay at Alexandria, where I made the acquaintance of many ladies—English and Greek. The Russian admiral gave a ball, and we gave a dance.

Of course I visited Cairo, which was much changed since I had last been there in 1864. I was quite astonished at there being any other hotel than Shepheard's; but Shepheard's was improved out of all knowledge, and the New Hotel where we stayed was equally grand.

I did the Pyramids and the usual sights, but I was only three days away from my ship.

On February 7th I left Alexandria for Athens, but having heard from a gunboat, the "Rifleman," which had come through the Suez Canal, that she was short of provisions, I telegraphed to her at Port Said to meet me at Aboukir Bay, as it was a suitable half-way house, and I wanted to visit the scene of Nelson's famous action.

It was rather rainy as we left Alexandria, with some head wind and sea as we steamed to the east. We were going about seven knots at 3 p.m. on February 7th, when there was a cry of "man overboard." I had on a thick frock coat and boots, as it had been raining, and as I jumped on the bridge I saw that the man was holding on to the lead line the starboard side, but of course being dragged under water.

"Astern full speed" and "away lifeboats" followed immediately, but as I gave the orders, standing on the bridge rail, he let go the lead line, and dropped astern in a helpless state. I had had no intention of going overboard myself, but here was an almost exact repetition of what had occurred as we were entering Gibraltar less than two months before, only we were steaming faster, so I could not resist the impulse to save the man, and I leaped from the bridge without even taking my cap off or unbuttoning my frock coat. He was some 100 feet from me when I came to the surface, and had entirely disappeared before I reached the place where I had last seen him.

I remember thinking, "I'll have one dive at all events" as I put my head below the surface, and there I saw him some four or five feet under water. I was anxious to get well behind him to prevent his grappling me, and while I did this I found that I was sinking so fast from the weight of my boots and clothes, that I could get down to him in an upright position, so I seized the back of his head, and as he was too far gone to struggle much, my only difficulty was to get him to the surface and keep him there. However, I succeeded in keeping him up and my own head above the water, though I was getting exhausted, when a young sub-lieut., Charles Moore, now a post-captain, came to my assistance; he had taken his coat and boots off, and as he came near he said: "It's of no use, sir; I've seen nothing of him," and he was rather surprised when I said: "Why I've got him, come and help," which he did, and exhausted as I was, I doubt if I could have held the man till the boat came on the scene without his assistance. There was some sea on, and though the boat was lowered smartly, by the time it reached me I had almost lost consciousness, and I felt quite

reluctant to be disturbed from the numbing reverie into which I had fallen. I remember being roused up by feeling quite angry at the energetic violence of the bluejacket who dragged me into the boat. I am sure that in another two or three minutes I must have been drowned, and that the death would have been quite painless.

However we were all got on board, though Walsh, A.B., the man who had fallen overboard, was quite unconscious when we reached the ship, and had to be brought round by artificial respiration, not recovering his senses for several hours. I took a glass of brandy and water and a hot bath, after which I went to bed for an hour and felt none the worse, being quite ready to go on deck to bring the ship to an anchor soon after dark.

We met the "Rifleman" the next day, and naturally it was reported by her at Malta on her arrival, with variations and additions.

The question of a captain leaving his ship to save a man was naturally raised, and formed the subject of some controversy. I can only say that it depends upon circumstances. In this case I had no doubt as to the capacity of the officers to stop the ship and lower the boat, the commander and navigating officer being both on deck, while, as my journal says, "I could not resist the impulse, and I am perfectly certain, that had I not gone to his assistance Walsh would have been drowned." Poor fellow, he was not a good character, but it was touching to see how anxious he was to please me afterwards. About this impulse to save a man in difficulties I should like to say one word. It is born in one, I suppose; and I doubt if one really deserves much credit for it; if credit there is, it is in persisting in the effort after the first impulse has exhausted itself. Possibly this view may be thought fantastical, but I feel sure that it is not so, as I have known several instances in which men have jumped overboard to save others, and have called out in a panic as soon as they found themselves in the water. I consider that I got even more credit than I deserved in the instance I am referring to, for though I made no report, I was awarded the silver medal of the

Royal Humane Society, and the Stanhope Gold Medal for the best case of saving life in the year 1880, while I was also given the gold medal of the Shipwrecked Mariners Society. Moore was awarded the Humane Society's silver medal.

Before leaving this episode, I may mention that on my arrival at Malta, a few months later, I got congratulatory signals on my getting two gold medals, one being that of the Shipwrecked Mariners above referred to, while the other was the prize medal of the Royal United Service Institution, for an essay on "Naval Tactics."

The latter I was very proud of, as I had three able competitors whose names were mentioned, one being the late Admiral Sam Long, while the other two are now admirals of distinction. It was curious, but my name appeared as having been awarded the two gold medals in the same copy of the *Times*. The essay on "Naval Tactics" had been written while I was in command of the "Lord Warden," and I had almost forgotten about it, when the medal was adjudicated to me at the annual meeting. My wife had the pleasure of receiving it on my behalf, as a friendly referee had told her the motto which was successful, and she knew accordingly, that when the envelope with this motto was opened, it would be found to contain my name.

It was not long after this, that we were lying in the Piræus of Athens, where, as my naval readers will know, we were moored with our stern secured to the shore, that at about 11 p.m. on Saturday, February 21st, I received a telegram from Sir H. Layard, our Ambassador at Constantinople, informing me of Colonel Singe having been taken prisoner by brigands, near Salonica, and asking for a man-of-war to be sent to blockade the entrance to the Gulf of Salonica, and prevent the brigands' escape to the islands. I did not think this idea probable, but I determined to comply with the request, and though we had prepared for a long stay and had three anchors down, by commencing operations at 4 a.m., we were standing out at 9.30, having been somewhat delayed by a French squadron which was sailing that morning, and only one ship at a time can leave the Piræus, through the narrow entrance

between pillars. The next morning (Monday) we were at the entrance of the Gulf, and I hoisted out our barge and steam pinnace, placing them under a Lieutenant Hill, with written orders to blockade and not to land, or, in any case, not to leave the beach. I then pushed on to Salonica arriving there about 5 o'clock, where I communicated with our Consul-General Mr. Blunt, by telegram, as he had gone to a place called Katerina to negotiate for the surrender of Singe.

On Tuesday afternoon, I sailed to pick up our boats, which we did during the night, but as my journal states, "I was rather horrified to hear that Lieutenant Hill and one of our men, having landed at a place called Karitza, had been taken prisoners by some Turkish soldiers and taken to Chiese, a larger place on the coast, where, however, the steam pinnace had communicated with them on Tuesday morning, and they were all right. Hoisted in barge and steamed over to Chiese. A lovely morning, and as the Eastern sun shone on Karitza and Chiese, the latter nestling in a hollow between the hills, with the snow-clad tops of Olympus and other mountains glowing in the sunshine, I thought that I had never see a more glorious panorama.

"I steamed close to the shore, and was glad to see a flag waving from one of the houses near the beach, as Mr. Hill had informed me by letter that they wanted to send him up to Larissa, some seven hours' ride in the country, but that he had very properly protested against leaving Chiese. We were off Chiese at 8.30, and I sent Lieutenant Evans, the first lieutenant, on shore with an interpreter to negotiate. He came back with another letter from Hill who said that they had tried to send him to another place called Aya, and the interpreter had failed to persuade them to alter their decision. I was determined to have him off if possible, so I sent Evans in again with a written demand for Lieutenant Hill's release, or I should take such steps as I thought necessary. As he landed, I fired a blank gun, hoisting a big ensign, and I felt much inclined to take an armed party ashore to release him. There was much commotion on shore and after some delay we were delighted to see Turkish officers coming into the pinnace."

I need not quote my journal further. On these officers coming on board they found our landing party fallen in under arms, with field guns manned. It was really our Wednesday morning's routine, though I had hurried matters forward to impress them. This was, I think, effective, for they almost immediately apologised. I treated them civilly, and Mr. Hill was embarked. What they had reported to the Governor at Larissa I never could find out, but no doubt they had told him that they had made an important capture, and they were pressing that I should endeavour to get them out of trouble. Mr. Hill's account of his captivity was rather amusing. Horses were brought for him and the bluejacket who accompanied him, and he was asked to mount; but he demurred, pointing out the "Invincible," which was then in sight, and endeavouring to explain that "the great pacha in command" would be very angry, and though he did not smoke he asked for a cigarette and coffee, which no good Turk could refuse, and in these ways he gained time till I appeared on the scene. Mr. Hill's idea was that the Turks were in league with the brigands, and that had he gone up the country he, too, would have been captured and held to ransom. It was amusing to hear the Turkish officers' excuses for having seized Mr. Hill. "They thought he was a Greek"; but I pointed out to them that they might know the flag, and, in any case, Greeks spoke Greek and not English. "Ah well," they said, "but we thought he might be a brigand"; only I pointed out to them that brigands in those parts did not usually wear naval uniform, or come in steamboats. "Yes, that is true," they said; "but there are many brigands about, and we wanted to save him from the brigands"—to which I replied that I thought the brigands were on shore in the mountains, and that Mr. Hill would have been quite safe in his steam pinnace had he been allowed to return to her. After this they laughed, and I really think that they had got into a nervous, suspicious frame of mind, and that it was a relief to their minds to arrest somebody.

It was an amusing episode. I think some apology was obtained eventually from the Turkish Government for Mr. Hill's detention; and in due course Colonel Singe was released,

the ransom of £10,000 being paid, which was recovered from the Porte.

I may mention that, on consideration, I had determined if the Turkish officers had persisted in their refusal to give up Lieutenant Hill, to land myself with my boat's crew, and march to the house where he was to release him. If I was opposed by force and taken prisoner, the commander was to proceed at once to Salonica to telegraph to our Ambassador. This would probably have been successful I thought, and it was preferable to landing in force in a friendly country, as the Turks had about 300 soldiers in the place, and would probably have opposed us, so that during the fighting Mr. Hill might have been taken up the country, and my object would not have been attained.

I remained at Salonica some days, and then returned to Athens.

While at the Piræus I entertained the King and a large suite at luncheon. It was unfortunately blowing hard, with snow squalls, and our stern chains parted just before he arrived, but he came on board, and fortunately the weather moderated, all going off very well in the end; though, instead of having yards manned and gala costume, we had topgallant masts down, yards pointed to the wind, and steam up. My galley got swamped, and my cocked hat blew overboard.

I don't think his Majesty knew how near he was to being taken to sea, as when I went below with him I left orders with the commander that if we dragged, he was to slip the cable and steam ahead at once. Having carried away stern chains we had hove short on both bower cables, and we had no room to drift without either fouling a French man-of-war or getting ashore.

There is one other circumstance worth mentioning during my period of command of the "Invincible," and I mention it chiefly in connection with the salvage question, to which I have previously referred.

In July I had been with the squadron under Sir Beauchamp Seymour at Hyères, and we visited Toulon, where the French admiral was very civil. On August 2nd, in rather breezy weather, the squadron left Hyerès for Palermo, and on

the 4th we fell in with an Austro-Hungarian barque which had been dismasted in the gale, her crew having deserted her.

The "Téméraire" was sent to look at her, but she was recalled, having made a report, and I was signalled to "bring her into Palermo if possible, and if not to sink her." The "Georgio Boscovitch," for this was her name, was certainly in a bad way. She had eight feet of water in her hold, a hole in her port bow, her topmasts were over the side foreyard across the netting, and her sails in ribands. Her cargo consisted principally of old guns and shot, which were taking charge. I sent a large party on board under Lieutenant Evans, the first lieutenant, and the boatswain, the former hailing me as I passed quite close, to say that the barque was sinking. This seemed to me improbable, as she had evidently been in the same state for some time, so I answered on the spur of the moment "Don't you believe it," and I soon found that we could save her. The hole in the bows was plugged, we pumped her out, cleared away wreck aloft, secured the guns, and soon had her in tow, reaching Palermo, 120 miles off, at 11 the next morning. The admiral made us a complimentary signal, and we thought we had got a prize. We certainly ought to have got some salvage, for the men had had hard work, getting all their clothes wet, while nothing could be cooked on board. The admiral was anxious to help us, but according to Italian law a derelict ship must be given up to the authorities of the port in 24 hours, and the rights of the salvors are generally ignored, so next day the ship was given up and our men got nothing for their risk and loss of clothing.

The Austrian Consul, indeed, turned the tables on us, being very indignant at there being any demur on our part to surrendering the ship without some bond, his view being that we had acted like highwaymen, having found a vessel on the high seas which unfortunately had no one on board, and that we had seized her, and we actually wished to remain in unlawful possession, or to be paid for surrendering what did not belong to us!

The case was, I think, referred to the Admiralty, who ordered us to surrender the vessel without making any claim.

Of course shore-going people do not appreciate that to

save the ship meant much hard work, considerable risk to our men, paint work damaged and dirt generally, while it would have been easy to have said "she could not be saved and was a danger to navigation, so we sank her."

The mystery of the hole in the bows was explained by the captain, who came on board the "Invincible" a few days later, being most effusive in his thanks to me, as he was part owner. It appears that in a gale on August 2nd, two days before we fell in with the "Georgio Boscovitch," her topmasts had gone over the side, and as some of the guns had got adrift her crew had wanted to desert her, which the captain had objected to till he found her full of water, and, as he thought, in danger of foundering, so the weather having somewhat moderated they all left in the boat, and landed safely at Trapani, in Sicily. No doubt the crew had scuttled the ship to enforce their view of the situation.

So ended this salvage case, for I never heard anything more about it, though the ship was probably worth about £2,000, and a few hundred pounds might well have been given us. All we gained was the admiral's recognition of our good work, and the personal thanks of the old captain, who was overjoyed at his ship, which he had thought to be lost, being recovered.

The rest of my time in the "Invincible" does not need any comment. I was not allowed to go to Dalciguo, as only two ships of the squadron were to be there at a time, and the admiral preferred to show larger ships, like the "Monarch" and "Téméraire." This was disappointing, but I had rather a pleasant independent cruise going round Sicily, and visiting all the ports, mostly under sail, which were very interesting, affording me good opportunities of ventilating my Italian with the municipal authorities. I had meant to have gone up Etna from Syracuse, but a large party were before us and we could not get mules.

Before leaving my "Invincible" time, I may as well give my experience of water-glasses which I have often used with success, but I was specially fortunate in recovering a Whitehead torpedo with one off Malta, when serving in the "Invincible."

Probably I should explain to my non-professional readers

that a water-glass is a tube with a piece of glass at the lower end. The tube has handles with a hood on the upper side of the tube to keep out the daylight. On pressing the tube a few inches below water and looking through it, covering the head over with the hood, the bottom can be seen far more plainly than when the glare of the sun and ripple on the water impedes the view below the surface.

In the case to which I refer a Whitehead torpedo had been prematurely discharged, and had sunk in thirteen to fourteen fathoms off Filfola Island, about thirty miles from Valetta, and I came back to port to pick up our boats and get provisions, as I feared it would take us some days to find the torpedo. I borrowed a small water-glass I knew Tryon had in the "Monarch," but had a larger one made by our carpenters, which I thought would be more effective. On returning to Filfola I meant to drag for the torpedo, and we had placed buoys between which I hoped to find it.

The gunnery lieutenant, Lieutenant Martin, while we were getting out boats, came and asked me for my water-glass, saying: "And where do you think the torpedo is, sir?" This was because the navigator and I had differed somewhat as to its probable position, though I meant to try both places. I remember laughing and replying: "Oh, I meant to find it myself, but you want the straight tip altogether." However, I lent him the water-glass, and told him to look a hundred yards astern of the ship. This he did, and almost immediately called out that he had found it. The diver was sent down at once and I steamed back to Valetta. The Commander-in-Chief was away, and Admiral McCrea, the Admiral-Superintendent, had been very anxious about the torpedo, as each torpedo cost then some £400. He could not believe that we had found it already, and when I sent a lieutenant to report the ship, for it was after dark, and the admiral was dining out, he said at once: "What have you come back for?" and it was certainly a lucky find, due entirely to the use of a large water-glass.

It was on November 29th, 1880, on my return to Malta from a cruise, that I received a letter offering me the appointment of Senior Naval Officer at Gibraltar.

I liked an active command, and was reluctant to leave the "Invincible" after she had got into good order, so before accepting the offer I went to see Admiral McCrea, who had held the appointment at Gibraltar for four years not long previously. He could, I knew, give me every information, and he was always friendly, so I passed him the letter of the private secretary which I had received. After looking at it and grasping its contents, he said: "My dear boy, *can* you hesitate?" and advised me to accept at once.

This I did, and I obtained leave to take the "Invincible" to Gibraltar, where I was to relieve Captain Edye in January.

On our way to Gibraltar we called at Algiers, where an enthusiastic French admiral, after looking round the ship, said it was "une place pour vivre et mourir," a compliment which I fully appreciated, and which I felt as some compensation for the rather anxious time experienced in getting the ship into good order. In saying this it would be unfair not to give some of the credit to the commander, now Rear-Admiral Castle, and to Lieutenant Martin, the gunnery lieutenant, an able officer who unfortunately died as a commander.

CHAPTER XIV.

GIBRALTAR AND H.M.S. "DREADNOUGHT."

Relieved by Captain FitzRoy—Duties of Senior Officer at Gibraltar—Officers of the Dockyard—Lord Napier of Magdala—Anchorage Space—Smuggling—Guarda Costas—Recapture of British Trader—The Dockyard and my Routine—Obsolete Stores—Ammunition and Warlike Stores—Stranding of the "Euphrates" off Tarifa—Sir John Adye—Getting the "Euphrates" Afloat—A Pleasant Three Years—Sports and Pastimes—A Narrow Escape—A Shore-going Berth—Appointed to the "Dreadnought"—A Naval Joke—Stationing the Men—A Temporary Difficulty—More Difficulties—Sailing for the Mediterranean—Arrival at Malta—The Mediterranean—Promotion to Admiral—Cruises and Navigation—The Navigating Officer and Pilot—Independence and Responsibility of the Captain—Eighteen Years on the Captains' List.

I REACHED Gibraltar in the "Invincible," on January 8th, 1881, Captain FitzRoy arrived from England and relieved me on the 10th, and I took charge of the dockyard and naval establishments from Captain W. H. Edye the following day.

I may as well explain here that the appointment of "senior officer at Gibraltar" was a very pleasant one. There was then (1881) a small dockyard under the senior officer's charge, with a victualling yard and coaling wharf. The senior officer lived ashore at "The Mount," a well-situated house with seven or eight acres of ground, and a good garden 300 to 400 feet above the dockyard, his name being borne on the books of a gunboat the "Express," which was commanded by a lieutenant. At that time there was not much work doing in the yard, though ships called occasionally for coals and to make good defects, the Channel Fleet coming in generally each winter and making some stay, when we were busy enough, and once, I think, during my three years as senior officer, the Mediterranean Fleet was at Gibraltar for three weeks.

In June, 1882, the Reserve Fleet, consisting, I think, of ten ships under H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, paid us a

visit. The Duke's high capacity as a tactician is well known in the navy, but I was never more struck with it than on this occasion. On the Reserve Squadron being signalled I went out in my dockyard launch to meet them, and to give the Admiral any necessary information about the anchorage. As we were standing towards the fleet, I was endeavouring to explain to Mr. Stevens, who was with me, how, if I were admiral, I should endeavour to bring the ships in, though I remarked that, as it seemed rather complicated, I doubted if I should ever see an admiral do it; when on looking again at the squadron, then at some distance, I observed that my idea was actually being carried out by H.R.H.

I don't know if I can make it clear to my non-nautical readers, but I will endeavour to explain. The Straits of Gibraltar of course run roughly east and west, while Gibraltar Bay and the west side of the promontory of Gibraltar run north and south. In approaching Gibraltar from the west, the admiral is therefore heading about east, and if in the usual two lines, he is leading the port division in view of the Pearl rock near the Spanish shore, on which the "Agincourt" was nearly lost in the early 'seventies; but when anchoring at Gibraltar, he will wish to be the southernmost ship and nearest the dockyard for convenience sake, hence some manœuvres are necessary to attain that object, and to anchor the Squadron together.

It was done as follows:

After rounding the Pearl rock, course was gradually altered till the Squadron was steering north up Gibraltar Bay; the signal was then made to "invert the lines," and the Admiral became sternmost ship in the port column; the next signal was to "alter course together eight points to starboard," thus bringing the squadron into two lines abreast heading for Gibraltar, but with the admiral in the rear line. He again inverts the lines, becoming right wing ship of the leading division, and steers for the anchorage in two lines abreast.

This was admirably done; the ships anchored together, the "Hercules" flag-ship being nearest the shore and dock-

yard, and I offered H.R.H. my respectful compliments on the skilful way in which the squadron had been handled.

After this digression, referring again to the appointment it certainly could be made an easy berth of; on the other hand, when an emergency arose, such as the Egyptian Campaign, in 1882, much was demanded of us, for my only officers were a chief engineer, who was in charge of the workshops of the yard, a master of yard craft, who acted as harbour master and pilot, and a clerk of the works. Fortunately, my two chief engineers, Mr. Woods, succeeded by Mr. James Melrose, were specially able and zealous men, while Mr. Stevens, the master of the yard craft, who is, I believe, now harbour master, was invaluable to me in every way, and had quite a genius for handling ships of all classes. There was a considerable amount of naval property at Gibraltar, over which I was guardian, but at that time our store houses were half empty, and Gibraltar, if not quite "a little military hothouse," as Byron called Malta, was equally pervaded by the military spirit, so that in the defence of naval rights I was looked upon as rather a dog in the manger by my friends of the sister service. However, I stood to my guns, resisting encroachments, which had already gone too far, I thought, as even the Naval Hospital had been handed over to the military, though only temporarily; and now that Gibraltar, with its new docks and a rear-admiral, is resuming its importance as a naval station, it will be seen that I had good cause to insist on possible naval requirements in the future, in which I was always supported from home.

The Governor, when I took charge, was Lord Napier of Magdala, a great man, and my *beau ideal* of a patriotic soldier. On one occasion and one only, I think, we differed in opinion, when, although he was not unnaturally somewhat annoyed, I was struck by his kindly and generous appreciation of my motives and intentions. The question was a simple one: Gibraltar Bay, the anchorage ground of which is very limited, was full of coal hulks—the port was a great coaling station—and the demand for more coal hulks from merchants who paid the Colonial government for each fresh hulk was constant, so that gradually the whole avail-

able space for sea-going ships arriving was being occupied. From a naval and nautical point of view this was inadmissible, so I raised the question with the Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean, and with the Admiralty, the result being that some licences which had been granted for hulks had to be cancelled, and beacons were put up to mark the "man-of-war anchorage," which, of course, was available for merchant ships when no men-of-war were in port.

One great trouble at Gibraltar always had been the smuggling, as Gibraltar was a free port, although a part of Spain, where tobacco is, or was, a government monoply. It was a grievance no doubt, but the Spanish authorities often winked at the smuggling, and it was even said that Spanish regiments were sent to Linea, the Spanish lines opposite Gibraltar, so that they might make a good thing out of it! One instance, at least, occurred of a Spanish smuggler, who was embarking some tobacco which had been left on the neutral ground by a Gibraltar smuggler, being fired at by the British sentry in accordance with his orders, on which the Spanish picket turned out and deliberately fired several shots at our sentry! This occurred in Sir John Adye's time as Governor.

However, usually the smugglers were British, or "rock scorpions," the ordinary custom being to run the tobacco round the rock in fast boats after dark, evading the Spanish revenue boats or Guarda Costas.

Of course, no one could be a smuggler so long as he was in our waters, but the Guarda Costas often had information as to intended smuggling and occasionally made a dash for the smugglers while they were preparing for a start. Lord Napier had no wish to encourage smuggling, and the orders were strict against boats lying close to the rock waiting for an opportunity, and thus tempting the Guarda Costas to commit what he termed "an outrage." To prevent this breach of our jurisdiction, he wanted to have a steamboat always ready to run out at short notice, but we had only one steamboat attached to the gunboat, and though the Port Office had another, difficulties had been raised about our using it, and I think there may have been some reluctance as to

having an officer and crew always available. I was told by my predecessor that the Governor had pressed this upon him, and when we called upon him together he spoke to me about it. The only real difficulty was about our having the Port Office boat every other week, which he promised I should have, so I told him I would arrange about it at once.

There was always great excitement over a Guarda Costa, and as I was going down to the dockyard a little before 7.0, the morning after I had taken charge, the signal-station at the top of the Rock made the signal, "Guarda Costa in possession of British trader," at the same time firing a warning gun. I ran down to the dockyard, and was just in time to see our steamboat moving out in chase. The chase was successful, and she returned in about three-quarters of an hour, having captured the Guarda Costa and released the "trader."

On my return to my house to breakfast at 8.30, I got a courteous letter from the Governor, who was always early, beginning, I recollect: "Another outrage has occurred, I can scarcely think that you have yet had time," etc., and I was glad to be able to reply that his orders had been successfully carried out, at which he was much pleased. It was a great piece of good luck, and I was very fortunate thus early to win his confidence. I think that twice subsequently the same thing happened, and the frequent raids were entirely put a stop to in consequence. Naturally, there was much correspondence on the subject of the recapture of the "British felucca 'Angelica,'" as the trader was named, as it was effected in Spanish waters, just out of our jurisdiction, so that the Spanish authorities claimed that we had acted illegally in retaking her; but the curious thing was that in this case she was an honest trader, bound for Tetuan, with a cargo of sundries, though it was generally believed that had she been taken to Algeciras, she would have had some tobacco put on board, and have been condemned as a smuggler. Of course, the Guarda Costa was released, but it was extraordinary that they never resisted, though they carried more men than our boat.

My time at Gibraltar was passed very pleasantly. I tried

to make my little dockyard a model of neatness and good order, and I was well supported.

My routine was to be in the yard at 7 a.m., or earlier in the summer time; at 8.0 I had my bathe at the bathing-place in Rosia Bay, at 8.30 I came home to breakfast, and went down again before 10.0. Often in the afternoons there was little to do, and I generally had my two days hunting in the week in the winter time, though I always went into the yard before breakfast, and occasionally returned early and went back to the yard, if there was anything doing.

Two things are worth mentioning: I found the Dockyard full of unnecessary or obsolete stores, which loomed large in the estimates, while, at the same time, when the Channel Fleet arrived we could not supply their wants. Speaking from memory, I believe we had £48,000 worth of stores on charge, and, acting partly on orders from home, I got rid of superfluous stores till it was reduced to between £12,000 and £13,000, though we had far more of the stores really required than before. One very curious thing occurred in my time. There was an economical craze, and undoubtedly work at Gibraltar, owing to higher wages, compared badly with that done at Malta, so, when certain new instructions regulating Dockyard stores were issued, duly signed by the Secretary of the Admiralty, a paper unsigned was enclosed in which it was stated that at Gibraltar it was unnecessary to keep any stores except "a few rivets and cotton waste," with three anchors of certain weights which would have been quite useless. On consideration I decided to ignore this anonymous instruction, and demanded stores as usual, which were duly supplied, after which I wrote to the Admiralty explaining, and I received a prompt reply "entirely approving" of the course I had adopted. It was an extraordinary attempt to dismantle Gibraltar Yard by a side wind, for which I do not know who was responsible.

Whilst on the question of stores, I may mention the case of ammunition, of which there was supposed to be a reserve at Gibraltar. In those days all warlike stores for the navy as well as the army were in military hands, and charged to War Department Votes. At Gibraltar the officer in charge

was the Commissary-General of Ordnance, who supplied the ammunition required. Although I had no authority over these stores, and any inquiry even was resented as an interference, I was asked once a year to sign a paper certifying that the reserve for the navy was correct. I naturally demurred to signing this paper, especially as it was acknowledged that there were deficiencies, though, so far as I could see, the so-called deficiencies were articles which would have been useless to the Mediterranean Fleet. My action caused nearly as much astonishment as "Oliver's asking for more" did to the work-house authorities. "It had always been signed without question before"; "It was, indeed, a mere form"; "Any deficiencies would be certainly put right before another year"; and so on. I was not convinced, but I was told that Lord Napier, who had signed the report, did not wish it delayed, so I was induced to sign after some correspondence, and I contented myself with communicating with the naval Commander-in-Chief semi-officially on the subject. The next year the report was precisely similar, the bogus deficiencies and all, so I positively refused to sign, and officially reported my action to the Commander-in-Chief, Lord John Hay, who was then in command of the Mediterranean, took it up warmly; but, to obviate delay, I was ordered to sign, and I was amused at hearing subsequently the official excuse, which was that "this reserve was a reserve for an ideal fleet, but that in future the reserve would be a reserve for the ships actually employed on the station!"

After this the reserve was really made suitable. I have said that the nominal deficiencies would have been useless to the Mediterranean Fleet; and, though I write only from memory, I remember that two of the *deficiencies* were a gun carriage for the "Northampton," then on the Australian station, and a slide for the "Raleigh," not then in commission. These are, no doubt, old stories, showing that we were not ready or efficient in the early 'eighties; but especially since Lord George Hamilton had the courage to charge the naval ordnance to naval Votes, matters are much improved, and I believe the naval reserve of ammunition and warlike stores now to be complete on every station.

These are my service reminiscences of Gibraltar, to which I may add a good deal of responsibility and work during the Egyptian expedition in 1882 : fitting out ships for and embarking mules, providing transports with water and other necessaries at all hours, and so on. Also, in December, 1883, shortly before I left Gibraltar, the "Euphrates," on her way to India with 1,300 troops on board, got badly aground off Tarifa, and I was fortunate enough to get her off with the help of two merchant steamers I chartered. The "Euphrates" had had bad weather, and thought that she had got through the Straits, when she suddenly grounded about 8 p.m., going about eleven knots. She had, fortunately, escaped the outlying rocks, the Cabezas and Bahetas, and had picked out a smooth, sandy beach ; so that, after discharging a good deal of coal and stores, and sending the troops to Gibraltar, she was floated undamaged, and was able to continue her voyage.

The then Governor of the Rock was the late Sir John Adye, who was much troubled about this danger to a troopship, and he was very angry with me for going off at once to the "Euphrates'" assistance in my gunboat, which, fortunately, had steam up, and chartering two steamers without consulting him.

I have a very friendly recollection of Sir John ; but I mention this here, as in the navy we are accustomed to prompt action ; and, occasionally, are not careful of forms, while in the army there is often delay caused by a disinclination to act for fear of hurting someone's susceptibilities. In the case of the "Euphrates," I heard of her being ashore soon after noon. Two merchants, who had received telegrams on the subject, were then in my office, from whom I chartered steamers. I ordered lighters to be sent, I wrote a private letter to the Governor, acquainting him with my action, and I was off in half an hour. We reached Tarifa, some sixteen miles, about three. The steamers arrived between four and five, and by nine o'clock the "Euphrates" was afloat. Personally, I thought we had been very successful, and I failed to see that anything would have been gained by delaying to consult a military officer as to how to get a ship off. However, Sir John thought differently, and resented my action, so that it was referred home, on

which I will only say that the Admiralty entirely approved of my conduct.

I have mentioned this chiefly to show the difference between naval and military systems. When I left Gibraltar for England the Governor kindly sent his carriage to take my wife and myself to the dockyard, where we embarked.

And now I have done with Gibraltar, where I spent a very pleasant three years. I was much gratified recently at hearing from a good judge, who spent some months at Gibraltar one winter, that he always looked upon the dockyard there during my command as a model of efficiency in a small way; and I can fairly claim that, whilst we rendered our returns punctually and accurately, we avoided red tape as far as possible.

I enjoyed the hunting immensely, and I got some shooting occasionally at Tetuan, and at the head of Gibraltar Bay. On one occasion, when coming back from the head of the bay in a levanter, or strong easterly gale, in a steam pinnace, she shipped so much water, getting some of her watertight compartments full, that she was in much danger of foundering. I had my son (then in the "Britannia") with me, and a sub-lieutenant, now a post captain.

It was a bad time, but we just kept afloat, and eventually landed at Algeciras at 10.30 p.m., after being seven hours going three or four miles. I wired to Gibraltar, and a steamer was sent for me the next Sunday morning; so we landed, in rather shipwrecked mariners' condition, just as people were going to church. However, we were none the worse, and it was a mere ordinary episode in a sailor's life, but I was anxious for my son, and our failure to return on Saturday night caused much apprehension at Gibraltar, where the gates were kept open for us all night, a most unusual relaxation of the severe rules, which ordered them to be closed at 9 p.m., after which entry into the fortress was impossible, so that if one was out after that hour, one had to sleep in the lines on the neutral ground.

In a former chapter I said that I would spin a yarn about quarantine when I came to my Gibraltar days, so I must redeem my promise. I must premise that in our quarantine regulations we were much hampered by the

necessity for keeping on good terms with Spain, as our mails came over land, and an isolated Gibraltar would be intolerable; and this accounts for much of our obsolete regulations. But to my story. It was in the summer of 1881, I think, that there had been a collision in the Straits between a steamer and a sailing vessel, the latter being dismasted. Both ships had arrived at Gibraltar, and, the case being before the Courts, they were under embargo not to sail, an officer of the Court, with one or two men, being put on board. It was hot weather, and most of the principal officers were on leave. The Governor was, I think, away, the Chief Justice and Attorney-General were both away, and the captain of the port, a retired naval officer, was on leave, his post being temporarily taken by a major in the army. Now for the quarantine regulations. The dismasted sailing ship had come from Venezuela, and, according to some ancient regulations—dating, I think, from 1829—a ship arriving in summer months from Central Africa or America is ordered "forthwith to quit the port" on pain of being fired into and sunk. It is true that there was a saving clause which allowed the captain of the port to use his own discretion as to the meaning of the word "forthwith," and this generally meant three weeks' quarantine, which seemed to be considered necessary to make sure that the ship had not got the plague or the "yellow jack," which the regulations seemed to think normal. In the instance to which I am referring the ship had been seventy days at sea and was perfectly healthy, but the agents, or, rather, the agents' clerk, for the agent was away, wishing to get the ship to sea, approached the acting captain of the port, who had just taken over the duties, and, pointing out the regulations, he got an order to send the ship to sea immediately, and she was towed to Malaga, taking with her the Court's officers. For acting thus he was had up for contempt of court and, I think, imprisoned and fined £2,000.

It is a curious story, illustrating somewhat the absurdity of our quarantine regulations.

Another case was that of H.M.S. "Bittern" in 1883, which her Commander, now Rear-Admiral Mann, will no doubt recollect. There was cholera in some part of the

Sultan of Turkey's dominions, and ships coming from Turkey were quarantined. On the "Bittern's" arrival at Gibraltar from the Mediterranean it was found that she had not got a "clean bill of health," and for six months no one had landed from her, as she had communicated with the British fleet off Valona, a Turkish port, though no one had been ashore there, but she had since been cruising about, in accordance with the Admiral's orders, to Malta and various places on the coast of Italy and Sicily, never stopping long enough anywhere to purge herself from the taint; so that at each port she had a "foul bill of health." This was explained to me, and I duly informed the sanitary Board at Gibraltar of the circumstances, but it was only by a personal appeal to the Governor that I was just in time to get her pratique and stop the order which had been issued for three weeks' quarantine. As she was only to make a stay of a few days at Gibraltar, and was bound to Sierra Leone, it was most important that she should be allowed free communication with the shore, and, as I told the Governor, her quarantine promised to be interminable, though she had no sickness on board, and in all probability she had not been within 500 miles of a case of cholera!

Such cases as those to which I have referred above are apt illustrations of the absurdity of ancient quarantine regulations.

My stay at the historic rock (1881–84) was probably the most pleasant service of my naval career, but I felt that I had been on shore long enough, and I was quite ready to go home when my three years expired.

I arrived in England in February, 1884, and at once applied for a ship, as, though I was nearing my flag, I wanted to go afloat again, and be up to date in all respects when my turn came to be promoted to rear-admiral.

From February to August I was on half-pay, when I was appointed to the command of the "Dreadnought," at Portsmouth, a powerful turret ship, armed with four thirty-eight-ton guns, which, at that date, were muzzle-loaders. She was the largest ship in the service at that time, except the "Inflexible," which we were to relieve in the Mediterranean, and

she had never been commissioned before, though she had been completed some years. I was very proud of my command, and I had a good opportunity of knowing the ship thoroughly, as I was appointed in August for that purpose, the pennant not being actually hoisted till October 14th.

The "Dreadnought" had only one mast, and no sail power. She was an improved and enlarged "Thunderer," of 10,800 tons, and fourteen inches of armour. It was a joke that bow and stern were so much alike, and curiously enough this was exemplified on the morning we commissioned.

The Admiralty yacht "Enchantress" had arrived tne evening before, with my Lords on board on their usual yearly inspection, and all the captains in port were ordered to be on board her at 9 a.m. on the 14th. My pennant was to be hoisted in the "Dreadnought" at the same hour, and before going to the "Enchantress" I had been to my ship, which was lying alongside, to see that ensign and pennant were ready for hoisting. All seemed right, but the signalman had bent on the jack aft and the ensign forward by mistake, which was not observed till the flags were hoisted. It was soon rectified, but the joke remained that even those on board could not tell the bow from the stern. Our men were sent on board in the course of the forenoon, and as the commander, the Hon. Maurice Bourke—a brilliant officer who commanded the ill-fated "Victoria" when she was lost, and has since prematurely joined the majority—had not been appointed, I had warned the first lieutenant to be ready to give them their stations on their arrival. He was a very competent officer, and I felt sure would do the duty satisfactorily, but except, I think, the "Devastation," "Thunderer," and "Dreadnought," all ships then carried masts and sails, to which the "Inflexible" was no exception in her first commission, and I was much amused when the first lieutenant came to me with a blank face, as it had suddenly occurred to him that as we had no masts we could not have the ordinary divisions into foretopmen, maintopmen, mizentopmen, etc., so that he did not know where to begin. He was much relieved when I suggested to him that these divisions of men, technically

called "parts of the ships," should be much the same as in a masted ship, as though the tops and masts would be imaginary, the nomenclature represented roughly the portions of the ship they would have to be responsible for. It was perhaps a natural dilemma, but the solution was a simple one, and the old names are, I believe, still in force. After this explanation all went well, and the men were stationed satisfactorily. Several other difficulties naturally cropped up. Nearly all old ships were steered from aft, the accommodation ladder was aft, the captain's cabin was aft, the quarter deck was abaft the mainmast, and this was sacred to the officers; but the "Dreadnought" was steered from the fore bridge, whence the quarter deck aft could not even be seen, so here was a puzzle, for how was discipline to be maintained when we had thus to break with ancient and honoured traditions? Then we had steam steering gear, but there was a cumbrous hand wheel on the fore part of the hurricane deck which could scarcely be worked at all, and my experienced navigating officer gravely shook his head when I ordered it to be unshipped. I should perhaps mention that we had other steam steering wheels below, and a hand wheel aft in the steering wheel flat which could be used in case of the steam gear breaking down, while no hand wheels are now fitted on deck in large ships; but much was new to us then, and the necessary changes of arrangements required some consideration. I mention these things as they show something of the changes which have taken place in the last twenty years, and a good deal that is now a naval commonplace was something of a stumbling block to the older officers, even twenty years ago.

On November 20th we at length sailed for the Mediterranean, having been delayed by some necessary alterations in accommodation of officers, the number of engineers having been reduced, and of engine-room artificers having been increased, since the ship was completed.

We had a fairly good passage, and ran into Malta Harbour in a heavy "gregale," or strong N.N.E. gale, on December 3rd.

It was a grand sight standing in with the forts on each side of the entrance lashed in sheets of foam, and at times, as I was told by spectators on the "Baracca," the big ship almost disappeared as the heavy seas swept over her low deck. Indeed, I was told that the Commander-in-Chief, Lord John Hay, had intended signalling us not to come in till the weather moderated, but it was so thick that we were too near when flags could have been distinguished. There really was no difficulty, as the ship steered well if good speed was maintained, and I came in at about twelve knots.

I need not say much about my stay in the Mediterranean, which only lasted till April, 1885, when I was promoted, and I returned home in the "Euphrates," one of our Indian troopers, commanded by Captain, now Admiral, Sir A. Douglas. I was relieved in command of the "Dreadnought" by Captain, now Admiral, Sir Frederick Bedford, on April 18th, and reached England on April 28th, 1885.

My "Dreadnought" time was all too short to please me, and in rising to flag rank one has an unpleasant feeling that employment cannot be certain, while the active executive work of a captain has much to recommend it over the more administrative and responsible duties entailed in the higher command.

But I naturally hoped to attain the ambition of a naval officer, and to "hoist my flag," while I trusted that my training and knowledge of the service would prove to have fitted me to do good work as an admiral in command of a British fleet if opportunity was afforded me, and as a young rear-admiral under forty-nine, I had a distinct advantage over many of my older brother officers of like rank. This, I admit, was mainly due, not to any special merit of my own, but to the fact that, as a friend of mine put it, speaking of himself as well as me, "we had been jobbed on" as lieutenants, and so got a good, and perhaps unfair, start. It is true, however, that in the highest interests of the service the best admirals will rarely be found among those who have been long in the junior ranks, deeply immersed in the routines of the service, and perhaps too full of its details to have, as a writer justly observes, "those moral and intellectual qualities which have

more to do with the making of a great commander than technical knowledge, a fact much overlooked by professional men."

In the "Dreadnought" I had some pleasant independent cruises among the Ionian Islands, visiting Patras and other places on the Greek Coast, most of which were familiar to me from my various Mediterranean service. From knowing the places, I was often able to move about boldly and enter ports at night which caused some perturbation to my good staff commander, a reliable but cautious man who had never served on the station before. I often said to him, "It's all right, Jackson, I've been there before," and I remember his saying to me, "Yes, sir, you know the place and you seem to know the marks, but many captains might have been to a place before and know nothing about the pilotage."

This brings me to a technical point, on which I should like to say something here. In the navy in former days the "master" was the navigating officer and pilot. At that time many executive officers, though they had necessarily passed in navigation, or in the rules for navigating a ship, were really quite ignorant of navigation or pilotage, which the masters treated as a sort of black art, of which they were the responsible magicians. The Admiralty wisely altered this system some twenty years ago, the masters who had become staff-commanders and navigating-lieutenants being allowed to die out, being replaced by executive officers, since when captains have given far more attention to this important part of the profession, but at the time of which I speak the old custom was in full force and, speaking generally, the navigating officer was usually the arbiter as to the navigation and pilotage of a ship; though it is true, that on the loss of the "Conqueror" in the West Indies in 1862, I think the Admiralty had been shocked at the verdict of the court martial in condemning the navigating officer, and ignoring any responsibility on the part of the captain. Now the responsibility rests jointly between the captain and the navigating officer, but even of recent years we have seen the navigator strongly blamed, while the captain is practically acquitted. Such being the case, it is natural that the navi-

gator should demur to entering a port which he does not know thoroughly. Now I hold that the navigator should be the valuable assistant to the captain, but that the decision as to the course to be adopted should rest with the latter, who would of course, exonerate the navigating officer if he had advised against the action taken.

This is how I have always acted both as captain and admiral, and I have frequently gone into places against the advice of my navigating officer. I have already stated that I entered Malta Harbour in a "gregale" on our first arrival from England, and this was entirely against my staff-commander's advice. He did not know Malta and I did, so he advised me not to attempt to enter, but having made out the marks I decided to stand in, and took her in myself, though the navigator loyally assisted me, and lent me every assistance in keeping clear of the "Monarch" shoal.

I was, of course, prepared to take the whole responsibility had anything happened. This question I have alluded to, as it is most important that the captain should in every case have full power, and that the responsibility should be his, except so far as the navigating officer has shown himself inefficient.

Even at present the question of performing or not performing a service, entering or not entering a port, is too often settled by the officer appointed for navigating saying: "I cannot undertake it, I must give up charge, sir," which to my mind, places the command and the responsibility on the wrong shoulders. It is the captain's responsibility, and the charge is his, though he has a right to thorough loyal assistance from his navigator.

With this rather technical question of a captain's duties and responsibilities I close the account of my captain's career, and come to my experience as admiral; but I may remark that I was exactly eighteen years a captain, though, as I had, fortunately, been posted very young, I was, I believe, except H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, the youngest admiral on the list when my turn came for the seniority promotion to flag rank.

CHAPTER XV.

HALF PAY—SECOND IN COMMAND OF THE CHANNEL.

On Shore—General Election, 1885—The Advent of the Torpedo Boat—Admiral Aube and Mr. Gabriel Charmes—A Theory of Naval Tactics—My Opposition to the Torpedo Boat View—Recent Shipbuilding Policy—Naval Officers Writing on Naval Topics—Second in Command in the Channel—"Agincourt" and her Sisters—My Duties—Cruises—"Billy" Hewett—My Time in the "Agincourt"—Naval Manœuvres in 1887—I am Handicapped by Changes of Ships—The Opposing Squadrons—The Rules of the Game—Disguising Cruisers—Faulty Rules—Captains in Council—False Telegrams—Capture of Falmouth—Drawing the Enemy West—An Unwelcome Encounter—Forcing the Entrance to the Thames—Arrival at Sheerness—Hewett Appears—Proceeding Up the Thames—"Rattlesnake" Appears Announcing Peace—Satisfactory Conclusion of the War—A Farewell Dinner—Faulty Strategy—"Ally Sloper's" Approval—A Useful Year.

From April, 1885, to July, 1886, I was on shore waiting for a command; this was really a very short time in those days, and even now a rear-admiral who gets the chance of hoisting his flag in fifteen months is one of the lucky ones. My half pay time never hung heavy on my hands; I had plenty to interest me, and, as a J.P. for Bucks, I attended petty and quarter sessions, taking my part in county matters.

At the general election in '85 I assisted the Conservative candidate, Sir Samuel Wilson, in North Bucks, but he was unsuccessful, the rather unscrupulous "three acres and a cow" cry of our Liberal friends being too good a bait for the newly enfranchised agricultural labourers, who confidently hoped that one way or another they were going to come in for a good thing.

There were some curious stories about, which may very likely be true. One was of a labourer who brought a halter to the poll, on which an opponent chaffed him about his expecting to get a cow, the answer given rather shamefacedly

being: "Noa, I didn't expect to get a cow, but a' thought a' might ha' got a calf!"

At the close of '85 the naval world was much interested in the development of the torpedo-boat, which was to revolutionise naval warfare. The French were, as usual, the pioneers of this new idea. It is true that the "Lightning," the first fast torpedo-boat, with a speed of nineteen knots, had originated in England; but in Admiral Aube, then the French Minister of Marine, the new departure had an official advocate, and Mr. Gabriel Charmes, a brilliant writer, developed the idea of the impotence of the big ironclad or mastodone against the torpedo-boat, or microbe, in a series of articles, boldly urging that the former would only be of service as depôts for the latter.

In the winter of 1885-86 this theory took strong hold in England, both in naval circles and with the public, and I myself read a lecture at the Royal United Service Institute for my friend the late Admiral Arthur, who was unwell, a distinguished torpedo officer, in which the same arguments were employed; while in the House of Commons, in the debates on the Naval Estimates 1886-87, Mr. Shaw Lefevre moved that the construction of the "Nile" and "Trafalgar" which had been commenced in the previous year, should be suspended, in which he was supported by several naval officers in the House. The motion was opposed by Mr. Hibbert, then Secretary of the Admiralty in the Home Rule Government; but whilst doing so he stated that these were probably the last two big ironclads we should ever build.

To counteract these views, in which I did not concur, I wrote two articles, one called "Ironclads and Torpedo Flotillas," in the *Nineteenth Century;* the other, which did not appear in my own name, as it was not published till after I had been appointed to the Channel, was called "Are Ironclads Doomed?" in *Blackwood.*

I admitted that the new departure would necessarily modify tactics, but I deprecated the scare as to our menaced fleet, and expressed the opinion that we should continue to build even larger ironclads.

It is clear from the policy since pursued by all nations

that my view was abundantly justified, and I call attention to it, as I hold strongly that though in the submarine the big ship has now an even more dangerous rival, at least, in its present state of development, its power is much magnified in public estimation, and a reference to the torpedo boat scare of 1885-86 will enable us to take a more sober view of the submarines as factors in naval warfare.

I may mention here that, though I have been a frequent writer on naval subjects when on half pay, and since my retirement for age, in 1901, I have always made it a rule never to write anything for publication when in active employment, considering that an officer on full pay has no right to criticise the action or policy of the Admiralty.

But the employment of my half pay time is of little interest to others besides myself, and I come now to my period of command in the Channel.

My flag was hoisted in the "Agincourt," one of the old five-masters of which the Channel fleet was mainly composed for nearly twenty years. She was a comfortable, roomy ship of good speed, and was thought quite a monster when first commissioned with her sisters the "Minotaur" and "Northumberland," though it is interesting to recall that the displacement of these ships was between ten thousand and eleven thousand tons, and that our modern "King Edward VIIth" class are 16,350 tons.

Our squadron at that date consisted of only five ships, the "Minotaur," "Agincourt," "Sultan," "Monarch," and "Iron Duke," the late Admiral Sir William Hewett, then a vice-admiral, being in command.

The duties of the second in command were undoubtediy light. He led the "lee line," and had occasionally to inspect a ship; but he was only appointed for a year, and in some respects he was the fifth wheel of the coach. In fact, the appointment was rather of value in giving experience to a junior flag officer than really necessary for the service on which the Channel Squadron was employed.

Our cruises were of the nature usual for the Channel Squadron—ringing the changes on Vigo and other Spanish ports, Lisbon, Lagos, Gibraltar and Madeira, with one trip to

Port Mahon. We had large crews, and as all the ships were masted there was a fair amount of sail drill, while gunnery was, I fear, little attended to. In the autumn of 1886, after some interesting torpedo experiments at Milford Haven, the squadron went round the north of Scotland and visited Trondhjem, Bergen, and Christiania in Norway, finishing up with Copenhagen. It was an interesting cruise, the King of Sweden and Norway meeting us at Christiania; but we were rather late in the year to enjoy it thoroughly. In 1887 I had the honour of taking part in the Jubilee review at Spithead. The only other matter worth noticing is the manœuvres which took place immediately after the review, with which I propose dealing more fully; but I should like to say a few words about the admiral in command, Sir Wm. Hewett, V.C., K.C.B. "Billy" Hewett had been an old messmate of mine in the "Spartan," and I was under his command in the Ashanti war, as my readers will remember, but perhaps I may be pardoned for again alluding to him. I have referred to him before as a vivacious, impulsive man; nor had he a very full knowledge of the technicalities of the service, but his quickness of apprehension and his faculty for seizing at once on the right course to adopt, and acting on his intuitive perception, was extraordinary. His V.C. bespeaks his gallantry, and he was certainly a leader of men in every sense of the word. We were fast friends, which added much to the enjoyment of my year as second in command, though his health was even then breaking, and he died prematurely shortly after giving up the Channel command in 1888.

I have no desire to lengthen out my description of Channel service. It was undoubtedly very useful to me if to no one else. I had two flag captains—Lord Charles Scott, now a full admiral, and S. Holland, now a rear-admiral. Both were good men, and we had an able commander in R. Groome, now a rear-admiral, so that the "Agincourt" gave me no trouble; but I must say something about the naval manœuvres which took place in 1887, shortly before I hauled down my flag.

The manœuvres in 1887 were among the first of the strategical war exercises which now take place annually, much to the advantage of all, from flag officers downwards. In

the instructions for these small campaigns it has been remarked that the intentions of the Admiralty, under whose auspices they are of course framed, have often been frustrated by loop-holes in the rules of which one or other of the antagonists has availed himself. I need scarcely give instances of this, two of which at least occur to me besides my own in '87, to which I am referring. The reason probably is that the arrangements are made between the chief of the Intelligence Department and the First Sea Lord confidentially, and it is not so much a lack of "intellectual equipment" in the Intelligence Department which is at fault, though that may be the case, but that sufficient heads have not been consulted to ensure that nothing has been overlooked.

I will now explain briefly the 1887 manœuvres. The mobilised fleet were divided into four squadrons, two of which operated in the Irish Channel with which I have nothing to do; the other two were to act in the British Channel and South of England.

Altogether there were ten battleships and four cruisers to be employed in the Channel, and after the Jubilee review of 1887, in which I took part, the ships above referred to were divided into two nominally equal squadrons consisting of five battleships and two cruisers each, commanded respectively by Sir W. Hewett and myself.

Hewett rather unfairly, as I thought, transposed some of the ships in the two squadrons from the Admiralty arrangement, so as to place me at a disadvantage; but I contented myself with an official remonstrance on the subject. To my naval readers the list below will show the position as settled by Sir W. Hewett.

Hewett's Squadron.		My Squadron.
"Minotaur"	Battleships	"Agincourt"
"Monarch"		"Iron Duke"
"Sultan"		* "Impérieuse"
"Inflexible"		"Black Prince"
"Collingwood"		"Conqueror"
"Mercury" (18 knots)	Cruisers.	"Archer" (14 knots)
"Rattlesnake" (19 knots)		"Curlew" (12 knots)

* Rated as a battleship by order.

As all battleships were supposed to be equal, the individual power of the ships mattered little; but the speed was important, and the "Iron Duke" and Black Prince" were certainly slower than any ships in Hewett's squadron; while the "Collingwood," the first of the "Admiral" class of that day was good for 15 knots, a very important point, the bearing of which I propose to show later. But the speed of cruisers was even more important, and Hewett had exchanged the "Curlew" for the "Rattlesnake," so that as my cruisers were four to seven knots slower than those of the enemy it was not easy for me to make any use of them.

However, I meant to make the most of my independence, and we had a week's cruise to settle down before the manœuvres commenced, when we fired at a target, and did various exercises. Before I leave the question of speed, I ought to mention one strong point which I had in the "Imperieuse," then a new ship commanded by Captain A. K. Wilson (now Sir Arthur Wilson, V.C.), in command of the Home Fleet. She was good for seventeen knots, and though nominally a battleship for a time, I could make use of her as a powerful cruiser.

The other two cruisers were skilfully disguised as merchant ships, with sham yards and funnels, and names altered. The "Archer's" was a particularly good disguise; she had an extra funnel and mock paddle wheels. In this way I hoped that my cruisers might obtain some information without being recognised and chased.

Now for our orders. I had been directed to rendezvous thirty miles south of the Lizard, and my orders were to be opened at noon on July 30th—war being declared at noon on August 1st. The orders, shortly put, were that I was to attempt to push up Channel without being intercepted by Hewett; but that if any one of his battleships was for two hours within 3,000 yards of any of my battleships, I was to consider myself defeated, and the war was to be at an end. It was obvious from this that the "Collingwood" might be pushed ahead at 15 knots, and if my squadron were once sighted by her I was lost, though it would be rather a *reductio ad absurdum* for five battleships in company to be captured

by one! As my "Black Prince" was barely good for ten knots this was a serious contingency, and the only chance of success for me was never to sight any of Hewett's squadron. Another clause directed that if I could lie off any port on the south of England for ten hours, it was to be considered as captured.

However, I had great confidence in my captains, who were most eager to do all that was possible, and even the newly mobilised ships "Imperieuse," "Conqueror," and "Black Prince" seemed to be steaming fairly well.

I had a long talk with all my captains after opening my orders, and no doubt I got several good hints; but I think the plan I adopted was chiefly my own idea. I guessed that Hewett would keep about the centre of the Channel, between Portland and La Hogue, and that in that fine summer, with the short nights, it would be impossible to pass him without being observed and being brought to action. My only chance, therefore, it appeared to me, was to draw him off his beat to the westward, and then dodge east and push into the Thames in spite of "flat-irons" ("Staunch" class gunboats) and torpedo boats, which I knew were assembled to oppose me as I passed the Goodwins. I had another string to my bow, which I thought fair under the circumstances in which I was placed, and the orders above given, also that every signal station in England would be in favour of my opponent. This was sending false telegrams to Hewett as to my movements shortly after war had been declared. Accordingly, two officers were landed from the "Curlew" at Falmouth, and telegrams were duly despatched. One of these purporting to come from the "Rattlesnake" informing Hewett that my squadron had been sighted close to the French coast, steering up Channel, was, I believe, just being acted upon, when, unluckily, the "Rattlesnake" herself hove in sight, and no bogus telegrams were of any use afterwards.

Immediately on war being declared at noon on August 1st I pushed at full speed for Falmouth, being off the Lizard at 1.30 a.m. on the 2nd, and off Falmouth at 2.15 a.m. I anchored the squadron at 3 a.m., except the "Imperieuse," "Curlew," and "Archer," which were looking out, and in this way

I hoped to get intelligence of Hewett's approach, while he was 80 miles distant, for the weather was fine and clear. All our masts had been struck, topmasts and topmast rigging sent on deck, and I had cruised without lights, so I hoped not to have been observed before daylight. At 2 p.m., having been off Falmouth ten hours in daylight without being disturbed, I weighed and stood south, after reporting that I had levied a contribution on the town and destroyed docks and shipping. My plan was to have several rendezvous in the Channel, A, B, C, D, etc., where my cruisers might find me, and I went quietly off to A rendezvous well south from the English coast. There I heard from the "Imperieuse" that the "Collingwood" had been sighted by the "Archer" off the Start, and I moved eastward to B, hoping to hear more from the "Archer." She turned up at 10 p.m., reporting all Hewett's squadron off Plymouth about 5 p.m. I had accordingly succeeded in drawing him west and I pushed east for Sheerness at full speed. I was, however, obliged to keep south, clear of the English coast, and though I had a good start, Hewett had the interior lines. I heard afterwards that the Admiralty had placed naval signalmen at the Lizard, Start, and other important points, and that I had been reported off the Lizard at 1.30 a.m. The signalman at the Start had also suspected the "Archer" from her erratic movements while scouting, and he confided his suspicions of the "strange sail" to the "Collingwood" about an hour after the "Archer" had disappeared!

About 7 a.m. on the 3rd we were passing the Channel Islands; it was a misty morning, and I was congratulating myself on not having been observed, when suddenly the "Mercury" turned up quite close to us. She made off at once, and I sent the "Imperieuse" in chase, and to cut her off from Portland, if possible. The "Mercury" was too fast for her, but the chasing delayed her. There was nothing for it but to push on, and, keeping on the French coast, I saw nothing of the formidable flotilla under Captain Sam Long, which should have intercepted me in the Straits of Dover and off the Goodwins. At 2.30 a.m. on the 4th I was off the Edinburgh Channel waiting for daylight, when I was attacked by two torpedo boats, but they were seen in good time

and would easily have been destroyed. At 4 a.m, I pushed through the Edinburgh Channel, which was defended by the "Glatton," "Prince Albert," and about ten gunboats, mostly at anchor; but I think we should have made short work of them. At 6 a.m. I anchored off Sheerness with my whole squadron, leaving the "Archer" looking out, and at 11 a.m. she reported Hewett's squadron in sight. I immediately weighed and stood north, towards the East Swin Channel, leading to the North Sea.

Hewett had with him at the time he was first sighted only the "Minotaur," "Monarch," and two cruisers; the battleships "Sultan," "Inflexible," and "Collingwood" having all broken down more or less; yet by the rules if he came within range of my five battleships I was beaten, so there was nothing for me to do but to run away, and as I had only been six hours off Sheerness it was not taken, I had only molested it. It was near high water and I wished to delay Hewett, but our rules did not allow of my acting in the North Sea, so after making him turn round to intercept me, and leaving him in a narrow channel, I reversed my course to go up the Thames with the last of the flood tide. The only pilot we had in the squadron was in the "Archer," so I ordered him to lead up to Thames-haven, but his reply was that we could not go up there, and that there was no room for our ships to anchor. I knew that there really was little difficulty, as our charts were good, so the "Archer" was ordered to land the pilot at Sheerness, and we went on to Thames-haven, anchoring there about 5 p.m.

At 6 p.m. "Rattlesnake" came up, informing us that the war was over, and the next day we rejoined Hewett at Sheerness.

Altogether I was well satisfied. I don't think that Hewett had any idea of following me up the Thames, but the tide having fallen before he got to the Nore, it was impossible for him to do so had he wished till the following day, and I knew we should have a quiet night.

I had all my captains to dine with me, and I think we were well pleased to have been so successful, though we were really glad to have an all night in, for we were tired with

the excitement of the last few nights. The night before I had never left the deck at all, and probably most of the captains were in the same sleepless condition.

My orders were to get up the Thames and threaten London, and this I had done, but the strategical conception was radically faulty. By the terms my fleet was supposed to be inferior to Hewett's, and if so, it would only have been sacrificed by going up the river, even though some damage might have been done.

These manœuvres caused rather a scare that "an enemy" might elude our fleet and come up the Thames, and that it would in so doing commit suicide did not seem to strike people. However, I was a mild hero for a short time, and Ally Sloper sent me an illuminated certificate for "catching Falmouth asleep," which adorned the nursery, to the huge satisfaction of my boys, though it was certainly not appreciated by my better half, who thought it "vulgar."

With this yarn about the manœuvres of 1887 I must finish my "Agincourt" experience.

It had been a useful year to me, and when I hauled down my flag in August I felt that I was quite prepared to assume the position and responsibilities of a flag officer if I was selected in due course for a more important command.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE EAST INDIA COMMAND.—PART I.

Nominated Commander-in-Chief East Indies—Extent of the Command—Picking Up Hints—Flag Hoisted—Ordinary Routines—Ordinary Cruises—Peculiarity of the Command—A Question of Authority—An Example—East Indian Dockyards—Bombay and Trincomalie—An Admiral's House—Lord Brassey's Views—Diego Garcia—Rodriguez Island—Réunion—Turning Over to "Boadicea," Mauritius—Mr. Meldrum's Observatory—Mozambique Officials—Mozambique—Trade and Traders—Conscripts at Mozambique—Arrival at Zanzibar—Orders to Remain at Zanzibar—Distribution of Ships—The Persian Gulf—Conflicting Views of Secretary of State for India and Indian Officials—Sultans of Zanzibar—Sanitary Arrangements—Our Consul-General—Ladies at Zanzibar—Murder of Germans—A Shooting Trip—Disturbances on the Coast—Sir G. Mackenzie—Sir H. Mathews—Assault on my Secretary—Slave Cruising—Lieutenant Cooper Killed—Difficulties about the Proposed Blockade—Blockade Declared—British and German Arrangements—Admiral Deinhardt—Naval Diplomacy—Deinhardt's Friendly Disposition—Landing the Bishop at Tunghi—A Portuguese Demonstration—Dr. Peters and German Emin Pasha Relief Expedition—Seizure of Peters' Ship—Dr. Peters' Determination and Lack of Scruple—French Dhows—The "Bouvet" and "Boursaint"—Getting Out of a Difficulty—Sir Gerald Portal—Health—Admiral Deinhardt—Sharks—Coaling—Nossi Bé and Diego Suarez—Mauritius and Sir John Hennessy—Return to Zanzibar—An Attempt at Bluff—A Strong Measure—Blockade Raised—Arrival at Bombay—The Prince's Visit and Festivities—Sudden Orders at Madras—Trincomalie and Colombo—Redan Massy a Friend in Need—Leaving Colombo for Zanzibar—Christmas Under Difficulties—Sir H. Stanley—Arrival at Zanzibar—The "Bouvet"—Difficulties of Navigation—Our Good Fortune in the "Boadicea."

On February 10th, 1888, I was nominated commander-in-chief on the East Indies station. It may be worth while to refer to the usual course in making these appointments, which are in the hands of the First Lord of the Admiralty. I had hoped to get this command, and I rather expected it, but there is often a slip between the cup and the lip, so that the semi-official letter from the First Lord's private secretary, in this case Lord Walter Kerr, that "he is desired by Lord

George Hamilton (the then First Lord) to acquaint me that he has received her Majesty's approval that I should succeed Sir F. Richards" arrived it was very welcome. It was at that time probably the most important of all the rear-admiral's commands, with some advantages in the question of pay, so I was very lucky to get it.

I may as well explain here that the East Indian command not only included Aden, the Persian Gulf, Mauritius, and Madagascar as it does now, but the East Coast of Africa as far as 23° south latitude, embracing Zanzibar and a considerable part of the Portuguese settlements on the east coast; but after my command expired, chiefly no doubt on account of the length of time circumstances had obliged me to spend on the Coast of Africa away from India, the East Coast of Africa up to the Line was added to the Cape station, and the East Indian station was reduced accordingly.* In accordance with the usual custom my flag was hoisted a few days later to put me on full pay, and I was "on leave" till I left England in the P. & O. "Britannia" on March 23rd.

Before sailing I made it my business to get all the information possible about the station from the India Office, where I was well primed by the late Sir Henry Rawlinson and others. The knowledge of the politics of the Persian Gulf, especially, I found very useful afterwards. Officially, a commander-in-chief is furnished by the Admiralty with general orders for his conduct, which are sufficient to show the general action he is to pursue, though the Admiralty traditions leave much to his judgment and discretion.

I had a pleasant passage out, changing to the "Assam at Aden, and arriving at Bombay on April 14th, though I did not take command till the 20th, when my predecessor sailed for England.

My flag was hoisted in the "Bacchante," which had been Richards's flagship, Captain (now Rear-Admiral Sir Arthur) Moore. She was a steam corvette, rather fast for those days, good for about twelve knots, but somewhat out of repair. My proper flagship was the "Boadicea," her sister ship, which had

* Recently I understand that the limits of the station have been again somewhat altered.

been commissioned for me by Captain Hon. A. Curzon-Howe (now Rear-Admiral), second in command in China. It had been arranged that she should come out round the Cape, and that I should transfer my flag to her at Mauritius, until when I was to remain in the "Bacchante."

Of course I was busy enough taking over command, but my predecessor was a very able man, who left everything in order. Till he sailed I was his guest at the Admiral's house ashore, an old bungalow which was very hot and dusty, while the constant cawing of the crows was a decided nuisance.

But I must not dwell on mere ordinary routine. Of course, I had numerous official calls to make; but the Governor, Lord Reay, was at Mahableshwar in the hills, where I paid him a visit of a few days early in May.

Whilst at Bombay I lived ashore, and I always took a long walk between 6 and 7.30 a.m.; but it was the hot season between the monsoons, so I was glad to get away from Bombay as soon as I could.

On May 8th I sailed for Colombo and Trincomalie, making some stay at the latter place. On June 16th I sailed for Mauritius and Zanzibar, of which I shall have a good deal to say; but I may as well make some remarks about the station before going into details of East African politics.

The East Indian command is peculiar in one way, namely, that it is partly paid for by the Indian Government, while any ship in the Persian Gulf is, or was at that time, entirely at Indian Government charges. The Indian Government only contributed £38,000 towards the expenses of the squadron, but with this power of the purse the high officials considered that they had a right to command naval officers, whereas the latter, according to the Admiralty view, were entirely under the Admiral Commander-in-Chief of the station, and, though any representation from such an official as the Lieut.-Governor of Burmah, or the Political Resident in the Persian Gulf to an officer in command of one of H.M. ships would be treated with respect and consideration, the responsibility for any action rested entirely with the captain, who had his orders from the Admiral, and who alone would judge of the chances of success should active operations

become necessary. The latter case was by no means unusual, especially in the Persian Gulf, where Muscat and Bahrein were constantly giving trouble, while even at Aden, Zanzibar or Burmah requisitions might at any time be made for armed intervention. This is a big question which is especially prominent in Eastern parts or in uncivilised countries, and is certainly not confined to the East Indies, but the naval traditions have always asserted the independence of the navy, and a moment's consideration of our large naval stations, which include several Governments, will show that no Government official, however high his position, can dictate the movements or employment of H.M. ships, which must be regulated by the naval commander-in-chief in accordance with the representations made to him and his views as to the most important requirements.

I have mentioned this, as it is at times a cause of some friction, and I shall have to revert to it later. Lest I have not made my case clear, I would point out that even on the East Indian station, where the Viceroy had large powers, and, by an agreement between the Admiralty and the India Office, he has a right to demand that four ships should be in Indian Waters, the Governors of Ceylon and Mauritius and the Consul-General at Zanzibar were entirely independent of him, so that it must rest with the Admiral to determine where ships should be stationed.

Not long before my assuming command on the occasion of the operations against King Theebaw in Burmah, my predecessor had withdrawn the ship which usually remains at Aden, and some correspondence was still going on when I relieved him, between the Governor-General and the Admiral, as the Resident at Aden thought that his approval should have been previously obtained.

The position of the naval squadron in the East Indies was, in another way peculiar, as the principal dockyard and factory for the repair, overhaul, and docking of the ships was at Bombay, under the Superintendent of the Indian Marine, who, though a naval officer, was under the Indian Government; so that the question of cost of repairs or stores had to be settled between India and the Admiralty.

This was scarcely satisfactory, as occasionally it was maintained that the Admiralty drove a hard bargain, and did not pay enough; while the Admiralty complained of stores not being sufficiently cared for, or of delay, or indifferent work. However, Bombay was our only dockyard and factory, and in the main the work was well done under Capt. Hext, R.N. (now Sir John Hext), who was superintendent in my time, but he was not under my orders, and he was responsible to his paymasters, the Indian Government. Besides Bombay, we had a very efficient little naval establishment and coal depôt at Trincomalie, in Ceylon, where ships could refit and be completed with stores; but there was no dock, and no repairs to machinery could be carried out there at that time. This yard was directly under the commander-in-chief.

Trincomalie is a nice little place, with a beautiful harbour, specially interesting historically from the sea-fights which took place near the port between the French Admiral Suffren and Sir Edward Hughes in 1781–82, when Suffren managed to seize this important base almost under Hughes' eyes.

It is always very warm, and not very healthy, especially in May and June, so that Capt. Moore, who had not been very well, obtained permission to go home with his admiral, being succeeded by Capt. R. Henderson, now admiral-superintendent at Portsmouth; and I was fortunate in having so good an officer as flag captain during the rest of my time in the "Bacchante."

At Trincomalie the admiral has a good house, arranged much like a ship: a large dining-room, flanked by sleeping cabins on each side, with a good drawing-room or after cabin, and a capacious verandah forming the stern walk. The house is in sight of the ships, and the officers can land and walk up to the admiral's office, if necessary, so that the business of the squadron can be conveniently carried on while the admiral lives on shore. This raises the question whether an admiral in command of a foreign squadron should live on shore, which at first glance would be answered in the negative; but the "Boadicea" was only a corvette, so that the accommodation was indifferent, and in Bombay or Trincomalie the flagship was frequently in dockyard hands for repairs, caulking, etc., while it is important that the admiral should have intimate

relations with governors and other officers on shore, which can best be maintained by the admiral's being in a house on shore. Still, undoubtedly, he should be with his ships, and, personally, I lived much on board.

At Bombay the admiral's house was some distance from the landing-place, and communication between the Admiral's house and ships in the harbour took some time; but at Trincomalie it was easy, and the admiral's house at the latter place allowed of more comfort for the admiral and his staff, while he was living in full view of his ships, and handy to the dockyard. I mention this as my good friend, Lord Brassey, who has an intimate knowledge of naval requirements, after a visit to Bombay and Trincomalie in the "Sunbeam," a few years before I was in command of the station, gave it as his opinion that the house at Bombay was reasonable, but that it was not required at Trincomalie. This hit me rather hard; for while I could well have dispensed with the house at Bombay, except for social requirements, I found it hard to keep in touch both with the shore and the ships, so that I had no rest, and, at the same time, I felt it difficult to carry on the work.

At Trincomalie, on the other hand, after long cruises and living on board for a year or more on the coast of Africa, one felt the comfort of a house on shore whence all service matters could be conveniently carried on. This is a digression; but before I leave the question of admirals' houses, I add that in China there was no admiral's house, though the "Alacrity" despatch boat served him as a lodging when requisite; and where he has a battleship with ample accommodation I am inclined to agree that his proper place is on board his ship.

Well, perhaps I am biased. I certainly liked Trincomalie, and one could get good snipe shooting at certain seasons, besides trips into the jungle for big game shooting, to which I propose to refer later. The communications were bad, except by sea, though the mails were sent across by runners in two days from Colombo. This was not without risk, as more than once a postman was killed by a cheetah or leopard while passing through the jungle tracks.

I intended to call at Diego Garcia, a coral atoll where the Orient steamers used to coal on their voyage to Australia, but they had recently given it up, though we were welcome to clear out their coal hulks, which had enough coal to complete my two small craft, the "Ranger" and "Algerine." The anchorage is fairly good, though full of reefs. There is, or was, a large establishment for cocoanut oil, and a police magistrate was in charge.

I exchanged civilities with the police magistrate and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Butler, and left them some presents of wine, spirits, and eau-de-cologne, while I got coral, shells, cocoanuts, and tortoiseshell in return.

We were at Diego Garcia from June 22nd to June 25th, and I then went to Rodriguez Island, where we arrived on the 30th. Rodriguez stands about 1,800 feet above the sea at the highest point, and is surrounded by coral reefs. I enjoyed my stay there, getting some shooting—guinea fowl and rabbits. There are a good many deer on the island, but we did not shoot any. It is rather a neglected place, slenderly inhabited by Creoles of sorts from Mauritius. Mr. O'Halloran, who had been at Rodriguez nine years, was the Chief Commissioner in charge of the island. It is under the Mauritius Government.

After remaining a few days at Rodriguez, I sailed for Bourbon, or Réunion, detaching my small craft to Mauritius. We reached Bourbon on July 7th, where I exchanged visits and dined with the acting-governor, Mr. Longnon.

Bourbon is a beautiful island with fine hills, but not nearly so fertile as Mauritius. It is, of course, French, having been restored to France in 1814.

I had a pleasant trip up the hills to Salazies, and some good climbing among the mountains.

The anchorage at Bourbon is bad, and I was glad to get away, though the French authorities were very friendly and civil.

From July 11th to August 8th we were at Mauritius, where I turned over to the "Boadicea," and the "Bacchante" sailed for England. At this, the cool season, the weather at Mauritius is delightful, specially in the hills, where we

visited several sugar factories, and enjoyed a "chasse." The latter is rather a tame affair, and is made too much of a picnic. At one chasse in which I took part we had forty guns, and only five stag were killed, one of which I was fortunate enough to get. I must not omit to mention that we had much civility shown to us by everyone, from Mr. Fleming, administering the government in the absence of Sir Pope Hennessy, downwards. It was very interesting visiting the sugar factories, most of the sugar going to India, and much of the labour being done by Indian coolies. My friends at Mauritius were numerous: Colonel Hall in command of the troops, and his wife, Lady Louisa; Mr. Robinson, whose factory near Curepipe I stayed at; Sir Virgile Naz, and Mr. Currie, who gave us a good chasse, I feel bound to mention. I paid a visit to Mr. Meldrum, the celebrated meteorologist, who has done so much to illustrate the theory of the law of storms. His observatory at Pamplemousse was in very good order, and we had a very interesting conversation on the subject of cyclones. With so many French people about, it was a change to come across an unmistakable Aberdonian in spite of his many years—thirty, I think—on the island. Of course, the language principally spoken at Mauritius was French, and I had to make several French speeches. On August 16th I was at Mozambique, where I exchanged visits with the Portuguese acting governor-general, Francisco de Campos Sampaio Smith, and the Portuguese commodore, Capt. Antonio de Souza Pereira Sampaio, who had his pennant in the "Alfonso II." These names I get from my journal, and they are certainly grand enough for the traditional glories of the nation. I think one is generally right in taking the penultimate name as the one by which to call a Portuguese high official.

Mozambique is on an island, and there is a good harbour between the island and the mainland. The approach is imposing, with the fine old Portuguese fort commanding the entrance, though it was quite useless with its antiquated guns. The trade is apparently nil.

Possibly it is more important now, but I am tempted to

give a conversation which took place between myself and the German Consul at Mozambique on the occasion of one of my visits there which will serve to show his opinion, at least, of Portuguese trade in East Africa. One must remember that Mozambique is the nominal capital of Portuguese East Africa. The Consul, who was dining with me, and who was the head of an Austrian firm, one of the oldest established on that coast, said, "I have no patience with the Portuguese," to which I replied that I rather shared his views. He then said, "How many miles of coast line have they on this side of Africa?" My answer being "About 1,100," he said, "I make it 1,200," and I told him that we would not dispute about 100 miles. He then said, "And how many Portuguese merchants are there?" I said, "I really don't know, but I doubt there being half a dozen." "Not one," he said, "not one." "Oh," I replied, "I can tell you one," mentioning a merchant at Lorenço Marques. He admitted that there was such a man, but he claimed that he was only an agent, not a principal, and added, "Now tell me another," which I confessed to being unable to do; and he then assured me that though at Quillimane and Lorenço Marques there were British, French, Dutch, American, and German merchants, there were no Portuguese merchants at all, unless the one I had mentioned was to be counted.

Whilst referring to Mozambique, I may as well mention a curious thing which I observed on another visit. I had gone over to the mainland, where I saw what I took to be a gang of convicts in chains, with some soldiers in charge, and I was somewhat surprised to find jokes being exchanged between the soldiers and convicts. On mentioning this to our Consul, he said, "Oh! those were the conscripts; they put them in chains to prevent their running away, and they are embarked for St. Paul's, Loando, on the West Coast, some 2,000 miles from their homes, so that there is then not much fear of their deserting. The soldiers here come mostly from the West Coast." But it would be indiscreet on my part to dwell further on those idiosyncrasies of Portuguese government, and I will only say that certainly twice during my command there were mutinies at Mozambique; that the soldiers are never paid

regularly, but are principally rewarded by raids made on some quasi-independant chiefs; that in my two visits to Mozambique it was never safe to go more than a few miles from the beach, as warlike operations were supposed to be going on; and for the rest, I may refer to Rudyard Kipling, who has humorously summed up Portuguese government on the East Coast of Africa in "Judson and the Empire." As to the conscripts, I mentioned the subject to the Governor, who defended it on the ground that all European governments, except the British, forced their men to serve, and that as these subjects of his had an unreasonable objection to military service he was obliged to chain them till he got them safely on board ship.

I only stayed forty-eight hours at Mozambique, and pushed on to Zanzibar, where we arrived on August 22nd. On my arrival I found five of my squadron at anchor, Captain Jenkings in the "Garnet" as Senior Officer. The "Algerine" had come with me from India; the other four, "Garnet," "Mariner," "Griffon," and "Penguin," were on this coast slave cruising but had concentrated at Zanzibar in the usual course to meet the Admiral. I had all the captains to dine with me, but I sent two ships to sea again that night, as I had reason to believe that the slave dhows were well aware when our watch was relaxed.

I found at Zanzibar two German and two Italian ships, as both countries had questions unsettled with the Sultan, who was being coerced more or less. This opens up a large political question, and I was not much surprised to find orders from the Admiralty to remain at Zanzibar, or on the East Coast, for the present. Accordingly, I did not again sail for India for fourteen months, leaving Mombasa for Bombay on October 28th, 1889.

In relating my movements for four months after I had taken command, I have been anxious to give some idea of the ordinary progress and the duties of a commander-in-chief of a foreign station in quiet times. Ships had to be inspected, of course; dockyards visited and overhauled; the Admiralty communicated with by a "letter of proceedings" each mail; besides numerous official and social functions. The distribution of the ships was a consideration of importance, and

one to which all commanders-in-chief must give special attention; so I may as well mention how the squadron was disposed on my arrival at Zanzibar. My squadron was not a large one. The "Boadicea" herself was only a large corvette; besides the "Boadicea" there were two smaller corvettes of the "Gem" class—the "Turquoise" (Captain Brackenbury), and the "Garnet" (Captain Jenkings)—and there were nine smaller vessels or sloops. The following, then, was the position of the twelve ships:—Six, including the "Boadicea" and "Garnet" were at Zanzibar, or on the East Coast of Africa; three, including the "Turquoise" as Senior Officer, were in the Persian Gulf; one was at Aden; one at Rangoon, or in the Indian Ocean; one on her return to India from Mauritius.

From the above it will be seen that there were two parts of the station where ships were chiefly wanted, *viz.* the East Coast, about Zanzibar and the Persian Gulf. As to the latter, we have always kept a paramount influence over the various Arab chiefs owning territories on the shores of the Gulf, and have put down piracy and the slave trade with a strong hand; while our influence over the Ottoman and Persian Governments, and the Sultan of Muscat, has checked the lawlessness which had generally existed in the dominions of these Powers. Possibly our Resident at Bushire, then Colonel Ross, an able man, occasionally magnified his office; and though it had been officially agreed in England, between the India Office and the Admiralty, that one ship, the "Sphinx," a paddle-steamer specially fitted for the tropics, was sufficient to police the Gulf in normal circumstances, disturbances, especially at Bahrein, were always threatened, so I had found three ships in the Gulf when I took command; and though I was in correspondence with the Indian Government on the subject of reducing them, they were inclined to support their Resident not only in having three ships retained in the Gulf, but that a fourth should be at Bombay ready to be sent there if circumstances, in his opinion, made this necessary. To this I demurred, pointing out that we required ships at Zanzibar; and though I had not had an opportunity of going to Bushire and thoroughly acquainting myself with Persian Gulf politics, I knew from my conferences at the India Office

before leaving England sufficient to enable me to arrive at the conclusion that no present necessity existed for so many as three ships being in the Gulf.

On this subject some rather lengthy telegrams were exchanged between the Indian Government and myself, not long after I had reached Zanzibar; but no change took place till November, when Lord Lansdowne was to relieve Lord Dufferin as Viceroy, of which I took advantage to order the "Turquoise" to Bombay to do the honours.

I expected a remonstrance from the Indian Government, but just at that time I received a correspondence between the Admiralty and the Secretary of State, in which the latter protested strongly *against the Commander-in-Chief retaining three ships in the Persian Gulf, which, consequently, were at the charge of the Indian Government.* I need scarcely say that the money question had never appealed to me, and that the Admiralty order, directing me to at once comply with the wishes of the Secretary of State, that only one ship should remain in the Gulf unless it was absolutely necessary to retain more, was very opportune. As I have stated, I had already withdrawn one ship, and I at once recalled a second to Bombay; and, except on one special occasion, one ship remained to represent the British flag in the Persian Gulf during the remainder of my command. The spectacle is a curious one. In India the Governor-General was supporting his official, who wished to have ships at his command; while at home the Secretary of State, having an eye to finance, suspected the Commander-in-Chief of keeping ships in the Gulf unnecessarily, to save the British taxpayer; and I can only conclude that neither in England nor in India were these high officials "thinking imperially." To return to my proceedings at Zanzibar. Of course, I paid a formal visit to the Sultan Seyd Kalifa, who was very civil He was the brother of Seyd Burghash, who came to England, and he was succeeded by another brother, Seyd Ali. All of them were very strict in their religious observances, and they neither smoked nor drank. Burghash had 300 wives or concubines, and some complications occurred when one of our ships seized a vessel full of his concubines as slaves; which, no doubt, they

were, strictly speaking; but it was certainly a case of *trop de zèle*.

Zanzibar is not supposed to be specially interesting, and certainly the sanitary arrangements of the town at the time of which I am speaking left much to be desired; but, what with German and Italian ambitions, and risings on the coast at Pangani, Tanga, and Lindi there was plenty to do, and at that season the weather was not oppressive. Our Consul-General was Colonel (now Sir Charles Euan) Smith, an able man, who had much influence with the Sultan. Mrs. Euan Smith was with him, and they made the consulate a home for us naval officers, being most hospitable and friendly. I usually had a ride or a walk before breakfast, and after 4.30 I generally played lawn tennis with the Colonel and others. Occasionally I took a drive, a carriage having been placed at my disposal by the Sultan, though there was not much choice of roads.

The usual drive was along the Mnazi Moja, which means one palm tree in Swahili, to the Universities Mission stations at Mbwani and Mkunazini, or to the Sultan's palace of Champani. So the time passed pleasantly enough. I cruised with my ships, occasionally visiting the disturbed districts, and boats were away slave cruising, a good many dhows being captured. Our ladies at Zanzibar were few, and, besides Mrs. Euan Smith, I can only remember Madame Lacou, an Englishwoman, the wife of the French Consul. As a German Consul aptly expressed it to me when listening to my band, two things are wanted at Zanzibar—"the music and the feminine." But there were plenty of men—Michahelles the German Consul-General, Dienhardt the German Admiral, and the naval officers, German and Italian, and later one Frenchman. The German Admiral Dienhardt was a fine looking man, who spoke English well. Though there were certain points in which our respective Governments differed, we became fast friends, and I could always depend upon his keeping any engagement he came to me with honourably. Poor Dienhardt died about two years after he went home. He had his flag in the "Leipsic," which was very similar to the "Boadicea."

It was towards the end of September that the dissatis-

faction of the natives on the German sphere, about 450 miles of coast line opposite Zanzibar, culminated in open rebellion at Bagamoyo and other places, two Germans being murdered at Kilwa on the African coast south of Zanzibar. At that time there was a good deal of combustible matter about, telegrams from England were numerous, and my cruises had to be short; nor was there much time for sport or amusement. I may mention, however, that the Consul-General and myself had a run across to the mainland in the "Mariner," Commander C. Arbuthnot (now a rear-admiral), and that we had some good shooting on the Wami river in September, bagging five hippopotami between us. These animals sink when dead, floating some time afterwards, so it is difficult to tell who has shot them, and as a rule they only show their heads on the level of the water. They are rather dangerous to boats, but though we saw large herds of these animals, we only once got a shake, probably by running over a hippopotamus unintentionally. This was early in September, after which time the German sphere was unsafe for sportsmen. There were lions about, but we did not come across any, nor were we fortunate with the alligators, which were numerous.

The disturbances to which I have referred occurred chiefly in the German sphere, which extended from Cape Delgado in the south to the Umba river in the north, nor was our sphere clear of suspicion. Mr. George Mackenzie (now Sir George) came out early in October to establish our British East African Company, the headquarters of which was at Mombasa, and there was a mild disturbance there when he went up to take charge. The Sultan's steamer, the "Glasgow," subsequently sunk by Admiral Rawson in 1901, was sent up to quell the disturbance, having one hundred of the Sultan's drilled troops on board. I was cruising at the time, but we turned up opportunely at Mombasa the next morning, which had a good effect. I ought to mention that the Sultan's regulars were under the command of General Mathews, formerly a Lieutenant, Royal Navy (afterwards Sir L. Mathews). He was an able man, who lived like an Arab, and kept matters straight,

but though loyal to his native country he kept aloof from us socially on account of Arab jealousy.

There was indeed, at this period, much fanatical feeling about, my secretary, Mr. Harvey, being knocked down by a violent blow from a bludgeon from behind while walking with a friend close to the town, and his assailant was never arrested. On one occasion my carriage was stopped, and I was warned not to go a certain road where I usually drove, as there was a plot to murder me. This I treated lightly; but while there was much Mohammedan effervescence on the mainland, it is certain that there was some danger of an outbreak at Zanzibar; fortunately Mathews' regulars could be trusted, though the numerous Askaris or irregular soldiers were fanatical and dangerous.

Our slave cruising continued all the time, many captures being made mostly by boats off Pemba. The Arabs frequently made some resistance, but they preferred to run on the coral reefs and escape to the shore if possible after firing a volley. It was on October 17th that the steam cutter of the "Griffon," under Lieut. Cooper, attacked a dhow off Pemba about 10 p.m. She had only a crew of five men, including two stokers and the lieutenant. By the first volley from the dhow Lieut. Cooper was mortally, and the only two blue-jackets severely, wounded, but the lieutenant retained command, and, ably assisted by the coxswain, Bray—then a ship's corporal, though he had served with me as a signalman in the "Invincible"—the dhow was captured with seventy-nine slaves, the Arabs swimming ashore. Poor Cooper died before the cutter reached the ship, and he was buried with all the honours at Zanzibar, boats from German and French ships assisting.

The two wounded men, an armourer's mate and a sailmaker's mate, recovered, and the Sultan was made to pay 20,000 rupees for the resistance made by his subjects. This sum formed the basis of the Cooper Institute or Sailors' Home, which was founded at Zanzibar in the following year, and which is, I believe, a flourishing institution, greatly appreciated by our men.

For some time there had been *pourparlers* between our

Government, the German Government, and the Sultan about declaring a blockade of the coast opposite Zanzibar. It was to be a peace blockade, *i.e.* we were to stop slaves and the import of arms, though there was not even "a sort of war" going on. Probably it was politic for the two Governments to work together, though their views were different, as our object was to suppress the slave trade, while the Germans were intent on stopping the supply of arms and ammunition, much of which trade was in the hands of our British Indian subjects. The irony of the situation was that in order to support the Sultan's authority, as he was more or less under our protection, our Government insisted on everything being done in his name, though it is unlikely that he had any sympathy with our aims and intentions.

I have said enough to show that there were divergencies of views between the different Powers interested about the blockade, which caused some delay. Meanwhile, the "Agamemnon," a battleship from the Mediterranean, reached Zanzibar on November 13th to strengthen my hands, and the rainy season had come on, with close oppressive weather; while changes of policy caused much delay.

At length, on December 1st, the German Admiral and myself declared the blockade in the name of his Highness the Sultan, who had given a verbal consent. No sooner was this out than the Italians wanted it withdrawn, so that they might join, which I declined to do, though I pointed out to the Italian Captain that he could issue a proclamation himself, and we would allow him to take a part, and he adopted my suggestion.

My arrangements had been made for the ships under my orders and with Deinhardt some time previously, and at length, on December 2nd, I got away to take part in the blockade, my journal remarking, "Delightful to be at sea, and clear of Zanzibar and its intrigues."

It is unnecessary to go into details of our blockade, which lasted till September 30th, 1884, nearly ten months, but it may be interesting to give a summary of my orders, and the duties my ships were intended to carry out. Each ship had a station assigned to her, so many miles of coast. She was

always to be under way before daylight, and to anchor at sunset, owing to the strong currents, while four boats were to be always away, night and day. This was to continue as long as her coal lasted, generally five weeks; then she was relieved and had a week at Zanzibar to coal, refit, and give leave.

In the "Boadicea" I took my share of the blockade, and we had generally six boats away, but I was obliged to be in frequent touch with Zanzibar, to communicate with the Consul-General, and for the mails and telegrams.

My orders were thought to be pretty stiff, but my German colleague's were more stringent in many respects, and he gave me to understand that I was too easy, while I thought he expected too much, especially if the blockade was to last some time. The result, I think, proved that I was right; as though some changes took place between the original blockaders and ships from India, practically my ships kept up the blockade strictly according to my orders for ten months, and were all efficient at the end of the time, while most of the German squadron were inefficient after a few months, though this was of less consequence as, owing to the troubles at Bagamoyo—one Bushire, an Arab chief, being specially aggressive—most of the German squadron had to be concentrated there. The "Agamemnon" remained at Zanzibar, chiefly, as she was not suitable for cruising, but her boats were made use of, and she was a valuable depôt and repair ship, while it was useful to have her captain, Capt. Cardale, senior officer at Zanzibar, in my absence.

I must not dwell on the blockade, which no doubt had its effect; but there are three episodes which are sufficiently interesting to refer to.

The first is a little piece of naval diplomacy, which settled satisfactorily a difficulty. It was in April, 1889, that several of our missionaries, coming down from the interior on account of the unsettled state of affairs, fell into the hands of Bushire, an Arab chief who, as I have mentioned before, was fighting against the Germans at Bagamoyo—Bagamoyo being on the mainland nearly opposite Zanzibar, and only about twenty-two miles distant. He demanded a money ransom, both for the English missionaries and for a German Dr. Meyer, and

he had received R15,000, I think. The negotiations were conducted through Père Etienne, the head of a French mission, which had long been established at Bagamoyo, whose chief was much respected by the natives, and Bushire had kept his bargain. But *l'appétit vient en mangeant*, and a last missionary, a Mr. Hooper, had fallen into Bushire's hands towards the end of the month; and he demanded not only R10,000 ransom, but that a certain Arab chief, who had been in the Sultan's prison at Zanzibar for the last eight years, having taken part in the murder of our Capt. Brownrigg, should be released and sent over with the ransom. I was away cruising when this last demand was made, but the Sultan and our Foreign Office had agreed to it.

This was the state of affairs when I arrived at Zanzibar on the evening of April 27th. As soon as I anchored, Colonel Hawes, formerly of our marines, our acting Consul-General, came on board, Euan Smith having gone home on account of health, and asked me if I could help him in his trouble. The difficulty was that Deinhardt had flatly refused to allow the Arab chief to land, and I saw a private letter from him in which he stated "that there were plenty of blackguards over at Bagamoyo, and he was not going to have any more sent over." Hawes was naturally very uncomfortable about this—he was only in charge for a short time till Gerald Portal arrived—and it was more than probable that Bushire would carry out his threat to murder the missionary if his terms were not complied with. He was much relieved when I said I hoped I could settle it, and I asked him to have the R10,000 and the Arab ready to come on board the "Boadicea" at seven o'clock the next morning.

I then signalled for the "Agamemnon's" torpedo boat, and sent her to Bagamoyo with a letter to Deinhardt, in which I said that I quite agreed with him about there being plenty of blackguards over there, but I added, "one more won't make much difference to you, and it will make all the difference to us," and I pointed out to him that anyone who had spent seven or eight years in an Eastern dungeon had probably one foot in the grave. About 1 a.m. I got my answer, which was

charmingly cordial, and I have kept it as showing the good understanding between us.

It was dated from the "Leipsic," off Bagamoyo, April 27th, and began as follows:—"My dear Admiral,—If it's to oblige *you*, I don't care if a dozen of them come over," etc. So the chief was sent over with the R10,000 the following morning, and Mr. Hooper was liberated. I saw the Arab about 7 a.m. on board the "Boadicea." Poor fellow, he was a mere wreck, as I expected, and I am quite sure that Deinhardt had no cause to regret complying with my request.

Another episode was that, having just arrived at Zanzibar from blockading on May 14th, in the evening, of course with empty bunkers, I got a telegram from the Admiralty, early on the 15th, telling me to send three ships to Tunghi, to insist on the Portuguese allowing Bishop Smythies, of our Equatorial Mission, to land there. Now Tunghi was a vexed question. It is situated close to Cape Delgado, the northern limit, as we held, of the Portuguese territory; and as we held on the Zanzibar Protectorate; the Portuguese had taken possession of it in 1887, notwithstanding a protest from Lord Salisbury on behalf of the Sultan of Zanzibar. There was, I believe, no resistance, but much powder and shot was expended by Portuguese ships, and some property of British Indians destroyed.

We did not accordingly admit the claim of the Portuguese to interfere at Tunghi; but they had done so, and for some reason or other they had refused to let Bishop Smythies land for his annual visit up the country to the mission stations at Lake Nyassa. I had heard of this at Zanzibar, and had already sent orders to the "Mariner," blockading off Lindi, to pick up the bishop and land him at Tunghi, if possible, so "Mariner" was good for one ship. A second I had to pick up, and I knew where I could find the "Cossack," which was blockading about 100 miles north of Zanzibar, but fortunately full of coal. I communicated with her by torpedo boat, telling her to join me off Lindi on the morning of the 17th. The "Boadicea" was my third ship; we had five boats and forty-eight men away, and had to coal. However, on the 17th we picked up "Mariner" and "Cossack" off Lindi, and

on the morning of the 18th we stood into Tunghi. The bay was full of Portuguese ships with the acting Governor-General flying his flag in the "Mindello," besides which there were four others, including three gun vessels. I don't know exactly what was the occasion of this Portuguese demonstration, but at that time they were extremely jealous of our having any communication with our mission stations in the interior at Blantyre and on Lake Nyassa, which they considered their "hinter land," and in one way or another perhaps they hoped to starve our people out. As they were demonstrating I thought we had better demonstrate a bit too, so I stood into Tunghi with my three ships and anchored, and though there was no chance of opposition, they well knew that the "Boadicea" alone could have destroyed all their squadron, for none of the five ships were in an efficient state; but this would not have much helped the bishop. Fortunately, however, the "Mariner" had already settled that question amicably, so my work was done, and after exchanging calls and salutes I again sailed for Zanzibar.

Another rather awkward question was that of Dr. Peters, who has written a book about his East African experiences, in which he considers that he outwitted me. This would require a longer explanation than I can afford room for, but the following is a fair summary of the facts: Dr. Karl Peters arrived out in Zanzibar about May, calling himself the head of the German Emin Pasha Expedition, but I had reason to believe that his object was far more to advance German interests, at the expense of British, than to act simply as a relief force for the African traveller. Accordingly, I had an interview with him, which I considered unsatisfactory, and I gave him to understand that I should obstruct him by any means in my power, and that I should consider any attempt by him to land on the blockaded coast as a breach of the blockade. I subsequently seized some of his arms, but I afterwards returned some sporting rifles to him.

He then went to Bagamoyo to try to get into the interior through the German Protectorate, but the country was too unsettled, and he received no countenance from Deinhardt or Major Wiesman, who had been sent out in military com-

mand, both of whom looked upon him with suspicion as a filibuster. However, in June he left Bagamoyo ostensibly for the south, of which I had information, and I sailed to the furthest north of our blockaded coast in the "Boadicea," anchoring in Manda Bay just beyond the blockaded limits. I certainly thought he had gone south, but I knew he was determined on landing, and he might be coming north, so I had gone north on the chance, and Manda Bay was a good anchorage. There I heard through the Wali (chief official or governor) of Lamu that Peters had landed a couple of days previously at Quihu, a place about twenty miles north of Manda, and, of course, outside the blockaded coast line. I knew that my information was good, and I knew, too, that he could only have landed himself and party with most of his ammunition, but that his steamer, a vessel called the "Necra" would probably have to go to Lamu, which was inside the line of blockade, to land his stores, without which I did not believe he could go up country. The "Mariner" was in charge of this part of the blockaded coast, and, in accordance with my orders, she had a boat at Lamu. Manda Bay being only seven or eight miles from Lamu, I contented myself with leaving orders for the "Mariner" to look out for the "Necra," and that she was to be seized if she put in there and had any contraband of war on board.

She did put in, and was duly seized and sent down to Zanzibar. The Court justified the seizure, but the ship was not condemned, and I am bound to say that Dr. Peters, with more courage than humanity, shot his way up the country, taking food by force, and he deserves credit for his pluck in reaching Uganda.

As I expected, he did as much mischief as he could, making doubtful treaties and dispensing German flags, which were to be planted at the back of Vitu, then a German Protectorate, so as to be obstructive to our East African Company. All these treaties were, however, disowned in the agreement between the British and German Governments in August of that year. Peters is sarcastic as to the way in which he landed almost under my nose, and he seemed to think that I should have landed men and seized him had I known. As a

matter of fact I did know all his movements, but I had no legal right to obstruct him, either outside the blockaded limits or in the German Protectorate of Vitu, and I could not act as he did on the view that there was no law in Africa. The Wali at Lamu really had very good information about Peters, and he explained to me, graphically touching his eyes, that eye-witnesses who knew Peters had seen him, and they gave accurate details of what he had been able to land at Quihu. I do not deny that Dr. Peters deserves credit for his determination in landing in an exposed spot and pushing his way up to Uganda, but he had no scruples; and he seems to have thought that as I did not interfere with him and act illegally I was ignorant of his proceedings, which was not the case.

Before leaving blockade incidents, I must allude to the vexed question of French dhows. For a few francs, at Mayotte, in the Comoro Islands, Arab dhows could get a French register entitling them to hoist French colours, of which they largely availed themselves. There was little difficulty about this, and as the French commodore himself admitted to me, the grant of the French flag ought to be given "*d'une manière plus sobre*," but though the French themselves have no sympathy with slavery, their traditional jealousy of our policing the seas has always led them to refuse consent to our boarding ships under the French flag, their excuse being that their ships will prevent its being made an improper use of. However, under pressure, they had at this time given a qualified assent to our ships boarding French dhows, which were to be brought to Zanzibar and handed over to the French Consul, and they sent a small sloop, the "Bouvet," to Zanzibar, ostensibly to do their own boarding, though she lay in the harbour for months, never sending a boat away cruising. The "Bouvet" was commanded by Capitaine de Frégate Nicolas, and was later replaced by the "Boursaint," Capitaine de Frégate Ravel (now a rear-admiral), with both of whom I was on the best of terms, though they had evidently orders to keep a jealous watch over our actions.

The capture of a French dhow accordingly was invariably the cause of a row, and latterly I found the game not worth the candle, for a French dhow brought in by one of our

cruisers and handed over to the French Consul was sure to be found to be an honest trader, and once certainly, a dhow flying French colours was towed round Zanzibar by a French steamboat in triumph, after being released. In two or three cases, when I had at once handed over a dhow flying the French flag to the French Consul, my good friend Mr. Lacou, I had been told that my officers had made an unjustifiable seizure; so that the next dhow that was brought in I went on board of her, and interviewed the slaves with an interpreter, all of whom distinctly stated that they had been sold as slaves. As I could speak Swahili myself to a limited extent I was perfectly satisfied with their statement, and that the dhow would have been condemned in our Consular Court; but notwithstanding this the dhow was declared to be innocent, and a personal attack was made on the British officer who had seized her in the performance of his duty. It was on this occasion, I think, that the French commodore, Mr. Michel, was at Zanzibar in the "d'Estaing," and I rather imprudently went on board his ship to explain the facts. As he did not speak English our conversation was in French, and Mr. Lacou came on board as we were discussing the question, when they both joined in a voluble attack on myself, and on our proceedings generally. This naturally placed me at a disadvantage, so I declined to speak anything but English, which they only half understood, and as they were both personally friendly, the humour of the situation appealed to them, and we parted good friends.

I cannot leave my East Coast of Africa experience without a reference to Sir Gerald Portal, who took the place of Colonel Euan Smith when the latter went to England. He was a fine looking man, of conspicuous ability, and his early death was a great loss to the country. It was a great pleasure to me to work with him.

It may be worth while to refer to the health of our squadron during our stay on the East Coast. Speaking generally, our men were healthy, though we lost a few good men, notably Cotter, our chief signalman in the "Boadicea," who had served with me before, and who I had specially applied for. Of officers we lost very few: Lieut. Erskine of the

"Boadicea" died of fever soon after our arrival on the coast, but with the exception of one commander who was invalided from a ship in the Persian Gulf, no captain or officer in command invalided or died during my three years in command of the East Indian station. In this respect we were much more fortunate than our brother blockaders, the Germans, several of whose commanding officers invalided, and two died. I attribute this to a great extent to weak whisky and water being preferable to beer in that climate, and to the fact that our officers took much more exercise than the Germans. Personally, I generally had my morning bath, rode, walked or played lawn tennis whenever I could get on shore; but I lived carefully, and never took any stimulant in the middle of the day. I never touch spirits, and I drank champagne and soda water or claret. I seldom felt unwell, and during the three years' commission was never a day unfit for duty. I must admit, however, that during the hot weather in January and February, 1889, we all suffered from boils, especially on the head, which were very annoying, and I don't know whether my flag-captain or myself was the worse at one time.

Poor Deinhardt, who was several years younger than myself, though a strong looking man, was frequently laid up while on the coast, and he died some two years later.

It may be asked—were there no sharks at Zanzibar? Practically there were not, though one or two were reported occasionally, and our men were not allowed to bathe, in fact I believe I was the only regular bather.

Most of the coaling was done by women, and as there was no pier the coal barges had to lie some distance from the beach when being loaded, the women carrying the coal to them being up to their middle in water, yet I never heard in my time of their being attacked by sharks. Probably the sharks did not care to come inside the coral reefs which surround the anchorage, as off Mozambique I remember our catching three sharks one forenoon!

In July I left the coast for Mauritius to recruit the health of the men, leaving Captain Cardale of the "Agamemnon" senior officer on the coast, calling at the French ports of

Nossi Bé and Diego Suarez, in Madagascar, on my way. The former is on an island and a fair harbour; it was a neat little French settlement, which the French have occupied since 1840, I think, but there did not appear to be much doing, and it was being deserted as a naval station for Diego Suarez. The latter is a magnificent harbour, which had only been recently occupied by the French at the time of my visit, but already much had been done to make it a good naval establishment, though at that time batteries were only in course of construction. I found the "d'Estaing" in the port, and the ostensible object of my visit was to say good-bye to the French commodore, whose relief was expected, so I only remained a few hours to exchange calls with the Governor and commodore.

At Mauritius I found Sir John Pope Hennessy restored as Governor. He was very friendly, and I accepted his invitation to stay with him at Réduit for a few days. He was certainly an interesting companion, and I was glad to spend a short time with Lady Hennessy and the Governor; but he appeared to me to be incapable of being anything but a partisan, and his temperament and education led him to be in opposition to the usual aims and ambitions of British administration. That with such qualifications for government he was always in hot water could not surprise me, and the only wonder was how he could ever have been given the rule of a British colony. His table at Réduit was covered with books retailing Irish grievances, and it did not seem to occur to him that it was neither politic nor patriotic to dwell on these exaggerated versions of ancient wrongs. Nevertheless, I think that though he could not help being a partisan and a *frondeur*, he had some Imperial notions, and that he thought that he was loyal to the Crown, though I could scarcely say as much to the British connection.

The change to Mauritius was a great relief to us all after the trying work on the coast, and I was glad to see my old friends again. I stayed there for five weeks, and was back at Zanzibar by the end of August, after calling at Tamatave in Madagascar.

I found many complications at Zanzibar, as usual, with much talk about raising the blockade. Deinhardt had gone to the Cape in the "Leipsic," and Commander Valette, of the "Carola," was left as the German senior naval officer. The principal difficulty was about a place called Wanga, which was close to the boundary between the British and German spheres of influence.

The boundary was the mouth of the Umba river, but, unfortunately, there were two mouths, both of which are dry in the dry season, and Wanga was between the two. We held, I believe correctly, that the real mouth was the southern one, and that Wanga was in our sphere, while the Germans claimed the northern mouth to be the boundary.

The question had been at issue for some time, numerous surveys and reports having been made on the subject. Of course the intrinsic value of Wanga was small, but the place had a character of independence, if not lawlessness, and Deinhardt had agreed with me that, pending a final decision, we had better assume the responsibility of it, so I had myself paid a visit to the Wali, and established friendly relations with him. Valette, however, was apparently determined to "jump the claim," and I knew he wanted to send his boats there, which I felt sure would be fired upon. Accordingly, I requested him not to interfere with Wanga, but, having ascertained that he meant to go there, I sent Capt. Brackenbury in the "Turquoise" to meet the "Carola," with orders te prevent him sending his boats in, using force if necessary, Wanga being some way up a shallow creek.

It was a strong measure, and the German commander was very angry, but he wisely desisted from the attempt, and returned to Zanzibar. He was so obviously wrong in trying to create a disturbance in our sphere, which it certainly would have done, in the absence of his admiral, that I could not believe that he would insist, at the risk of a collision; and I think I was justified in the orders I gave, under the circumstances.

I don't know if Valette telegraphed home, or reported the case at all, but I have an idea that it was principally a game

of bluff on his part which failed; at all events I never heard anything more about it, and the question of Wanga was never raised again in my time. Poor Valette, who was a very stout man, died out there, not long afterwards. The blockade was raised early in October, having lasted ten months.

At length, on October 28th, I was able to leave Mombasa for Bombay. The mail was late, and I had to wait for it, so that I just failed to reach Bombay in time to receive Prince Albert Victor as I had intended doing. We had no coal to spare, so we could not increase speed, and we were "just in time to be too late," for as we neared our port on November 9th we saw the ships dressed, and at about noon the Prince landed, and we saw rather than heard the salute fired. I arrived at 1 p.m. The Prince had gone straight to Poonah, and I found an invitation for me to stay at Lord Reay's at Poonah for some days.

I need not relate details of the Prince's visit, but thanks to the kindness and hospitality of the Governor of Bombay, Lord Reay, and of the Commander-in-Chief, H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, I was able to see much of the festivities and reviews which were held in honour of the Prince, among which I may specially mention a tattoo which was magnificently organised by H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, and a very pretty sight. Both the Prince and the Duke honoured me with a visit on board the "Boadicea." My programme was to go to Calcutta, where I was to arrive just before Christmas, calling at Colombo, Trincomalie, and Madras, on my way. Accordingly we were at Madras on December 16th, when the Prince embarked for Rangoon in the s.s "Kistna." On the 17th my wife arrived at Bombay; it had been settled that she was to join me at Calcutta by rail, but on the 18th I received orders from the Admiralty to proceed to Trincomalie with the "Boadicea" and "Garnet," and to await further orders there. I supposed that this would mean that I must go back to Zanzibar, and I knew the "Garnet," which was at Rangoon, could not reach Trincomalie for some days, so I decided on waiting at Madras till the 21st, and taking the rail for Bombay, so as to meet my wife halfway, as I had wired to her to come to Madras at once. I confess that I did not like delaying an hour, but I naturally wanted to see her, and to settle what she should do in the

event of my returning to Zanzibar. On my return to the "Boadicea" on the morning of the 21st, I found orders to proceed to Zanzibar with despatch, on account of troubles with the Portuguese. On the morning of the 22nd, a Sunday, we were at Trincomalie, where we coaled, took in provisions and stores, tents, and numerous other articles, which I thought might be necessary for landing. We had a large deck cargo of coal, and the ship was in a great mess, but we got away again on the morning of the 23rd, and after dark on Christmas Eve we reached Colombo. Coal was waiting for us, and my good friend, General Dunham Massy, of Redan fame, who commanded in Ceylon, kindly came on board, offering to do all he could for Lady Fremantle, for I had been made a K.C.B., and we both landed with him. By 11 p.m. I was on board again, and found some 100 tons of coal on the upper deck, with only a narrow gangway, and at midnight we started full speed for Zanzibar, a run of about 2,600 miles. Of course I left my wife at Colombo; and I relate this, as it is one of the occasions on which a sailor must expect all his plans to be upset.

Our men were very good, and notwithstanding their hard work and natural disappointment at returning to the East Coast, where they got little leave, they spent a fairly happy Christmas Day, which was more than I did, though I was, of course, ready to go where our services were required, and the prospect of active service went far to compensate me for domestic disappointment. I was ordered to reach Zanzibar by the 5th, and we were there on the evening of the 4th, meeting the "Amazone," French mail steamer, coming out as we went in. She had, as I heard afterwards, Mr. H. M. Stanley on board, on his return from his successful Emin Pasha relief expedition, and I was sorry to have just missed him.

I found our old friend, the French "Bouvet" in, though she looked rather a wreck, I thought. This was soon explained, as she had been ashore six days on the east coast of Zanzibar, and had been hauled off by two of our ships, the "Turquoise" and "Cossack," having only been towed round the morning of our arrival. Captain Nicolas and his first lieutenant, Mr. Morier, were very grateful for the help afforded; but the ship was a wreck, having lost her screw, stern post,

and rudder, and she had to be towed back to France, where she was broken up. I was sorry for our friend's ill luck, but it was curious that Nicolas had been rather critical of the movements of our ships as we often came in and out of Zanzibar at night, which he did not consider safe, and he prognosticated a serious misfortune some day. It is true that three or four of our ships, if I remember right, had got ashore, one entering Zanzibar, one entering Mombasa, and a couple had touched the ground off Pemba, but they were constantly on the move, and though the surveys were fairly good, having been carried out by Wharton,* now hydrographer to the navy, the marks were often a "remarkable tree" in a line with some point of reef, these marks being liable to be obliterated by the lapse of time, and the growth of coral reefs causing the depth of water to be constantly changing. None of our ships, however, sustained any serious injury.

While on this subject I may mention that, though I am speaking from memory, I believe that I am not exaggerating, as I was told it by my excellent friend and A1 navigator of the "Boadicea," who served with me nearly six years in the East Indies and China, now Capt. Ernest Fleet, when I say that during the "Boadicea's" commission we were in and out of Zanzibar more than seventy times, occasionally at night, and in and out of Mombasa more than forty times, but that we never touched the ground. The events which were connected with my return to Zanzibar in January, 1890, were decidedly interesting, and I propose to defer the rest of my East Indian commission to another chapter.

* Wharton has since been superseded, August, 1904.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE EAST INDIA COMMAND.—PART II.

Projected Operations against Portuguese East Africa—Orders and Coaling—Return to Bombay—Departure of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, of Prince "Eddy" and Lord Reay—Trip to Muskat and the Persian Gulf—Fao Fort—Our Boats Fired Upon—Return to Zanzibar—The Zambesi and River Gunboats—The Vitu Expedition—A Sudden Call—Slaves and Interpreters.

THE Admiralty had ordered a strong squadron composed of small vessels to be concentrated at Zanzibar under my orders, and in addition to the ships of the East Indian command, which I could direct to join me, they had caught the 'Calliope" on her way home from Australia, the "Conquest" had been detached from China, the "Satellite" on her way home from China, and three ships had been ordered from the Cape—the "Raleigh" (Captain Fawkes), the "Curaçoa" (Captain Stopford), and the "Brisk" (Commander Winsloe).

Five of my ships, "Turquoise," "Cossack," "Kingfisher," "Algerine" and "Pigeon," besides the surveying ship "Stork," and "Somali," a vessel I had hired, were at Zanzibar, when we arrived, January 4th; "Reindeer," "Satellite," and "Calliope" joined on the 7th; and "Garnet" arrived on the 10th. "Conquest" did not arrive till the 18th, too late for our demonstration.

A trouble was that the three Cape ships would all be short of coal soon after passing Mozambique, and the Admiralty had directed me to have them met and coaled somewhere. This was not easy to arrange, as though we had coal at Zanzibar, the coal had to be shipped, and there was no suitable vessel available. However, I managed fairly well. The "Cossack," full of coal, was sent to intercept them at a

rendezvous off Mozambique, and to order Captain Stopford, the senior officer, to go to Pomba Bay, south of Cape Delgado, where ships with coal would meet him. This was done successfully, about four hundred and fifty tons being sent down in my storeships "Somali" and "Kingfisher," while "Cossack" could spare a hundred tons. I also took up a sailing ship to carry a thousand tons, which was to keep my squadron supplied.

I arranged to meet the Cape ships at a rendezvous near Cape Delgado, and with this squadron of fourteen ships, including the "Stork" surveying ship, I was prepared to carry out my orders, which were to seize Mozambique and the other Portuguese possessions. I was to sail on the morning of the 11th, and my arrangements were as complete as possible. Charts had been made showing positions of attacking ships at Mozambique, and other places, and I had lithographed orders and instructions which were sent off to ships joining.

On the 10th I was able to report arrangements complete, and that all ships ordered had joined except "Conquest," and the three Cape ships I was to meet at a rendezvous near Mozambique. About 2 a.m. of the 11th, however, I was awoke by a telegram telling me that everything was settled; but after informing our Consul-General, Sir C. Euan Smith, who had returned from England, that we should be back in a few days, I sailed with nine ships at 8 a.m. That day I picked up "Cossack," which reported all Cape ships coaled, and on the 13th I picked up the "Kingfisher" and the three Cape ships, and returned to Zanzibar on the 17th. I was quite proud of my squadron, and we did plenty of Fleet tactics and drills. Although operations were suspended, the squadron remained together for some time pending negotiations, when the "Raleigh" and "Curaçoa" returned to the Cape. I find by my journal that on the 12th I made the following signal to the squadron:

"From a telegram received just before sailing it is not probable now that active operations will take place. We are to meet 'Raleigh,' 'Curaçoa,' and 'Brisk' further south, and return with them to Zanzibar. I have received approval

of prompt assembling of squadron, and of exertions made by officers and men to be prepared for emergencies, to which is largely due favourable turn of negotiations. Officers will understand that we must not relax preparations, but take advantage of present lull to perfect them, in case our services are required."

I was naturally disappointed at the peaceable turn matters had taken, and I had no doubt as to our immediate success; but I felt that it was good policy to arrange amicably with our old ally, if possible, and I knew, too, that the occupation of Mozambique, not to mention other places, would mean a great strain on our resources, entailing probably much sickness in that trying climate; so that I had, in fact, telegraphed for troops from India to hold the captured places.

Towards the end of January the extra ships all went back to their stations or home except "Conquest" and "Brisk," which remained to strengthen my squadron. "Calliope," which had made the brilliant escape from Samoa in the hurricane a short time before, had actually got as far as Port Said on her return from Australia before being ordered to Zanzibar, and Capt. Kane was naturally glad to return to England.

On February 22nd I was able to leave the coast for Bombay, which I reached on March 7th, after spending twenty-four hours at Seychelles to coal on our way.

Seychelles is a charming little place, quite cool on the hills, where most of the people live, and vanilla, the staple trade of the place, is grown.

On March 13th the Duke and Duchess of Connaught sailed for China, our ships manning yards, and saluting when they left in the "Kaiser-i-Hind."

They had been deservedly popular during the period of his Royal Highness's command, and went away much regretted, as my journal remarks.

After the departure of the Duke I went to Baroda, where my wife had already gone on the invitation of the Gackwar to join in festivities in honour of Prince "Eddy." Everything was very well done by the Gackwar,

and my old friend and schoolfellow, Sir Harry Prendergast, V.C., the Resident.

But I do not propose to dwell on the festivities, though they were very enjoyable, and I was glad that my wife was able to take part in them. It was, of course, generally rather a rush for me, as the squadron work could not be neglected, and I was seldom away from the ship long; in this case forty-eight hours. On March 20th, after numerous functions at Bombay in the preceding week, the Prince sailed in the P. & O. steamer "Assam," and on the following day my wife went home in the "Crocodile" troopship.

My usual Bombay routine was as follows: I slept ashore, generally having a morning walk between 6 and 7.30. I was on board from nine till four, transacting business, soon after which I landed probably for some function. There were plenty of dinner parties going on, and I gave several on board.

It was a time of farewell parties, for the Duke of Connaught, for the Prince, and lastly for the Governor, Lord Reay, who was relieved by Lord Harris, and left for England on April 12th. Some of the entertainments given at Government House were on a very large scale, and I see a notice in my diary about the "liberal, princely hospitality dispensed at Government House" by Lord and Lady Reay.

The pleasantest part of Bombay, I think, is the Yacht Club, which is close to the principal landing stage, the Apollo Bunder. It gets very hot about April in Bombay, but at the Yacht Club one got all the breeze there was; and many of my dinners were given in the verandah of the club, overlooking the harbour.

On April 13th I left Bombay for Muskat and the Persian Gulf.

At Muskat I paid a visit to the Sultan with Colonel Ross, the Political Resident of the Persian Gulf, who had come to meet me in the Indian Marine steamer "Lawrence." Muskat is an interesting place, the town being situated at the head of a small cove, which is flanked on each side by conspicuous towers, with a fine old Portuguese fort on the northern side, at the entrance. The Sultan was a young man, who seemed

very friendly, being dependent on us, as he was threatened by the usual rival claimant, an uncle, I think.

On April 19th I embarked on board the "Lawrence" for a run up the Persian Gulf, the "Boadicea" going to Kurachi to await my return.

My trip round the Persian Gulf with Colonel Ross was very interesting to me; but this is not a history of travels, and the Gulf and its politics have been described by better pens than mine, so I do not mean to give much more than a summary of my movements.

I visited Bushire; then we went on to the Shatt-el-Arab (mouth of Euphrates and Tigris), and anchored off Mohamerah, where the Karun runs into the Shatt-el-Arab. There we, Colonel Ross and myself and staff, embarked in a river steamer, the "Blosse Lynch," in which we went up the Karun to a place called Ahwaz, where there was a dam and rapids; there we left our comfortable river boat, and transferred ourselves to a steam launch above the rapids, in which we ascended the river another ninety miles, to within ten miles of Shuster, and anchored. Shuster is a typical Persian town of historical interest, and little visited by Europeans, so I give the following extract from my journal:

"April 29th. Up and dressed at five, and as our horses had not turned up, we walked about two miles towards Shuster before we met them. Some Persian officers, one of whom spoke French, met us with the horses and escorted us into the town. Our way laid between fields of barley and wheat, and nearer the town, poppy, or opium and fertile plain, with some hills in the distance, under which we saw the town of Shuster, with its fine mosque glistening in the morning sun. Our course was nearly due north; we crossed the Karun by a picturesque bridge near the mosque, and meeting more officials as we neared the town, we crossed a sort of dam along the Ispahan road, which led outside the town. We then went through the town again to see another fine bridge, which was broken in the middle, though it is on the direct road to Teheran. These bridges are old, but except that the broken one belies my words, they seem to be kept in fair repair. After looking at this bridge we went to the Citadel,

a fine building, said to date from the period when the Emperor Valerian was a prisoner in Persian hands. The citadel, which is clean and in good repair, overlooks the Karun, and we had a fine view of the city and country from the top."

Shuster is a much finer place than I expected to see. The buildings are substantially built of stone or brick, the latter like Roman bricks. The houses seem to have no windows, but there are courts inside, and fine doorways generally; Saracenic arches, which appear everywhere, making verandahs and baraccas. The people seemed well dressed and comfortable, the crops certainly promised well, and in the bright morning the town, scenery, and country generally showed to the best advantage. We were well received at the Citadel by the Deputy-Governor, left again at quarter-past-eight, and were on board our launch by ten, after a pleasant morning ride. Our horses were good, but only half broken, and the triangular broad stirrups made riding not very comfortable. My beast was full of spirits, and threw up its head when checked with the murderous curb bit the Persians use.

We rejoined the "Lawrence" at Mohamerah, and I went on in her to Busrah, having the "Mariner" with me. At Busrah I called on the Governor-General, and on May 8th, after looking in at Bahrein, I rejoined the "Boadicea" at Kurachi.

I much enjoyed my trip up the Persian Gulf, which I should have visited more often but for our Zanzibar complications.

Both in entering and leaving the Shatt-el-Arab, I took particular notice of Fao at the entrance on the right, or Turkish bank of the river, where a fort was, a building which has been a bone of contention for many years, as will be seen by the following. My journal remarks that "some work appeared to be going on, but it seemed only half built."

Now this fort had a curious history, some of which I had heard from Sir Henry Rawlinson before I left England. It had been begun or projected in 1827 I think, when we protested against it, as a menace to our trade. From time to time since that period, till the time of which I am

writing, 1890, complications appear to have arisen between the British and Turkish Governments about this fort, Russia occasionally having had something to say, the only thing that is important being that, though the fort was never completed, it was never entirely abandoned. It would seem that we might have safely trusted to the badness of the foundations, and the dilatoriness and corruption of the Turkish authorities; but near Fao is a station of the Eastern Telegraph Company, which is British, and the young clerks kept the excitement up by occasionally wiring about abnormal activity being shown on the works. This is how the case appeared to me, but I do not pretend to be aware of the hidden political motives involved. At all events, it was early in 1890, when I was still at Zanzibar, that I received orders from England to send three vessels to Fao, that the senior officer was to visit and inspect the fort and report, and that as I was so far distant at that time from the Gulf, the senior officer was to communicate direct to the Admiralty, for the Foreign Office, the result, which, of course, he could easily do from the telegraph station. My orders were given practically in the words of the telegram I had received, and naturally it occurred to me that the officer sent might be refused permission to pay his visit of inspection, which might cause a difficulty; but my orders were clear, and that was not my affair. The ships ordered on this service were three small vessels, one of which, the "Redpole," a gunboat, had been named by the Admiralty as she was on the passage out; the other two were the "Sphinx" and "Griffon," Commander Boldero, of the "Sphinx," being senior officer. Before my orders had been carried out, I had arrived at Bombay, and on March 16th I got a telegram from Boldero, saying, that when he was landing at Fao, after giving notice to the commandant of the fort, his boats had been fired at, and asking for instructions; but I had none to give, as he had wired home. I could only regret that he had not returned the fire, which he would have been fully justified in doing. Two days passed without orders from home; the position was getting awkward for our ships, and I was again

appealed to. Accordingly, I directed Commander Boldero to return to Busrah with his ships, to call upon the Governor-General with the consul and the officers commanding the other two ships, in full uniform, to demand permission to go over the fort, that he should be received by a guard, and shown over the fort by an officer, and that the officer who had ordered the British flag to be fired upon should be severely punished. This was successful; certainly, when the ships returned to Fao, Boldero was received with every honour, and shown over the fort, and I was told that the commandant had been deprived of his command, and that he would be imprisoned.

It was on March 24th that I heard from Boldero that he had inspected the fort, and I suppose that, as my diplomacy was successful, it was approved at home; but I never heard any more of Fao Fort after sending Boldero's report home. I considered that I was justified in taking some action, as I could not leave the ships at Fao indefinitely, after the insult to the flag. As the affair was settled locally, I presume the episode was considered closed, and Lord Salisbury had the information he required. I have often wondered how Fao Fort has been getting on since; probably it is still in course of construction, as it had been for over sixty years at the date to which I am referring.

On May 12th I was again at Bombay, but on the 18th I was at Colombo, and on the 23rd at Trincomalie, where we celebrated the Queen's birthday by a *feu de joie* at 7 a.m., and I gave a full dress dinner for thirty officials—civil, naval, and military—in the evening.

But there were further complications on the Coast with the Portuguese, and early in June I again sailed from Trincomalie, arriving at Zanzibar on July 2nd, calling at Diego Garcia and Seychelles on our way.

The new complication was about the Zambesi. This magnificent river is, of course, a great highway for the interior of South Africa, and if any trade was to exist between the Upper Zamber and foreign countries, it was essential that the riverain powers should not exact dues, so as to kill all profits.

Arrangements had accordingly been agreed upon between

the European Powers, similar to those which exist on the Danube, while the native kings and chiefs—"Mataos Mors"—who owe a doubtful allegiance to the Portuguese Government, were to be overawed. It was, in fact, mainly a British-Portuguese question, as the British settlements at Blantyre, and other places in the interior of the Zambesi, drew their supplies from the ports on the Portuguese coast. As I have shown before there was much jealousy on the part of the Portuguese to our retaining these settlements, and though they reluctantly acquiesced in the freedom of the Zambesi highway, they were prepared to make every objection possible to its being of any value commercially.

Unfortunately, the mouth of the Zambesi is so shallow as not to be navigable, and the usual course of trade was Quillimane River, which is navigable for a certain distance—about twenty miles, I think—when there is a portage of a few miles to the Zambesi. This not only caused much delay and cost, but the Portuguese took advantage of it to levy duties, which we considered to be contrary to the spirit of the agreement.

But it was discovered that another mouth of the Zambesi, near a place called Chinde, was more accessible. Our surveying ship, the "Stork," had been there and reported, and to circumvent the Portuguese claim, our Government determined on sending out two river gunboats to enter the river by the Chinde mouth, and patrol the Zambesi.

These two little vessels were sent out in a transport, the "Buccaneer," in sections, and arrived at Zanzibar on July 8th. They were to be called the "Herald" and the "Mosquito," —one of them had been put together in seven hours in a London dock— and they were to draw only 1 ft. 7 in. of water. The "Humber," a store ship, also came out with the crews for these small vessels.

There was some delay while negotiations were going on, and I had eight of my squadron handy in case of accidents; so I took the opportunity of doing some squadron cruising. I may as well remark here, with reference to exaggerated statements which have appeared in the Press as to the neglect of gunnery formerly, that though, undoubtedly, special attention has been given to straight shooting and scientific gunnery

of recent years, gunnery and firing at a target find frequent mention in my journal as matters of great importance; so that, in intention at all events, gunnery was not neglected, though possibly its supreme importance may not have been fully appreciated. In the days of which I am writing, though we had rifled guns they were muzzle loaders, and the initial velocity and sights used were very inferior to the quick firing guns of the present day.

I find such notices as this:—"Squadron firing: Owing to swell the firing was not good. . . . . Inspected 'T——.' Not much impressed with the gunnery order, which seemed to me very haphazard," etc.

I took the opportunity of our waiting time at Zanzibar to visit the German settlements at Tanga and Pangani, and the Universities Mission Station of Magila and others; and I got a few days' buck shooting with our Commander (now Captain) R. A. Montgomerie, and Dr. Harries, both of whom were good shots.

The German settlements were very nice I thought, with substantial buildings, but very military. The commandants were friendly and hospitable. There did not seem to be much trade, nor did it appear to be much encouraged. Indeed, there was a great contrast in this respect between the Germans and ourselves. In the German sphere military requirements held undoubtedly the first place, while in the British sphere the British Imperial East African Co., under Mr. (now Sir George) Mackenzie, and afterwards under the late Sir Francis de Winton, trade and commerce were developing at Mombasa, with only a few Askaris (native soldiers) and Indian police to preserve order.

I got my orders about the Zambesi gunboats on September 2nd, and on the 3rd the "Humber," "Buccaneer," and "Redbreast" gunboat sailed for the Chinde mouth of the Zambesi. This was in accordance with the orders I had received, which were that no demonstration was to be made. They were accompanied by artificers and carpenters to put the gunboats together.

On October 24th I arrived at Mozambique with four ships. There had been some loose talk about our being opposed, so

we were ready for action; but we anchored quietly, and I called on the Portuguese Governor-General, Colonel Machado, who received me very courteously, but told me plainly that he had orders not to show us any civility, though he returned my call. I dined with him the next day in plain clothes, as he had asked none of my officers or staff. My relations with the Governor-General were most cordial personally; he was an able man, speaking French and English, and I several times landed after dinner to play billiards with him. The position was a curious one, as the Portuguese tried to show us that we were unwelcome; but I had a dinner for the Governor-General and the Portuguese officers, who all attended, and, after the ice was broken, seemed to enjoy themselves.

Of course, I was there to see fair play for the gunboats, and from time to time I got news of the difficulties they had met with at Chinde, where every obstacle was put in their way by the Portugese authorities, on one occasion shots being fired at the "Redbreast's" boat, which was sounding. This, however, was apologised for, and most of their opposition consisted of numerous written protests. One protest was sent to me from the Governor-General against our remaining at Mozambique, at which I was rather annoyed, but our consul, Mr. Belcher, assured me that the Governor-General had felt obliged to send it to "save his face," so I forwarded a courteous answer which seemed satisfactory.

While at Mozambique, I received a telegram from the Admiralty informing me that I was to retain my command till my three years had expired, notwithstanding my promotion to vice-admiral, which was a compliment I fully appreciated.

At length, on October 8th, the river gunboats had been completed and commissioned, and with the "Redbreast" had entered the Zambesi from Chinde. I had just heard the welcome news, when I received an Admiralty telegram directing me to go to Zanzibar, and on the 10th I sailed. Another complication had taken place; but I must finish my Mozambique and Zambesi experiences first.

I informed Colonel Machado on the 8th that we should sail in a day or two. We had exchanged presents, and he

sent me a candid letter thanking me for what I had sent him, and for "the good news of your approaching departure," but adding that it would always be a "pleasure to him to have made the acquaintance of one of the most pleasant gentlemen he had ever met." This was very nice, showing that difficult as the situation was we had certainly not aggravated it by our friendly intercourse.

Now to return to the Zambesi gunboats. It was all very well to put one together in a few hours by experienced mechanics in a London dock without regard to decks or fittings, but to hoist the sections out, and complete the little vessels in all respects in the strong tideway of the estuary of the Zambesi was quite another matter. However, our artificers and carpenters worked well, and they were completed satisfactorily.

The little squadron, as I have said, consisted only of three ships, the "Humber," a store-ship (Lieut. and Commander Brown); the "Redbreast," gunboat (Lieut. and Commander F. W. Keary); and the "Buccaneer," a merchant ship, which had the river gunboats "Herald" and "Mosquito" on board in sections.

Brown was the senior officer, but the "Humber" was not a fighting ship, so the responsibility for any force being used rested with Keary, who, I hoped, would push through to the Zambesi. Lieut. and Commander Keary, who had been a surveying officer, I had specially selected for this service, and he wrote a long letter to the hydrographer, explaining in detail the difficulties he encountered and overcame Most of this letter has been published by Mr. J. R. Thursfield in an article called "The Training of Naval Officers," republished in Clarke and Thursfield's "The Navy and the Nation," from which I take these extracts, only, in some instances, supplying names which were omitted. Lieut. Keary's letter says: "We did not reach the Chinde mouth till too late on the 9th (September) to cross the bar. . . . I went in at 7.0 the next morning to examine the bar and put down a buoy or two, and never had a worse surveying job in my life. . . . This Chinde bar had been held up to us as our grave difficulty, as our very certain danger if we attempted it under any but

most favourable circumstances, and here it was dead neaps and blowing fresh; if the 'Humber' and the 'Buccaneer' had struck they must certainly have been wrecked, so Brown ordered us, drawing 13 ft. 2 in., to lead him, drawing 13 ft. 4 in., and sent Lieut. Keane, who was to command the 'Herald,' to bring on the 'Buccaneer.' We were soon in 15 ft. and then in 14 ft., which I wouldn't hoist for fear of frightening the 'Humber'; it would have been worse for him to turn back than to ram her over, but immediately after it deepened into 15 ft. again, and soon we were over, and it was a relief. . . . By 4 p.m. we were at anchor; it's all pretty easy now we've done it, but I felt just like it must be before going into action." Lieut. Keary then explains his surveying arrangements, and continues: "Well, in the course of time I arrived actually in the Zambesi (in his boat), worrying my poor chaps dreadfully, turning out at 4 a.m. . . . and one day went off as usual, but found a Portuguese gunboat (these gunboats were quite small) at Sombo, who objected to my further progress, and I had to give it up for good. It was rather exasperating, for, on the strength of what I had seen, I had sent a report to the Admiral to say that it would be possible to take this ship up, but I badly wanted to examine the last three miles more thoroughly. . . . It would have been very disappointing, though, at the same time, a relief, if he had sent to me to say 'Don't attempt it!' Instead, however, down came the 'Pigeon' (another gunboat) the day before the boats were to start, bringing me a private letter from the Commander-in-Chief, that would have made any officer jump her over a stone wall . . . and just at the end of his letter he adds, evidently feeling it was a considerable risk: 'if you do not see your way to go up Chinde after all, give it up. I do wish you to go, but I know it is narrow.' He little knew, no more did I, how narrow. To complete the bad aspect, it was dead neaps. . . . However, it was no use hanging back now. I had some capital leadsmen, whom I had taken up the river frequently to practise them, and it was arranged that we should leave on the 8th (October). . . . I knew the river very well by now, and we reached Sombo before 10 o'clock.

"Before we got there the Portuguese had opened for a moment, and we saw that he was so swung that we could get by. Here was apprehension No. 1 relieved, and we went past him, and dropped an anchor from the stern on the up river side of him, signalling 'Herald' to anchor instantly, which was done, and so he was between two fires, and the game was up. He came on board to see me immediately, and found my cabin full of hoppers, and a Nordenfelt bearing on his ship out of the cabin port."

Then follows an amusing account of his interview with the Portuguese Governor at Sombo, which took place in the latter's bed-room, as he was suffering from fever, the lieutenant in command of the gunboat being also present. The lieutenant offered to oppose and to die at his post if the governor gave the order, but this the governor shrank from doing, though at one time he jumped up, saying that he would go on board the gunboat, and that they would die together; then, finding that Keary refused to go back, and was leaving, he covered his face with his hands, resigning himself to the inevitable. Before the "Redbreast" proceeded, the commander of the gunboat came on board with a written protest, and as the river gunboats passed up he fired a blank gun, which was taken as a last noisy protest.

As Mr. Thursfield states, referring to this incident, it "really reads like a page from Mr. Rudyard Kipling," and I have never had any doubt myself that his "Judson and the Empire" in "Many Inventions" was founded on what he heard of the difficulties connected with the "Herald" and "Mosquito's" entrance of the Zambesi, though I never knew where he got his information from.

The little squadron then proceeded, and Keary gives an interesting account of his navigating difficulties, the Channel being "a regular gutter-way." Once the "Redbreast" struck, crossing the Chinde bar, where the Chinde joined the Zambesi, with 13 ft. on her port side and only 5 ft. on the starboard, but eventually "he shot her over . . . and had done it."

"I believe I was the happiest man in the navy at that moment, and the men were so pleased, and the officers congratulated me. We anchored for the night in the Zambesi in 24 ft. . . .

"The following day we ran her through in daylight, without once touching, and anchored after sunset near the old 'Humber,' happy as kings to have done it. I am now very sure that the Chinde is navigable for a ship of this length and draught at all times of the year." She was 805 tons, and 165 ft. in length, drawing 13 ft. water.

Interesting and amusing as the subject of the Zambesi gunboats is, I must not dwell too much on it, though it aptly illustrated an episode in naval service of which the public would naturally be little informed, and I must now turn to the complication to which I referred above, which brought me back to Zanzibar, where I arrived on October 13th, with my little squadron.

It was on August 29th that an agreement was signed between the German Government and ourselves, by which we gave up Heligoland; but in the delimitation of spheres in East Africa, Vitu had been assigned to us, and Zanzibar was to be a British Protectorate. Like similar rearrangements, this treaty was much criticised; but though it is no part of my business or intention to balance the relative advantages and disadvantages of this deal to the countries concerned, I confess that it appeared to us, in East Africa, as satisfactory to British aspirations, for the Sultan of Zanzibar was a power, and much could be accomplished with the Arabs by his agency, while Vitu, as a wedge in the coast-line of the British sphere, had been a thorn in our side which Dr. Peters and others had made us feel unpleasantly—in short, a foreign substance, which refused to mix with our British ways, and hampered the development of the British East African Company, so that it was a very important point to have it declared within the British sphere.

Certainly I shared these views, and Heligoland I looked upon as a question of sentiment, very deep and real on the German side, but purely sentimental and unreal on ours.

No steps had been taken by the middle of September to

carry out the changes to which I have referred, when the Sultan of Vitu treacherously murdered all the Europeans in his state, except one man called Mentzel, who had a miraculous escape.

In all, nine were murdered out of ten in Vitu territory. They were all Germans, two being planters, who lived some distance from Vitu, the capital; the other eight formed part of a trading company employed in cutting wood. The company had had some difficulty about their concession, and there had been misunderstandings, which they had come to Vitu to settle.

After a rather stormy interview between Kuntzel, the head of the German Company, and the Sultan, the natives became so threatening that the Germans endeavoured to leave the town. They were followed and all shot down; one man called Mentzel, who had been wounded, fell down in the long grass, which is there some six feet high, and remained hidden. He crawled into the jungle, and managed to escape to Kau, on the Ozy river, whence, in due course, he found his way to Zanzibar. These murders were committed on September 15th; on the 16th another German was murdered in cold blood at Mkonumbi, and on the 18th a ninth German was killed at Baltia, both these murders at places some ten miles from Vitu, having been directly ordered by the Sultan, though there had been no previous quarrel, as with Kuntzel.

While at Mozambique I had been telegraphed to as to what I would propose, my answer being that we might summon Fumo Bokari, the Sultan, to appear before a mixed Court at Lamu, giving him a safe conduct, as regards his life; but that in the not improbable event of his refusing to comply, I should propose to conduct a punitive expedition to Vitu. In principle this was accepted, but many telegrams passed between the British and German consul-generals, and their respective Governments, before matters were finally settled.

On October 16th I made preliminary arrangements for my expedition, and was fortunate in obtaining the services of Mr. Martin, who was so highly spoken of by Stanley, to take charge of our porters. It was not till the 18th that I got my orders to make preparations from the Admiralty, but already much had been done, in which I was ably assisted by my

zealous flag captain, now Rear-Admiral Hon. A. G. Curzon Howe.

But I need not give further details. Admiralty and Foreign Office, at the last moment, seemed doubtful about our having sufficient force; and I received a telegram asking me who I meant to take, and if I was satisfied of success; to which I simply replied that I meant to make use of the whole force available, that I aimed at complete success, and I hoped to report by the end of the month. Then the Germans, though they could not do it themselves, as they had few ships on the coast, were inclined to bite their thumbs at us, and at best they were passive spectators of our proceedings. Eventually, the German consul-general did go to Lamu in the "Schwalbe," but he took no part.

On October 20th, having arranged for 150 Indian Police from the British East African Company to join us, and issued numerous orders, I sailed with the consul-general on board for Lamu, a port in the hands of the Sultan of Zanzibar, on the borders of Vitu.

There we had to diplomatise, giving Fumo Bokari time to come in till the evening of the 23rd; but we received nothing but evasive answers, and it was pretty clear that action had to be taken.

I do not propose to go into any detail with regard to my small Vitu expedition, which was fully reported, though I have my despatch dated Mombasa, November 1st, before me as I write, from which I shall give extracts.

Every endeavour was made by the consul-general and myself to obtain information about Vitu, the roads or paths, the force we should have to meet, and so on; and it was amusing to hear the different versions given of the place, the Sultan, and his army, by our Arab friends, whose principal object was in most cases, to deceive the Christians or Kaffirs, as we were called.

The estimates as to numbers naturally varied considerably, one native giving a total of 8,800 men, while even our Lamu consul's report put the number at over 4,000; but there was general agreement that only 1,500 would be armed with guns. The information as to the latter was fairly precise, being given

by some Germans, who had supplied most of the arms. Naturally, few of the guns were really good, but some 150 breech-loaders were among them.

That there was great unrest on the whole coast at that time was undoubted, and the numbers were swelled to 8,800 by adding in all the allies of Fumo-Bokari, from Gazi, Takaunga, and Melindi, who, no doubt, were ready to join Bokari as the strong man, having become much disaffected to British rule on account of recent anti-slavery proclamations, which the Sultan had been forced to issue.

At Lamu the Sultan's Wali, Saood-bin-Mahomed, was staunch; but he was evidently apprehensive of a rising against his authority, not without cause, as we soon found out.

On October 22nd, after interviewing the Wali and many others, both Germans and Arabs, I formed my final plans for attacking Vitu. The usual approach to Vitu was from Lamu, up a creek some twelve miles to Mkonumbi, where there was a road or path to the capital.

As I should probably be expected to advance by this road, while the boats would be exposed to fire from the bush while ascending the creek, I determined not to go by Mkonumbi, but to make two attacks from the westward, one from Kipini, at the mouth of the river Ozy, while a second column would advance from Kau, some 20 miles up the Ozy river, chiefly as a diversion.

The main body, consisting chiefly of seamen and marines from the squadron, would be about 700 strong; while the Kau force would be 600, composed of 400 of the Sultan's troops, 150 India Police Sikhs, and some 50 bluejackets under Captain W. H. Henderson, of the "Conquest." The great difficulty was with regard to porters, but eventually about 400 were procured, and fairly organised by Mr. Martin under Captain Curzon-Howe's orders. I felt confident on balancing the reports that rumour had much magnified the Sultan's force; that M. Baruk from Gazi, and Sulieman-bin-Hamis from Takaunga had not yet joined, and could not do so for ten days or more; and that though Sulieman-bin-Abdalla from Melindi had undoubtedly arrived at Vitu, he had only

300 men with him, That the rising on the whole British sphere was intended to be general I could have no doubt, from the information received; but I felt sure that, if I could promptly crush Fumo-Bokari the rebellion would collapse. As it turned out, my forecast was correct; and it shows that even in savage countries it is generally possible to get information, though it required much sifting, in which I was ably assisted by our consul-general, our vice-consul, Mr. Ernest Berkeley, and many others, who knew the natives.

As to the road *via* Mkonumbi I had good information; but though I ascertained that the general nature of the country between Kipini and Kau to the capital was such as to offer no great difficulty to our advance, the paths were little frequented, and good guides could not be procured. However, on the 22nd all seemed complete, but on the morning of the 23rd my plans had to be changed. The "Cossack" was to have sailed from Lamu for Kipini, some forty miles, with 200 Zanzibaris or Sultan's regulars, and 200 Kiribotos or irregulars, but that morning Commander McQuhae came on board, his ship being in the inner harbour, to report that the latter had flatly refused to embark, that the Zanzibaris were obviously disaffected, and that Saood had taken refuge in the fort. I must now mention the ships I had at my disposal, which were the "Boadicea," "Turquoise," "Conquest," "Cossack," "Brisk," "Kingfisher," "Redbreast," "Pigeon," and "Humber" store ship; the ships being on the 23rd divided between Kipini and Lamu.

Evidently my second column had to be given up; but in the course of the day some order had been restored at Lamu, and I ascertained that the Sultan of Vitu had no force at Mkonumbi.

All my plans had to be readjusted. I stopped all landing at Kipini before my arrival there, and late that evening I decided on sending boat expeditions to Mkonumbi and Baltia, the next day, to avenge the murders at those places, and to divert attention from the real advance by Kipini.

On the 24th the boat expeditions to Mkonumbi and Baltia started early, the former consisting of "Boadicea's," under Captain Curzon Howe; the latter consisting of "Cos-

sack's" and "Brisk's," under Commander McQuhae of the "Cossack." The boats returned that evening, both places having been burnt, and though there had been some opposition, we had sustained no loss.

On the 25th I proceeded to Kipini, where all the squadron was assembled in the course of the day, leaving the "Somali" at Kamu to show the flag, and overawe the town, though she had only about twelve men.

It was very shallow, and the "Boadicea" had to anchor five miles from the shore, while the bar of the river was worse than had been reported; however, our base was secured at Kipini, many stores were landed, and a strong force of nearly 400 men with seven-pounder guns, under Commander R. A. Montgomerie, of the "Boadicea" (now Capt. Montgomerie, C.B.), marched three miles out towards Vitu, where he was to make a camp with a water reservoir, form zareba, and be prepared for any attack which might be made.

And here I am tempted to moralise as regards naval operations on shore, and especially when they are undertaken against uncivilised races, landings from ships often meeting with little opposition, so that officers and men become careless, and are taken by surprise.

The moral of this observation lies in the application of it, as Captain Cuttle observed, and, in the instance of the Vitu expedition, there was only one point on which all that I consulted agreed, which was that we should never be attacked at night. I quite believed this, but it did not affect my orders to Commander Montgomerie, which were in writing, though I remember saying to him: "I know you will carry out my orders, but I am sorry for you, you won't see anybody." I was wrong. He was attacked that night, though he was quite prepared, and drove the enemy off with some loss, our casualties being three men wounded.

A more careless occupation of the post would have probably resulted in great loss and a *sauve qui peut* to Kipini; but Commander Montgomerie had had Soudan experience, and I knew I could rely upon him.

On the morning of the 26th the remainder of the force

was landed, the ships being left between 3.0 and 4.0 a.m. About 6.0 I joined Commander Montgomerie, and the march to Vitu commenced.

At the same time I had sent a small force of 100 men, Indian police and Zanzibaris, with some boats, under Commander Fleet of the "Boadicea" to garrison Kau, reconnoitre towards Vitu, and arrest fugitives. Lieut. Budd, Bombay Staff Corps, was in command ashore, and he carried out my orders correctly, though for some reason or other the fugitives returning to Melindi avoided Kau, the usual crossing place.

In consequence of what I have mentioned above, I disposed of the Zanzibaris as carriers and in garrisoning Kau and Kipini, leaving a force available for the march to Vitu of 700 men—100 of whom were Indian police—with four seven-pounders and four machine guns. All our men were on foot, though I myself, Capt. Curzon-Howe, who acted as chief of the staff, and one or two other officers were mounted. It was a trying march, the sun being very hot.

The following is from my despatch :—

"The whole distance I put as fourteen miles, *viz.*

Kipini to Montgomerie's Zareba	3 miles.
Montgomerie's Zareba to Water Camp	4½ „
Water Camp to Karibu Camp	3½ „
Karibu Camp to Vitu	3 „

"The advance was made with one company in skirmishing order in front, with two flanking companies; then came the carriers, with a company of marines in skirmishing order, as rear guard. Halts were made every hour, but after marching some miles, it being a very hot day, the men were getting very much exhausted. Our guides, furnished by the Lewali, were not reliable, and as some porters had been found starting water to ease their loads, the prospect was not cheering. At 10 a.m. I halted, having found water . . . . At 2 p.m. I pushed on, leaving Commander Winsloe (now Capt. Winsloe), with fifty bluejackets and two machine guns, in charge of the camp, with orders to form a zareba. At 4.30, having reached a spot suitable for a zareba, well within

striking distance of Vitu, I decided to halt for the night, water having been found close to."

A few shots had been fired ahead as we halted. My despatch continues :— "Very shortly afterwards some of the Indian police on outpost duty on the right were driven in, and a considerable force of the enemy was observed creeping towards the camp on the right and centre. Leaving two companies of marines to defend the camp and guard the baggage, I turned the remainder of the force out . . . tired as they were, all turned out with the greatest spirit, and attacked the enemy, skirmishing in sections. For about half an hour there was a smart fire, when they gave way in all directions, being apparently surprised at our brisk offensive." In this skirmish several of the enemy were killed, our loss being only four wounded. As usual the natives fired too high. My journal says: "I was myself within 200 yards of several hundred men, who were keeping up a smart fire, and Curzon-Howe was close to them. It was pretty to see how our men turned out and went at them. That over, we zarebad for the night, and we were not attacked. We had some tents, but they were not pitched.

The next morning we started by 6.30 a.m., leaving a small garrison under a gunner—Mr. Newman of the "Kingfisher"—who had had sunstroke the previous day, and pushed for the town. My journal says :—"We soon came on the enemy, who skirmished with us as we advanced ; but when we formed for an attack on the town, they made no stand. The gate, a solid structure of baulks of wood, was blown in by guncotton, under Mr. Jennings, torpedo gunner of the 'Boadicea'; and after a seven-pounder had fired two shots I sounded the advance before the smoke cleared away, and our men rushed in. We had a few wounded, and had laid low many of the enemy. Found in the palace, a stone and brick building of Fumo Bokari's, his state chair, a fine gun (a present from the Emperor of Germany), his portrait (another present), a magnificent tusk, etc. There was a good deal of loot in the town—fowls, goats, sheep, etc. Tried to follow up towards Katana with the Indian police, where Fumo Bokari was said to have gone ; but they were rather shy, and our men were too tired.

I followed on myself with a few men, but I lost my way in the bush, finding my way out by compass after some delay. Stayed at Vitu, burning and destroying the town, and blowing up buildings with guncotton till 3 p.m., when we moved to Karibu (near in Swahili) camp. Sent off a telegram to the Admiralty announcing our success at 2 p.m. Sir F. de Winton, the Administrator of British East Africa, who had helped us with porters and Indian police, joined us at Vitu, after the place was taken. Was glad to get a wash in the marsh; and we had quite a nice dinner, with a bottle of champagne to celebrate our victory, which I should have enjoyed more but for a splitting headache, due to sun, anxiety, and smoke of the burning town."

It may be worth while to explain the nature of the country, and the races who were opposed to us. Taking the last first they were Waboni, Waganfas, Gallas, and Somalis, with a few Arabs, or men with some Arab blood, claiming to be Mahommetans. The chiefs were all Arabs, and most of the fighting men were slaves. I have said that there were about 1,500 guns; the others had bows and arrows, the latter poisoned, and spears. I do not think that we had more than 800 men actually engaged against us, but there were 2,000 to 3,000 more who would have promptly appeared had any check occurred. The following is my account of the country in my despatch:—

"The country we had to march through was as favourable as we could expect; and though the work of dragging guns along bush paths, and occasionally through very high grass, under a burning sun was very trying, no great difficulties were experienced. For more than a mile from Kipini we had to march through heavy sand, with high scrub on either side; thence for about a mile along a level plain, which forms a marsh at high water, spring tides, and after heavy rains; thence through a grassy country, interspersed with occasional palm trees for two miles; then the clumps of bush became thicker and grass higher until Water Camp was reached, seven-and-a-half miles from Kipini. From Water Camp to Karibu Camp, three-and-a-half miles, the grass was higher, being in places over the men's heads, making our progress

slow, and marching more difficult. From Karibu camp to Vitu, three miles, about half of which was a similar country, but rather more open and hilly, with swampy places, till from a hill rather more than a mile from Vitu the plain in which the town is situated opened, looking down across which the thick bush which surrounds the town, with some fine trees, came into full view.

The town, I may mention, was commanded by a hill about 1,000 yards distant, where our guns were placed, and the bush shelled before our final advance. By Thursday, October 30th, everything had been embarked, and that morning, my journal written "at sea," says:—"Last Friday morning I began my operations, and now, six days later, all is concluded satisfactorily. Our loss twelve men wounded, not a single life sacrificed, either by climate, though we had thirty cases of sunstroke, by the landing or embarking, though we had a bad bar to cross, or by the enemy. We are all terribly burnt; my lips are sore, and nose and cheeks had peeled. I am not so satisfied with such wanton destruction as we had to effect, but it was in the bond, it is in accordance with African custom, and the lesson it will read to the Arabs on this coast is patent; but we have killed slaves and devastated a country which had some germs of civilisation. We ought to have aimed at something higher, to have held Vitu, and to have got at the real instigators of the murders."

This concludes my Vitu expedition, which I confess I am rather proud of. Fumo Bokari, like all African despots, lost all his power and influence as the result of the expedition, and became a miserable fugitive, "there being none so poor to do him reverence." And he died about a month later. Sulieman bin Abdalla returned to Melindi, where he was captured.

I fear I may have made too much of a small affair, but at least it showed how ready the navy is to act promptly with the means at hand. The object we had in view, namely to overawe the coast, was attained, and the expense was small, under £2,000 I think.

My loot was the Emperor's gun, a nice little fowling-piece inlaid with gold, which I received his permission to keep.

We had some fever among the men and a few deaths as

the result of our little campaign; but I felt all the better for it.

And now, as a last remark about the Vitu expedition, I feel inclined to moralise again.

There had been no loss of life, but in my despatch, without wishing to magnify its military importance, I had endeavoured to do justice to the zeal and good spirit of our officers and men, both in the preliminary arrangements and in the expedition itself; so that it was, I confess, rather long. Then the rearrangements of spheres and surrender of Heligoland was hardly popular in England, so that the policy of the expedition was questioned, and Lord Salisbury was accused of doing sergeant-major for the Germans.

As the result, my despatch was caricatured in a Conservative paper. I was accused of, in Byron's words, "cloying the *Gazette* with cant," and the Government soon found that the less said about Vitu the better, though some promotions and rewards were given, and my flag captain was made a C.B.

The fault lay in there being no butcher's bill; but in my experience of savage warfare there is seldom any mean between a practically bloodless victory, if proper precautions are taken, and a grave disaster.

Whilst on my return from Vitu I got intelligence of a large British sailing ship, which had got among the coral reefs and was in want of assistance. There was no time to be lost, as bad weather would have caused her loss, and I gave orders to Lieut. and Commander Keary, of the "Redbreast," who had been on my staff at Vitu, to proceed to her assistance. She started at once, on October 28th, though everyone was dead tired, and the anchor was weighed with difficulty, several of the men being still ashore. It was a source of some danger to get the ship clear of the reefs, practically undamaged, but Lieut. and Commander Keary successfully accomplished it; and Messrs. Bates, the owners, at my suggestion generously granted some salvage, which the Admiralty allowed, though they refused to permit any claim to be made. I mention this here as it is a call of duty under trying circumstances, and any delay would have probably resulted in the loss of the ship.

As I have stated before, I contend that, in similar cases, salvage on a reasonable scale should be granted.

In my Zanzibar experiences, slave cruising has been frequently referred to, resulting in the slave trade being practically suppressed; not alone, or, perhaps, even mainly, by the vigilance of our cruisers, but through the influence brought to bear upon the Sultan, and, through him, on his Walis, or Governors. I am tempted here to refer to the difficulty of getting at the truth as regards slaves and the slave trade, and the truly Eastern proficiency of the Arabs in supporting each other in a tale, however false.

Here is an interesting instance of their making up a lie and sticking to it, which occurred in 1889, I think.

Most of the slaves were run across from the mainland to Pemba, a distance of only fifty or sixty miles, slaves being specially required on that island for the clove plantations, and naturally they were landed from dhows in one of the numerous creeks and harbours formed by the coral reefs on the western side of the island. But there were some harbours on the eastern side, and I ascertained that slaves had occasionally been landed there, so for a time I had boats cruising on the east as well as the west side of Pemba. The east coast was, of course, much more exposed, and there was difficulty in keeping boats there; so I cancelled my order, the ships off Pemba withdrawing the boats, and sending their Arab interpreters to those harbours to watch for and report any landings. These interpreters were not supposed to have any pecuniary interest in the matter, but I heard afterwards that a purse was made for them when they obtained valuable information leading to capture. Not long afterwards, the "Cossack's" interpreter gave a circumstantial account of the landing of numerous slaves in a harbour on the eastern side, his story being corroborated by several independent witnesses. The dhow had been deserted, he stated—a not unusual circumstance—and he had gone on board and set fire to her, having first measured her with a rope left on board, which he produced. The evidence seemed so complete that the Consular Court nearly condemned the "dhow, name unknown," as destroyed, for which prize money would have been paid; but the Sultan's Wali, who was not a

bad sort of man, with whom I had exchanged calls, stoutly denied the landing, and, on further inquiry, the whole story was found to have been an invention of the interpreter. There had been no landing of slaves, nor any slave dhow; the interpreter had bought the rope, and had persuaded his accomplices to back up his lie by promising them money!

In November I left the coast for Trincomalie, and was at Calcutta for Christmas.

In February I had the honour of meeting the Cezarevitch, who had arrived with a Russian squadron at Colombo. When I called on him, on board the "Pamyat Azova," the officer of the watch told me to go down a ladder and into a cabin, where the Cezarevitch, who was in naval uniform and was wearing an aiguilette, himself met me. For a moment I mistook him for an aide-de-camp, he was so simple and cordial; but I almost at once saw my mistake. An elephant kraal had been prepared in his honour by the Governor, Sir A. Havelock, and I had the privilege of being invited to join the Imperial party.

All was very well arranged, but the elephants declined for some time to be driven, and we were waiting two days for them in a beautiful temporary house, built of bamboo and cadjum, the dining room being quite a work of art. During this time I saw a good deal of the Cezarevitch and his staff, and had some hot arguments with Prince George of Greece, who was an ardent advocate of the torpedo. The staff were all very pleasant and friendly, though the waiting was rather tedious for them. I enjoyed the two days' delay, spending most of the day in the jungle, assisting the beaters. But I need not describe an elephant kraal, though the process of making the tame elephants assist in the capture of their wild friends was most interesting; on this occasion nine were caught, I think.

Whilst at Trincomalie I was often able to get away into the jungle for a few days' shooting, and there were bears, panthers, and elephants. I remember seeing a panther once and one or two bears, but failed to get a shot. Elephants were more easy to get, though you might track them a long way without success.

It was no part of my intention to give shooting experiences, which have been better described by more skilful "shikaris" than myself; but an adventure I had with an elephant during my last stay at Trincomalie is worth recording:—

I had started from a place called Kattiar, which we reached by boat, with Mr. Millett, cashier of the dockyard, on April 13th. Millett was an old "shikari," who knew the jungle well, and he had made all the arrangements.

On the 14th we reached a place called Cornbashi, twenty-four miles from Kattiar, where we heard of some elephants, but we did not see any that day.

The next morning, starting early, we soon got on the track of some elephants, and after some hours' crawling, sometimes at full length, through the thick jungle, we were evidently close to a herd. My journal states: "About eight o'clock a fine elephant came near us and, when only twenty yards distant, Millett and I fired, both our shots taking effect just over the eyes, within two inches of each other as we found afterwards, and the elephant, a large cow, fell dead. We left her to her fate, and observed a young five-year-old elephant standing by her. We had seen a big allion, or male, just before, and we stood a little beyond where the first elephant fell, in hopes of getting a shot at him, when the baby elephant came charging at us. There was little room, though I tried to get out of the way, when Millett fired. This did not stop the little beast, who turned towards me; so when he was about three yards from me I fired, and he rolled over dead, but almost immediately afterwards I felt a great shock, and I was deluged with blood, my shirt being blown to pieces and coat torn. I feared at first that the gun had burst, but I soon found that I was not really seriously hurt. Davies (my coxswain) and Millett came to my assistance, and I was eased down to the ground. I was in much pain, chiefly from the burns of the powder, and nearly fainted, but soon got all right, though I could only talk in a whisper." Coolies were sent for from the camp, a litter was made, and I was carried through the jungle. It was only four miles, but I did not reach the camp till 4 p.m., as a path had to be cut, the scrub being so thick. An attempt was made by Millett to dress my wounds

but I was decidedly feverish. My journal continues: "The wound, or cut, bled a bit for a time, my glands were much swelled, making swallowing difficult, my chest was burning, and I had an extraordinary stiffness between the shoulders and across the chest, making it purgatory to raise myself. However, I managed to take some wine, soup, and even a glass of champagne, though I had an uncomfortable night, and the heat under the mosquito curtain was all but unbearable.

"The next day I was carried down the twenty-four miles to Kattiar by evening, where a surgeon from the 'Boadicea' met me and it was a great relief to have my wounds properly dressed." On the 17th I got back to my house at Trincomalie.

Fortunately I had a good constitution, and I never laid up altogether. On the 22nd I was able to inspect the "Marathon," though I did not remain long on board.

The accident occurred as follows:—I had borrowed an elephant gun, eight bore, with nine dram charge, this being necessary, as unless the elephant is shot in one or two vulnerable places, so as to penetrate the brain, he is little hurt, as his massive skull is bomb proof; but if struck by a heavy bullet he is dazed for a time, and there is no danger. On a previous occasion I had struck an elephant full on the head at about ten yards, and he fell, but immediately recovered himself, and went off in another direction.

The gun I had borrowed, had a weak top spring, and I was warned to be sure that the breech was well closed before firing. Being somewhat taken by surprise, when the small elephant charged, I did not take this precaution, though I fired deliberately, and the brass cartridge of the right barrel was intact. Probably the breech partly opened when I fired the right barrel, and killed the elephant, which was hit clean between the eyes, and the shock of the recoil caused me to pull the left barrel. This shot hit the elephant on the leg, about one-third of the brass of the cartridge and powder coming back through the breech on to my chest and neck. Fortunately my face and eyes escaped. I have no doubt now that this is how the accident occurred, and

that had I seen that the breech was properly closed before firing, it would not have happened.

I made a rapid recovery, and was practically well before I reached England, though nearly a month after the accident pieces of the brass of the cartridge were dug out of my chest.

I can now bring to a close my East Indian command.

At the end of April, I was relieved at Trincomalie by Rear-Admiral F. Robinson, and I proceeded in the "Boadicea" to Aden, where I hauled down my flag on May 8th, after an interesting three years' command.

The "Boadicea" proceeded to Malta to refit for a new commission, and I went home in the P. &. O. "Myrzapore," arriving in England, *via* Marseilles, on May 21st.

It may be worth mentioning that during the "Boadicea's" commission of over three years, she was under way during nearly two days out of every three, and that she steamed up the Red Sea to Suez, keeping company with the P. &. O. at over twelve knots, all our stokers being British. and their sick list was practically nil. As nearly the whole commission had been spent in the tropics, this shows that white men can do duty in the engine room even in extreme heat, when well acclimatised. Indeed, I remember that the "Sphinx," specially built for service in the Red Sea, which was allowed to enter a proportion of native stokers, applied for more white stokers, as being more reliable when the climatic conditions were such as to incapacitate the natives!

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE CHINA COMMAND.—PART I.

Return Home—A Successful Command—Not Appointed to the Channel—Changes at the Admiralty—Appointed to China Command—Passage Out—History Repeating Itself—The China Squadron—My Staff and Hong Kong Capabilities—Position of the Dockyard—Naval and Commercial Requirements Antagonistic—Hong Kong—The Harbour and Shipping—Limits of the Command Duties and Routine Cruises—Cruise in "Alacrity" in 1892—Visits to Yangtsze Viceroys—Chang-chi-tung—Liu-kun-yi—Chinese Slovenliness—Chinese Naval College—Li-Hung-Chang and Loh-feng-loh—Chang-chi-tung's Inspections of Chinese Defences—Pleasure Cruises in Japan—An Audience of the Emperor—Cruises in Northern Japan—Paper Chases at Hakodate—Foreign Admirals in the Far East—Cruise in the Gulf of Tartary—Movements in 1892—Hakodate and Sapporo—The Ainus—Castries Bay—Jonquiere Bay and Saghalin—A Russian Prison in Saghalin—Vladivostock—Admiral Tyrtoff and Lieut. Petroff—North Eastern Corea—Port Hamilton—Corean Dress—Seoul and the Coreans—Chemulpho—Scaling the Walls of Seoul—The Corean King, now Emperor—Corean Court Etiquette—An Eastern Custom—Li Hung Chang—Trip to Pekin—Chinese Roads—A Case of Vandalism—A Ride to the Great Wall—The Tsung-li-Yamen—Chinese Military Examinations—A Mandarin's Inspection—A Stormy Cruise off Formosa—Fogs—A Narrow Escape—Thompson's Sounding Machine—Interesting Peace Service.

It was cold, unpleasant weather when I reached England on May 21st, 1891, but I felt it a great satisfaction to be at home once more with my family after a not uneventful three years' service in the tropics. Indeed, though I have been always ready to put on harness, I have been equally prepared to take it off, and devote myself to home interests, which offer many compensations.

I might fairly claim that my command had been a successful one. I had been made a K.C.B., and in addition I was honoured by receiving the Prussian Order of the Crown of the First Class, from the Emperor of Germany, and the Order of the Brilliant Star of the First Class from the Sultan of Zanzibar, both of which certainly unsolicited decorations I had heard of practically for the first time (though rumours of them had reached me) through the medium of the *Gazette* authorising me to wear them.

Under these circumstances, a short spell on shore was not unwelcome, and I had hoped to be selected for the Channel command; but this was not to be, as changes were to be made at the Admiralty.

To this, possibly rightly, all arrangements are subordinated. It was desired to have Sir F. Richards, then Commander-in-Chief in China, at the Admiralty, and I was somewhat surprised when early in February, 1892, I was offered the China command.

I was naturally not anxious to go so far away again after a few months at home, but the command was an important one, and Vice-Admirals' commands then, as now, are scarce, so I had little hesitation in accepting the appointment.

The next month, I went out by P. & O. *via* Brindisi, and on April 22nd reached Hong Kong, assuming command of the China station a few days later.

It was curious that I left England for China almost exactly four years from the date at which I had sailed for India, and that my passage for the part of the voyage common to both stations was made in the same ship, the "Britannia," so it seemed to me that history was indeed repeating itself in my person, especially as I was again relieving Sir F. Richards.

As in the case of the East Indian command I had endeavoured to get all the information possible about the station before leaving England, and on the passage out I had a good opportunity of reading books, Blue and other, on the subject.

My predecessor had all in order for me, and gave me all the necessary information, so I was well started at the time of the year when the refits and recommissionings of ships were approaching completion, for in April, or at latest early in May, it is well to clear out of Hong Kong before the rainy, muggy, hot weather has fully set in.

But I must here say something as to the strength of the squadron, and my staff.

In 1893 the China Squadron was a small affair compared with what it has since become, though even then it consisted of twenty-one ships, mostly small vessels. My flag was hoisted in the "Imperieuse," an armoured cruiser, fairly

modern, of seventeen knot speed, and the "Alacrity" despatch boat was the alternative flag ship in which the Admiral visited the ports of China which were inaccessible to the larger vessel.

I had a good staff:—Captain McQuhae, who had commanded the "Cossack" on the East Indian station, was my flag-captain, and my secretary, Mr. Paul, and Flag-Lieut. Ogilvie had both served with me before. Poor McQuhae has since joined the majority, having never fully recovered from illness first contracted in China. He was a very able man, a good navigator, with a strong sense of humour, and a charming companion There was a fair dockyard at Hong Kong under a commodore, then H. S. L. Palliser, now an admiral. We had no naval dock, but our ships were docked by the Hong Kong and Kouloun Dock Company, whose establishment was on the mainland. The Admiralty had a lien on one dock, which had been partially paid for from naval votes. With the help of the Dock Company our repairs could be executed efficiently at that time, but the great increase in the China squadron since has made necessary the construction of an Admiralty dock now in progress, and the enlargement of the dockyard. This has been a difficult and expensive operation, as the dockyard is in the middle of the town of Victoria, on the island of Hong Kong, and much of the ground required had to be reclaimed from the sea. When I was last at Hong Kong, about one-third of the stores, including all the coal, was in a supplementary yard on the Kouloun side, some distance from the docks, so that much time was wasted in crossing the harbour by the dockyard officials, and efficient administration appeared to me to be impossible.

I was personally much in favour of giving up the present dockyard at Victoria to the Colonial Government, and moving to the Kouloun side, where the water is deeper and where land was less valuable. The Colonial Government were, and are still, most anxious to purchase the present dockyard so as to make a praya road close to the water, and as the land on which the present naval establishment stands is extremely valuable, there is no doubt that we should have been hand-

somely compensated, and the transfer of the naval yard to the Kouloun side would have been made without loss.

I pressed this view strongly before leaving the station, but it has been decided otherwise, nominally on the ground that the island side is more defensible; but no doubt there is a reluctance to face the disturbance which would be caused by the change. Here we have an instance of the inconvenience, to which I have previously referred, of the dockyard being in the middle of a commercial town, the antagonistic requirements of the navy and of commerce causing delay and friction, while the cost of any expansion of the naval establishment is almost prohibitive.

For the above reason I have always held that naval establishments should be at some distance from commercial centres, but though the action taken by me was solely on public grounds, and was not unduly pressed, I got into some hot water for not seeing eye to eye with the Admiralty in the matter.

I hold, however, to my view which is shared by many others, including Commanders-in-Chief of the China station both before and since my time, whose names I could mention, that the sum of £1,275,000 now voted for the construction of a dock and enlargement of the yard would have been spent to better purpose at Kouloun than at Victoria.

My stay at Hong Kong was as short as possible, but I had much to settle, to exchange the usual official calls with the Governor, Sir William Robinson, the General (now Sir George) Digby Barker and others; and the "nightly smiles and daily dinners" of society which Byron mentions as part of his Malta experience nearly 100 years before, were the order of the day.

For Hong Kong is a gay place in the winter season, when the weather is pleasant enough, the race-course, golf links, cricket and lawn tennis, with even occasional polo, all have their attractions; while the beautiful semi-tropical foliage in the Botanical Gardens, in the Cemetery at Happy Valley, and elsewhere make it pleasant to the eye, and to a sailor living on board it has the inestimable advantage of being a secure harbour where his ship lies close to the shore.

I need not describe the harbour itself, which is one of the finest in the world, the shipping frequenting the port including junks amounting to nearly 20,000,000 tons yearly; nor to the Peak, where most of the merchants live in the summer time, which is easily accessible by a mountain railway so steep as to be quite a trial to one's nerves on a first experience.

Before leaving Hong Kong I propose giving some idea of the China command and its duties:—

The station was a large one, extending from the Behring Sea to well south of the Line, thus including Siam, our Straits Settlements, Borneo, Manila and the Dutch East Indies on the south, besides all China and Japan and Russian settlements at Vladivostock and the Gulf of Tartary on the north.

The usual routine was for the Admiral to be north with a cruising squadron the greater part of the summer, making Hong Kong his winter headquarters, during which time he visited Singapore and some of the southern portions of his command.

Politically all was quiet enough when I reached Hong Kong, except for the unrest in China, several murders of missionaries and other Europeans having taken place at ports on the Yangtsze not long before my arrival. This naturally called for a demand for the protection of "a gunboat" from almost every consul at a treaty port; as they usually put it "prevention being better than cure, the presence of a man-of-war was necessary to prevent mob violence." This sounds plausible; but it was practically impossible to comply with the request, as the number of treaty ports in China alone was twenty-eight I think, and as I have already stated, I had twenty-one ships altogether; so clearly the "gunboats" (this is the Foreign Office phrase for a man-of-war of sorts even when a considerable force is really wanted) would not go round. But from a naval point of view efficiency cannot be maintained unless ships are together as far as possible, and under the Admiral's eye; so that it is the business of the Naval Commander-in-Chief, while not ignoring the legitimate demands for protection, to see that this is not granted unnecessarily. I was obliged frequently to refuse even urgent

demands, using my own judgment as to their necessity; but to enable me to do so it was essential that I should be personally acquainted both with the ports themselves and with the consuls. Accordingly, like my predecessors and successors, I spent much of my time in the "Alacrity," and on May 8th, I sailed in her to visit the treaty ports in China.

I may as well give a sketch of this cruise in the "Alacrity" as a sample of my movements, and with reference to what I have said above, I add that during the three years and one month that I was in command of the station none of the treaty ports were attacked or molested except Ichang, though there were frequent alarms. It is true that murders of missionaries took place in Hunan and Fohkien at some distance from treaty ports, and that there was a disturbance at Ichang which promised to be serious, but it was easily quelled by the landing of some men from a small gunboat, the "Esk," without bloodshed.

On May 10th I was at Swatow, on the 11th at Amoy, on the 15th at Foochow, on the 18th at Ningpo, on the 20th at Shanghai, where I stayed till the 28th, as it was the most important port in China, and the British Settlement struck me as even more English than Hong Kong. From Shanghai I went up the Yangtsze, some 600 miles to Hankow, calling at Ching-Kiang, Wuhu, and Kiukiang, all of which are treaty ports. I was at Hankow from June 2nd to June 6th; on the 8th I was back at Shanghai, having looked in at Wuhu, Nankin, and Ching-Kiang on my way. I had ships at most of these ports, which of course, I inspected. They are all treaty ports except Nankin, since made a treaty port.

Whilst at Hankow I paid an official visit to the Viceroy of Hupei and Hunan Chang-chi-tung, and at Nankin I called on the Viceroy, Liu Kun Yi, both of whom returned my call. A Chinese Viceroy is a great man, having two provinces under him. We ordinarily speak of the Viceroy of Nankin, but his proper title is Viceroy of the Two Kiangs.

It may be of some interest if I give an account of my visit to the two viceroys I have named above, and my impression of these distinguished men who did such good service in keeping order in the Yangtsze Valley during the Boxer disturbances.

To begin with Chang-chi-tung. The Viceroy lives at Wuchang, on the right bank of the river, nearly opposite Hankow. The river is fairly broad, and in May and June is very full, so that we weighed and steamed across the river in the "Alacrity," accompanied by the "Archer," landing about 8 a.m. My staff consisted of the commanders of the "Alacrity" and "Archer," my secretary, the consul, Mr. Gardner, and vice-consul. The following is from my journal: "The Viceroy had made great preparations for my reception. There were two sloops and a gunboat at anchor, which had dressed ship, and I was saluted on landing. In fact, many salutes were fired, the appropriateness of all of them not being quite clear, though no doubt they were fired in my honour. We were carried in chairs through some dirty streets lined with soldiers for nearly a mile, to the Viceroy's Yamen, where he received us at the gate, and we sat down to a repast of sweetmeats, champagne, and cigars."

I may mention here that I thought the champagne was bad sherry, as it was quite flat and rather dark in colour! "The Viceroy smoked a long pipe which was brought to him at intervals, when he would take a few whiffs. Two Chinese who were there spoke English well, and Gardner speaks Chinese, so we got on very well, for the Viceroy was as ignorant of English as I was of Chinese. We talked of affairs generally, the coal mines and iron mines being worked by the Viceroy near Hankow." . . . I visited the iron-works, which are in charge of Europeans, afterwards. They were on a large scale, but everywhere there was evidence of the ignorance and prejudice of the Chinese mind about European scientific appliances, much money being uselessly spent, while care and maintenance were neglected. I believe Chang-chi-tung was nearly ruined by these enterprises, which were undoubtedly undertaken from the patriotic motive of endeavouring to be independent of the hated foreigner.

But to return to my journal. "I spoke to the Viceroy about the riots, and the protection of the Yangtsze ports, and he said that he had no doubt all would be quiet, but that he was not quite yet in a position to do without our men-of-war, though he hoped soon to be so."

I may remark that shortly before this there had been protests against the presence of our ships, which, it was alleged, provoked disturbance, so that the Viceroy's admission of their presence being conducive to good order was important.

My journal remarks: "The Viceroy seemed to be friendly, and he was certainly very cordial to me. He is about fifty-five years old, and an active, intelligent-looking man, rather spare, about five feet four inches in height. He wore, as they all do, a dark frock with a square on the breast, covered with gold and silver tinsel. He is generally considered to be hostile to Europeans; but he is a man of mark, with much power and influence. The Yamen was the usual square enclosure, with rooms opening into it, not much ornamented, grass was growing between the stones in the court. Some of the soldiers looked well, but their dress did not certainly lack variety or picturesqueness. They mostly wore red jackets slashed with yellow, and green trousers. Most of the soldiers had good rifles, Mauser, I think, but they were of various patterns, and not in good order; some had only spears like pitchforks. There were a good many small war junks in the river under an admiral, which kept good order, the men pulling in which, with their broad straw hats, short, open, red jackets, with white trousers and shirts, looked really well. The Viceroy returned my call an hour later with his staff, who I entertained with the usual champagne, sweets and cigarettes. I saluted him on landing with nineteen guns, and we returned to Hankow."

I certainly formed a good impression of the Viceroy, who seemed to me perfectly frank and straightforward. He had a high reputation for ability and honesty among the Chinese, and though he no doubt had prejudices against Europeans they were due mainly, I felt sure, to the extraordinary ignorance of even well educated Chinese of everything and everybody outside China.

My call on Liu-kun-yi, the Viceroy of Nankin, was of a similar character in the main, but he was more in touch with European customs; his champagne was better, and he placed me on his right, according to European etiquette, whereas Chang-chi-tung had followed the Chinese custom

of making me sit on his left. We had knives and forks and a table cloth—chop sticks and a bare table having been the order of the day at Wuchung. The Viceroy, who was very friendly, was sixty-three, and he looked older. He impressed me favourably, but he evidently had not the character of Chang-chi-tung.

In these interviews it was curious to observe what I can only describe as the slovenliness of the Chinese. There was much show and outward respect for authority, yet, when the conference was in progress, dirty hangers-on were allowed to crowd round, listening to the conversation, so that any confidential communication was impossible.

My journal says: "After our interview with the Viceroy of Nankin was over, we went to see the Naval College, which was presided over by a Mr. Sang, who speaks very good English, and was educated at Cambridge. The college was really very good, with substantial brick buildings; the students, who were clean and intelligent-looking, were in uniform. Instruction in steam, mathematics, etc., is given in English, which many of them write and speak fluently. The college was only finished two or three years ago. All the arrangements seemed very good; there were workshops, rifles for drill, dumb-bells, etc." When I visited the college there were two English instructors and about eighty students. This is only one of several naval colleges which I saw in China, where the teaching is good, and the students are only too anxious to learn; but most of the knowledge so acquired was wasted through the jealousy of the mandarins of European education; so that the best thing for these young men to do in their own interests was for them to endeavour to forget all they had learnt at college, on account of its supposed inferiority to things Chinese!

There is a good story told of Loh-feng-loh, so well known afterwards as Chinese Minister in London. He was secretary to Li Hung Chang when I was in China, a very able man, speaking and writing English perfectly. Li Hung Chang is reported to have said to him: "I don't know how it is, we send our men to Europe and America, and have foreign instructors in our colleges, as do the Japanese, but we do

not seem to derive the advantage from their instruction which the Japanese do"; to which Loh-feng-Loh replied "That is quite true. I was a class mate of the Marquis Ito in England; he is now Prime Minister of Japan, and I am your Excellency's secretary." Whether the story is true or not, there is no doubt that it aptly represents the relative appreciation of foreign learning by the higher authorities of the respective countries.

Numerous stories were told of Chang-chi-tung when he was temporarily Viceroy of Nankin on Lin-kun-yi being nominated to the command of the Imperial forces during the course of the war with Japan. He was naturally anxious to inspect the defences of the Yangtsze, and made several voyages with that object. On one occasion, being on board a boat commanded by an Englishman, he insisted on being taken to a certain creek where the Japanese had landed in the ninth century! It was in vain that he was told that it had entirely silted up; he persisted in his notion, until the vessel was run ashore in the mud. On another occasion he was going to inspect the Kiangnan arsenal near Shanghai, but turned back, as the channel he had intended to use was not navigable.

I cannot vouch for these stories; but it is certain that inspection of defences by Chinese mandarins who were perfectly ignorant of foreign arms was a farce, and that they were easily hoodwinked by their subordinates.

To continue my visiting cruise. I left Shanghai on June 14th for Nagasaki, where I arrived on the 16th.

On the 20th we passed the Simonoski Straits into the beautiful inland sea, arriving at Kobé on the following day. On the 24th I reached Yokohama, where I rehoisted my flag on the "Imperieuse."

I stayed at Yokohama till July 14th, during which time I made an excursion up the country to Nikko; and on July 8th I had an audience of the Emperor at Tokio, who I confess did not impress me much. But the etiquette of the Japanese Court is for the Emperor to ask a few formal questions in a subdued tone, to which answers are given and the interview is over. We—my staff and I—were in full dress, of course; the Emperor wore evening European dress, with some stars of

orders. After the interview we were shown round the Palace, a handsome, Japanese bungalow with high roofs. There were some fine rooms in beautiful order, the ceilings profusely decorated in colours, fanciful Japanese scrolls, etc. I specially admired the doors, which were nearly all of exquisite lacquer work.

I should like to mention here the Royal Chamberlain, Baron Sannomiya, and Madame Sannomiya, an English-woman, to both of whom I owe much for their ready help and hospitality while I was in Japan.

But I have no intention of describing Japan, which interested me much, though notwithstanding the changes which had taken place in the interval and the European invasion, much remained to remind me of the Japan I had seen something of as a midshipman of the "Spartan," thirty-seven years before.

The weather at Yokohama becomes very hot in July, and my journal mentions the thermometer as being over 80° at 6 a.m. on the 13th, so that it is well to get north before that time. My routine subsequently was to sail for Hakodate about July 1st, but in '92 I did not get away from Yokohama till the 14th. I could generally muster six to eight ships for the cruise. In 1892 I see I had six—"Imperieuse," "Severn," "Pallas," "Archer," "Alacrity," and "Rattler." We had, of course, plenty of steam tactics, firing at targets and other exercises. I used to get leave from the Japanese authorities to touch at other than treaty ports, and it was interesting to put in at purely Japanese places where there were no European residents. All these towns were neat and clean, and one was sure to be boarded by smart little Japanese policemen, who took elaborate notes of our interviews with them even when they understood no English.

In '92 I anchored for a night in Sendai Bay on the way north, a very pretty place, but we did not lose much time in getting to Hakodate, which was usually our summer head-quarters.

Hakodate is a good harbour, and the town is of fair size, but far more primitive than those in Nippon.

We used to have paper-chases there on native ponies,

which were very good fun for the younger officers. There was not much jumping, but a good deal of scrambling up and down ravines. I had one rather bad fall, breaking a rib or two, I never found out which, but I was well lashed up and was always able to get about, though it stopped my hunting for a time.

At Hakodate I found the French admiral, M. Humann, in the "Triomphante," with two other French ships. We exchanged calls, of course, and became good friends. He spoke English well. I may mention here that two other French admirals were in command during my three years, Dupuy and Bonniniere de Beaumont, whose name has recently been much before the public as Prefet Maritime at Toulon, with all of whom I was on very good terms. There were four American admirals in my time, Harmony, Irwin, Skirrett, and Carpenter, all of whom I knew well, especially the first. The fact is, that advancement being strictly by seniority in the United States Navy, officers are usually about sixty when they reach flag rank, and at sixty-two they must retire. But I am digressing. Hakodate being our headquarters, we used to cruise in the Tsugar Straits, visiting the Japanese ports near, and in August I generally went up the Gulf of Tartary, visiting Vladivostock, Castries Bay, where we found but did not attack the Russians in '55, and other ports. We usually returned to Hakodate at the end of September and coaled, after which the squadron broke up, and I transferred my flag to the "Alacrity" for a time.

This three months' cruise was delightful, the only drawback being the constant fogs in that part of the world.

As I gave the names of the ships that left Yokohama with me, I may mention that they were changed from time to time. Thus in '92, during the last portion of our cruise, I had "Leander," "Caroline," and "Hyacinth" with me, others having left, the object being, of course, to give as much experience as possible in squadron work and sea cruising. It may be as well to give my 1892 cruise to show the principal places visited, though I was rather late in leaving Yokohama that year, as previously stated.

In 1892, after a little cruising near Hakodate, I took my squadron to Matsumaye on the west coast of Yezo; thence I went to Castries Bay on the west side of the Gulf of Tartary. Castries being in 57° 30′ N. lat., it was, of course, cold. Thence we went to Jonquiere Bay on the Saghalin side, nearly opposite Castries, where I had passed for lieutenant in '55; then after looking in at Barracouta Bay we went to Vladivostock. We stayed six days there; then want to Goshkevitch Bay in the northern part of Corea, where we had torpedo practice, after which we returned to Hakodate to coal the squadron.

On September 27th I transferred my flag to the "Alacrity," and the squadron broke up to visit various ports in Korea and Japan, some going to Hong Kong to refit for a new commission.

In the "Alacrity" I visited Port Hamilton, where we found many remains of the British occupation. Chemulpho, whence I went up to Seoul; thence to Chifu and Taku. Leaving the ship at Taku I went to Pekin, being there from October 19th to the 26th, and was at Shanghai again on November 1st, calling at Chifu on my way. I again went up the Yangtsze that autumn to Hankow, calling at all the ports on the way, and having some shooting. I was at Shanghai between November 25th and December 1st, when I sailed for Formosa, where disturbances had been reported. In Formosa I visited Kelung, Tamsui, Anping, and Takou, besides the Pescadores; then, calling at Amoy, I reached Hong Kong on December 11th.

It is well to complete the year before going into details. I remained at Hong Kong till January 28th, where I had much to attend to, no less than six of my squadron being under refit for recommissioning, the new crews being sent out in transports. My southern cruise lasted till March 20th. My first visit was to Bangkok, a most interesting place; thence to Singapore, Sarawak, where I visited the Rajah, Sir Charles Brooke, G.C.M.G., going up to Kuching in the "Firebrand" gunboat. I then proceeded to Labuan, where I left the "Imperieuse" and went on to Sandakan, the capital of the North Borneo Company, in the "Archer," the navigation

through the coral reefs not being suitable for the big ship; thence to Kudat, where I rejoined the "Imperieuse," and in her visited Manila, returning to Hong Kong by March 20th. To finish my year, I add, that I remained in Hong Kong till April 30th, on which day I sailed in the "Alacrity" to visit the Chinese treaty ports, beginning my cruise by visiting Hoihow and Pakhoi, two ports south of Hong Kong, to complete my experience. Having given this summary to show the ports visited, I propose to give some details:

Hakodate needs no further description. It is a great fishing place, and the smell of fish was the only drawback to its suitableness as a summer headquarters. Our mails were despatched regularly by train from Yokohama to Aomori, in the north end of Nippon, and I usually sent a gunboat across the straits to fetch them. There was an exhibition at Sapporo, the nominal capital of Yezo, in 1892, which I visited, consisting chiefly of fishing industries. Both here and at Hakodate we met many Ainus, or aboriginals of Japan, who seem to be a quiet, inoffensive race, of good physique, but of primitive habits and low intelligence, who have not been too well treated by the Japanese. Castries Bay had changed little from 1855. Our officers fished and caught salmon, but the Russians were very jealous of our movements, complaining of our sounding in the small river. It was quite cold, but the mosquitos were specially obnoxious, owing, no doubt, to the amount of forest and swampy ground.

At Jonquiere Bay, on the opposite side of the Gulf of Tartary, the Russian authorities were very civil, showing me everything worth seeing. The Island of Saghalin is, as is well known, a Russian convict settlement. It has been well described by others, but a few lines from my journal about Jonquiere may be worth insertion. My journal mentions:—

"The town looks well on the side of a hill about half a mile from the landing place, where there is a wooden pier. It contains some 8,000 inhabitants, all convicts or ticket-of-leave men; the houses are of wood, but well built; there is a fine church, some good houses for the officials, and large prisons containing, I was told, 700 prisoners.

The prisons are open to the street with no wall round, but each gang has its soldier escort, and many of the prisoners were in chains. I had a cup of tea with the acting Governor, a Mr. Berie, who spoke French, and visited the prisons. These latter were large and airy, food chiefly fish, soup, and black bread, plain, but wholesome. There was a lack of cleanliness, the prisoners being in dirty clothes, with shabby, torn great coats put on anyhow. They did not seem to be badly treated. We saw one man who had cut off his left arm to avoid work. There were good carpenters' workshops and smitheries, with some few machines worked by steam power. We drove round to some adjacent villages. The climate is too severe for crops to grow well, but wheat and potatoes were growing, the former still green; and the Chief Magistrate, who took me round, acknowledged that it seldom comes to maturity. The climate is very healthy, and there is no disease."

I may now mention some impressions of Vladivostock. It is a fine harbour, one of the finest in the world, well sheltered, good anchorage, and easily defended from the sea. The batteries were not complete when I was there.

I saw something of the dockyard, which at that time was not equal to making heavy repairs; there was a fine dock 620 feet long in course of completion.

The Governor, General Unterberger, was most civil, as were all the authorities; his wife spoke English, and was well versed in English literature. I attended two balls, one on board the "Dimitri Donskei," the Russian flagship, and the other on shore at the Naval Club, a fine building, and the Governor entertained us at dinner. But with all this outward cordiality we were restricted to landing at the principal landing place, and carefully looked after, not to say watched, our officers all landing in uniform, no sport being possible. The excuse for the uniform was that two French naval officers in plain clothes had been murdered not long before by escaped convicts, who wanted their clothes as disguises. A chaplain of one of the ships, who was strolling about in semi-clerical costume, was arrested as he stopped to look at some workmen employed in the

construction of a battery; however, he was released at once on explaining to an officer, though he was marched some distance between two soldiers. One cannot help contrasting this with the freedom allowed to officers of Russian ships at Hong Kong, who are not restricted in any way except as regards the forts.

On this, my first visit to Vladivostock, the Commander-in-Chief of the Russian Fleet was Admiral Tyrtoff, afterwards Minister of Marine. I had announced my intended visit, and he had arranged to visit Petropavlovsk, which is only free of ice for two or three months, so he kindly left me a note regretting his enforced absence from Vladivostock, but informing me that he had left his flag-lieutenant behind, Lieut. Petroff, who spoke English well, knew everyone in Vladivostock, and who would, he hoped, prove useful to me. I much appreciated this civility, and found Lieut. Petroff a pleasant companion, who was of great service; but one curious fact I must relate.

In due course I had to return the visit of the General commanding the troops, when I found, to my astonishment, that Lieut. Petroff did not know the General or his A.D.C., though Vladivostock was, at that time, the headquarters both of the fleet and the military. The General had an official residence, and he had been three years in command, the Admiral having been two years on the station. Under these circumstances, one need not be surprised at there being friction and misunderstanding between the two services.

There was not much trade at Vladivostock, which had some fine buildings and churches. Some good furs were to be had, and I feel bound to mention a circumstance in this connection which, I hope, shows the good reputation held by our countrymen. I had bought a good many furs in the market, and had not enough money to pay for them, so I went into a bank asking them to lend me the money, and offering to leave the furs till I returned it. But the money, a considerable sum, was lent me at once, and they refused to detain the furs. Fortunately, I met some of our officers on shore shortly afterwards, who were able to lend me enough to repay my trusting bank official.

In 1893 I paid a second visit to Vladivostock; but I shall not refer to it again, as it was rather a repetition of my former experience.

From Vladivostock I went to Goshkevitch, in the north of Corea. There are several fine bays and anchorages on the east coast of Corea, which our ships used to visit, where we could carry out torpedo practice and gun practice, besides affording good sport for officers—duck, pheasants, &c. Of course, with a squadron, the sportsmen were too numerous for much sport, but two or three of us would return with five to ten brace of pheasants frequently, and later in the year, when the ships separated, they got good duck shooting. I find that in September, at Goshkevitch, having despatched most of my squadron for Hakodate, as we were to have a full speed trial in "Severn" and "Imperieuse," I landed early one morning with two officers, and got four brace of pheasants and a quail to my own gun by the afternoon. It was rather marshy, but not bad walking.

I do not think it necessary to say much of Port Hamilton, which I visited in the "Alacrity" in 1892. It is a fair harbour, and as a place of arms it might have its advantages, but it is too isolated to be of any other use. We are a commercial country, and it is not in the direct line of trade. On the whole, I think we were right to give it up.

At Port Hamilton I had my first experience of the Coreans, and it took me some time to get familiar with the national costume. Soon after we anchored, a large boat, manned by ten or twelve young men, came alongside; they were all well dressed in long white dresses, their hair being parted in the middle and falling down to their shoulders, giving them such a feminine appearance that I could scarcely persuade myself that they belonged to the male sex.

Seoul, the capital of Corea, which I visited early in October, I must refer to somewhat more fully. It was certainly an interesting place, and the Coreans are a picturesque people, with national traits differentiating them from the Chinese or Japanese; but I have no space for a description of Corea or its inhabitants, which have been so fully described by Mrs. Bishop in her Corean book. I often met Mrs. Bishop

during my time in China, and have read her admirable accounts of Corea since, much to my advantage; so I should be reluctant in any case to attempt to add anything to her brilliant descriptions, and will content myself with one or two of my own experiences.

Chemulpho, where we anchored, is at the mouth of the Salee River, and is some two and a half miles from the town of that name. Seoul, the capital, is about twenty-six miles from Chemulpho by land, and double that distance by the river. The town of Seoul is not, however, on the river, the port for the capital being Mafu, three miles distant. I elected to go up by river in our steam launch. We had a pilot, but the river is very shallow, so we touched once or twice, and did not reach Mafu till 6 p.m.

At Mafu we met ponies, which had been sent down for my party by the consul-general, Mr. (now Sir Walter) Hillier, and we rode up to the town. I should mention that my party consisted of Commander Adair, of the "Alacrity"; Mr. Treglohan, my secretary's clerk; Major and Mrs. Chapman, and myself. Major Chapman was in command of the marines of the "Imperieuse," and I was very glad to have him on my staff, while a lady was very welcome, as I did not expect many difficulties, and she was very enterprising. I knew that the gates of the town were closed at sunset, but I understood that they would be kept open for us, so I was disagreeably surprised on reaching Seoul, about 7.30 p.m., to find the gates closed, with the prospect of spending the night in a filthy suburb. I was met by the consul-general's constable, an old man-of-war's man, who offered to get over the wall, which is twenty-five to thirty feet high, to communicate with the consul-general about the gates being opened. He was not long absent, but the answer was not reassuring, Mr. Hillier informing me that he would, of course, apply if I wished, but that it was popularly supposed that the King slept with the keys under his pillow, that he was probably in bed already, and that his application would possibly result in a council of ministers being held, the decision, which might be come to about midnight, being doubtful.

This was not good enough, so I decided to scale the wall,

which was not very difficult, as, though there are no regular steps, a rope is provided to haul oneself up by, and as getting over the wall is a regular mode of ingress and egress after the gates are shut, its frequent use has worn interstices between the stones where one can put one's toes. As the rope was stranded, I got a new one from the Legation, and all our party were hoisted in somehow. The descent on the town side was easy. We were hospitably received by the consul-general, and sat down to a good dinner about 8.45. Lord Curzon, who followed me about a week later, mentions in his interesting and philosophical book, "Problems of the Far East," that the Corean authorities were somewhat scandalised at my rather unceremonious mode of entering the city, but they were too courteous to refer to the matter in our interviews. Of course, I had an interview with the King, who asked after the Queen's health, and seemed generally to assume that I had come directly from England on purpose to communicate some message from her Majesty to the King of Corea.

The etiquette of the Court was peculiar, involving much ceremony, the principal mandarins, gorgeously dressed, with ornamented waist-belts always made for men of Falstaffian dimensions, whatever might be the size of the wearer, being literally supported by retainers on each side of them, as if they were incapable of walking. My interview on this occasion was not held at the Palace in Seoul, since burnt down, but at a bungalow in a royal cemetery, where the King had gone to do honour to the manes of his ancestors. We were carried in chairs, but were put down at the entry of the royal enclosure.

One amusing incident of this visit I remember. I was walking away towards where we had left our chairs with Hillier, and we were nearing the top of a small hill, discussing the interview, Hillier remarking that the King had asked me a great many questions, to which I replied, "Yes, but there is one question I was surprised at his not asking, namely, what my age was," which is seldom omitted in the East. Hillier was agreeing that this was an unusual omission, when a Corean mandarin came panting up the hill after us, with a counten-

ance full of the importance of his mission, which was, of course, to ask, on behalf of the King, how old I was, and he was much relieved when duly informed on a matter of such grave public importance.

But I must leave Corea and Seoul, with its narrow, dirty streets, the curious Corean houses, the universal custom being for all rooms to be just eight feet square to allow of the proper heating of the floors, the picturesque hats of the men, and extraordinary sumptuary social regulations, and go on to China and Pekin.

My first business, on landing at Tientsin, was to call on Li Hung Chang, who my journal describes as "a fine old man with a dignified manner." He is too well known in England to require any description, but I was struck with his English manner of shaking hands, and his acquaintance with "foreign" ways. Our conversation was interesting, and he asked many questions, showing himself far superior to any other mandarin I had met.

I had other interviews with him subsequently, and I always found him specially friendly. In the case of my visit to Pekin, he sent his big steam launch to tow our boats part of the way up the Peiho.

The journey to Pekin at the time of which I am speaking could be made by land or by the river. The former is the shorter and quicker route, as it is only eighty miles from Tientsin; but it is a rough ride, and there is difficulty about luggage. It is longer and much slower by the river against the current, the boats having to be tracked up, but it is much more comfortable. We had four junks for our party, and thanks to the tow we made fair progress, though we generally tied up at night.

In our case we only took forty-eight hours to reach Tung Chow, fifteen miles from Pekin, whence we rode to the city, our luggage going up in springless carts. The road is thus described in my journal:—"There is a broad road paved with huge paving stones leading to the city, but as at every few yards there are big holes, and it is uneven everywhere, the high road is carefully avoided, and the road used, which runs by the side

of the paved road, is not metalled and is a quagmire in the rainy season." That the Chinese are content with this state of things, when Tung Chow is the port of Pekin, gives some measure of their conservative disregard of, and even contempt for, improvement. The spring and autumn are the fine seasons in North China, and during my visit we had lovely weather, so that none of the paths presented much difficulty; but even in October there were bad places which required careful riding, making the road zigzag continually, like paths in an African forest, where a fallen tree at some long previous period had caused the path to diverge to enable the traveller to pass it. In Pekin itself the roads in the fine season are inches deep in dust, though they are of great breadth, and on either side of the road there are frequent ponds of stagnant water, which is ladled on to the road from time to time to partially lay the dust.

But I am not describing Pekin, though I cannot omit to express my regret that the interesting astronomical instruments, left on the Great Wall some sixty feet broad of the city by the Jesuit priests, were taken away by the Germans in 1900, which I venture to think a piece of gratuitous vandalism unworthy of a civilised nation.

From Pekin I rode to the Great Wall, about forty-five miles; of course, we had to take our food and bedding with us. I had not much time to spare, so we started on Thursday, October 20th, slept that night at Nankow at the bottom of the pass fifteen miles from the Great Wall, which we visited the next day; then visiting the Ming tombs on our return, we reached Pekin on Sunday, 23rd. My party consisted of the Chapmans, Aubrey Beauclere, son of the Chargé d'Affaires at Pekin, the flag-lieutenant, and myself. The pass leading from Nankow to the Great Wall was very fine, and the Great Wall, which is at the top of the pass, was well worth a visit. My journal thus describes the Great Wall:—

"It is about thirty feet high. The wall is well built, and mostly in good condition, though allowed to fall in ruins in places; it is some fifteen feet broad, and has turreted battlements; there are keeps at the salient angles, some of them imposing structures. It is certainly a fine work, and though

there are no quarries near it is constructed of huge stones which must have been brought from a distance. It ran N.E. and S.W., where we touched it, and one traces it going over the hills as far as the eye can reach in each direction. We got on to it easily by a ruined traverse, which led to one of the smaller keeps. Between Nankow and the Wall we passed numerous caravans, loaded camels, droves of ponies and mules, and fine flocks of Mongolian sheep. We rode up the pass on donkeys to save our ponies, and they carried us well." I enjoyed my trip, and though a Chinese inn produces nothing, and is noisy, there is always a raised portion of the room on which to sit, eat, and sleep. We rode about 112 miles in three and a half days, which was, I fear, rather too much for Mrs. Chapman.

Whilst at Pekin I was hospitably entertained by Mr. Beauclere, Secretary of Legation, and Chargé d'Affaires in the interregnum between Sir John Walsham's departure and Mr. (now Sir Nicholas) O'Conor's arrival. Of course, I paid an official visit to the Tsung-li-Yamen, the official Board for Foreign Affairs, and they returned my call at the Legation. On my visit I had conversed with Hong Chun, a mandarin, who had been Chinese Minister at Berlin, and who spoke English, the only one who could do so, I think. Accordingly, when my visit was returned, I naturally asked for my friend, and was told that he was conducting the military examination for officers. As I had heard about these examinations, I asked about them, "solely for information"—like Rosa Dartle—and I was gravely told that they consisted of riding, lifting heavy weights, and firing with a bow and arrow. They told us that the proper pull of one of their bows was 120 lbs. I asked if there was any literary part, at which there was great amusement, my question being passed round to each mandarin in turn, and when the joke had been fully appreciated, I was answered "Not much of that." It may be, of course, that my "literary" was translated into high classical knowledge, but even so, evidently the joke was, that any mere soldier should have any literary attainments at all !

I did not myself see these military examinations, but I understand that the riding consists in riding a pony provided

for the purpose along a furrow, and that the cadet has to fire an arrow directly behind him, like the Scythians of old. I believe this to be strictly correct, or was so at the date to which I am referring; and I myself saw the recruits practising under the walls of Pekin with the bow, the target being thirty paces distant, so far as I could judge. Whilst on this subject of Chinese military training, I may mention that when Wei-hai-wei was in Chinese hands, a retired lieutenant of our navy was acting as instructor for the Chinese blue-jackets, who, in many respects, were admirably trained. An inspection was going on by some mandarins while I was there, the men firing at a mark with rifles at about 100 yards from the target, a mandarin marking each shot. I watched the firing for some time, and observed that numerous bullseyes were recorded when only centres or outers were really made. I called Lieut. B.'s attention to this, his reply being: "Oh! I dare say; come away, I never interfere with what they do."

It was an object lesson to me of the extreme difficulty of attaining any efficiency under mandarin supervision, and how in military matters especially the Chinese are wedded to "make believes."

It was while I was in Pekin, in 1892, that I heard of the loss of the P. & O. steamer "Bokhara" on the Pescadores, and later that year I visited the scene of the wreck, besides ports in Formosa. I had a most stormy cruise, the north-eastern monsoon blowing half a gale or more all the time, and Formosa has only one harbour, that of Kelung, in the extreme north. There is, however, a good anchorage at Mekung in the Pescadores. Lord Cecil Manners, who accompanied me on this cruise, had, I fear, rather an unpleasant experience, as the "Alacrity" rolled heavily in the beam seas.

The war now in progress between Russia and Japan has directed attention to the prevalence of fogs in the northern waters of China and Japan, and on the Siberian coast. I have no experience of the banks of Newfoundland, and the fogs there may be as bad as those in the North Pacific, but, both during the Russian War in 1854–56, and when I was in command in China, 1892–95, I did much cruising in the north,

and found the frequent fogs a serious impediment to navigation. Fortunately, we had no accidents, but I remember that in 1893 I narrowly escaped having most of my squadron on shore.

We had that year been specially hampered by fogs, but were delighted with one fine, clear day, which I took advantage of to carry out evolutions in the Tsugar Straits, not far from Hakodate, intending to anchor at Endermo that evening. During the manœuvres my attention was called to a fog bank evidently coming down on us, but I was anxious to complete my programme, so I delayed till too late, and we were enveloped in a dense fog while we were still some miles from the harbour. I might, of course, have stood out again, but I had a first-rate navigator, Ernest Fleet, now a post-captain, and I hoped we could feel our way in, though I knew it was a risk, so we stood on, taking every precaution. Soundings would not help us much I knew, as the shore was steep, so we could get little warning; however, I had Thompson's sounding machine (Lord Kelvin's admirable invention) going on each side, and I was aft myself, so that I could get the reports instantly. In a fog, signals are made by sound, but this takes time, though there is one good old signal of firing a volley of small arms, which signifies "anchor instantly." This is, of course, to meet such a contingency as I am describing, and I had a party fallen in ready to fire.

For some time all reports showed very deep water; but a sudden shoaling to thirty-two fathoms meant, I knew, that we were close to the rocks, so the volley was instantly fired, and all the ships managed to anchor without running into each other, which was very lucky. When the fog lifted a little we found that we were about 200 yards from the land, and I believe that, had I trusted to soundings being reported to me on the fore bridge, we should have been on shore. These fogs are so persistent as to make any blockade very difficult, and I have always held that Vladivostock especially, which has two entrances, could never be effectively blockaded. Another remark I feel inclined to make, which is emphasised by the War, is the different names given to the same place by the Chinese. There is a place in Formosa which went by no less than seven names, which I cannot remember now. No

doubt there was some subtle difference between them, one meaning the walled city, another the city and suburbs, another the country near, and so on; but Europeans used them rather indiscriminately, so that it was very confusing.

I should like, did space allow, to give some account of my visit to Manila in 1892, where the Capitan-General and Spanish officials showed us every civility; but I will only say here that the respectable antiquity of the Spanish ships, and the evident lack of all naval efficiency, prepared me for the poor defence made against Admiral Dewey in 1898. I may mention that all the Spanish vessels destroyed by the Americans were, I believe, already on the China Station in 1892.

Bangkok is another most interesting place, the Venice of the East, with its waterways and picturesque buildings. I was only there a few days in 1892, and, unfortunately, I failed to see the King, who was unwell; but the Crown Prince and other members of the Royal Family paid me a visit, and had luncheon on board the "Imperieuse."

It is of some interest to give an account of my southern cruise early in 1894:—

I left Hong Kong in the "Imperieuse" on February 14th for Singapore, and after visiting our flourishing settlements of Selangor and Perak, forming part of the Federated Malay States, I proceeded to Batavia.

The port of Batavia is Tanjong Priok, where I arrived in the "Imperieuse," accompanied by the "Severn," on March 13th. It is some ten miles from Batavia, but there is a good train service. Our Consul came on board in the morning, and I made arrangements with him for visiting the Dutch Admiral, Vice-Admiral Tonkheer Roell, who, like all the officials and merchants, lived in a suburb some miles from the capital.

We had arrived in the morning, and I naturally proposed to pay my call early in the afternoon in what we should consider official hours; but this created some misunderstanding, as with all good Dutchmen the afternoons are sacred to the siesta, so that my visit was eventually arranged for 6 o'clock. The Admiral had a nice house at Waltervreven

and he and his wife, who both spoke English well, were very friendly. The Governor-General, though he has a palace in the suburbs, generally lives at Buitenzong, which stands about 900 feet above the sea, and is cooler. Accordingly, as I wished to call on him and to see something of the country, I went up there the next day with McQuhae and Henderson, and after calling on the Governor, we went up the country to a place called Sindanglayo, where the Governor-General has a nice bungalow. There was a railway most of the way, but we had to drive the last sixteen miles. The country was pretty, coffee, cassava, and other tropical produce growing luxuriantly. Sindanglayo is about 3,500 feet above the sea. The roads were very good, and we admired the neatness and order in which everything was kept. At Buitenzong there were some fine public gardens. On the evening of the 16th I dined with the Admiral, and after dinner we adjourned to the military club on the "King's plein," where there was a dance. Unfortunately it was a very rainy evening, and sitting out in the gardens was out of the question.

I was obliged to cut my stay at Batavia short, as the "Centurion" had been commissioned to relieve the "Imperieuse," and the latter had to be prepared for the voyage home, so I sailed on the night of the 17th for Hong Kong, after giving an afternoon dance on board, which was well attended.

But I have said enough of peace service in the East, and though China, Japan, Corea, Siam, Manila, Borneo, Batavia and the Straits Settlements are all interesting places, I am unwilling to attempt any further discursive remarks, my experience and observations being only those of an ordinary traveller; so I close this chapter, as I have much to relate of more direct importance, from the naval officer's point of view, in the war between China and Japan.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE CHINA COMMAND.—PART II.

CHINA-JAPAN WAR.

Russian Capture of Canadian Sealers—The French at Bangkok—Ordered to Siam—The "Centurion"—Port Arthur—Visit to Li Hung Chang—The Chinese Squadrons—Port Arthur in 1894—A Chinese Luncheon—Visiting the Forts with Admiral Ting—Chinese Ships—Capt. Lang—Chinese Ideas of Discipline—A Startling Proposal—The Viceroy's Dinner—A Case of Salvage—The Tonghaks—The Corean Question—The Case of Kim-o-Kim—Brutal Conduct of Coreans and Chinese—Indignation of Japanese—Death of the British Minister—A Difficult Question—My View of the Probability of War—A Political Telegram—Information as to Japanese Movements and Intentions—Outbreak of War—Proceeding to Corea—Sinking of the "Kowshing"—The Advice of the Law Officers of the Crown—Vague Reports—A Fortunate Guess and Decision—"Alacrity's" Orders—Admiral Togo—First Shots Fired—Inhumanity of the Japanese—Watching the Japanese Fleet—The Japanese off Wei-hai-wei—A Misunderstanding—Our Position as Neutrals—The Yalu Battle—The Command of the Sea—Newchwang and Wei-hai-wei—Japanese Landing at Pitszewo—Chinese Information—A Treaty Port—The Taotai of Chifu—Fall of Port Arthur—A Strengthened Squadron and Visit to Port Arthur—Japanese at Port Arthur—Protection of the Yangtsze—Coaling in 1904—Return to Gulf of Pechili—Treaty Ports and Belligerent Rights—Japanese Landing at Yung Ching Bay—Perfection of Japanese Arrangements—Attack on Wei-hai-wei—The "Edgar" and Japanese Torpedo Boats—Fall of Wei-hai-wei—A Chinese Proposal—Admiral Ting's Suicide—A Sudden Gale and Loss of a Man—The End of the War—The Wrecked Chinese Ships at Wei-hai-wei—Attack on the Pescadores—Return to Hong Kong—Formosan Ports—The Simonosaki Treaty—Japanese Policy—Unscrupulousness of Russia—Ratification of Treaty—Relieved of Command at Nagasaki—Extension of Command Offered—A Touching Farewell to the Fleet—A Farewell Dinner—Passage Home—The Empress Steamers—Arrival in England—Reception at the Admiralty.

THIS chapter I propose to devote chiefly to my experience of the war between China and Japan, which broke out in 1894, and before doing so I must mention a few interesting episodes showing some of the subjects with which our admirals and men-of-war are called upon to deal.

It was in September, 1892, that the Russian cruisers seized several Canadian sealers off the Komandorski Islands, near Petropavlovsk, and I had orders by telegram to send the "Leander" north to see about it, and obtain the release of the men who had been imprisoned. I had no other information on the subject than that given in the Admiralty telegram, so I was rather in the dark as to the orders to give; but they seemed pretty plain, and adding that "tact and discretion" were to be exercised in carrying them out the "Leander" was despatched, and her mission was successful. By a subsequent arrangement I had to have a ship cruising off the seal islands during the summer months to protect our sealers and enforce our agreement with the Russian Government against sealing within thirty miles of the islands. It was rather an arduous service in cold, foggy weather, and our officers and men employed on this duty made unwonted acquaintance with salt beef and pork, as canteens ran out, and little was to be got at Petropavlovsk when they put in there. The vessels employed were chiefly the smaller vessels with sail power. Though unpleasant, it was in the ordinary course of duty, and I do not remember any reluctance being shown to undertake it. There was another seal island (Robben Island) not far from La Perouse Straits, which had to be patrolled as well, so that I had two ships on this duty all the summer, and they were relieved every two months.

Another "panic" was caused by the rather high-handed action of the French in Siam in July, 1893.

I had H.M.S. "Pallas" off Bangkok, and was kept fairly well informed of what was going on; but I had been ordered to remain north myself, though the French admiral, with most of his squadron, was off the Siamese coast, when suddenly, on July 25th, I received instructions to go to Hong Kong with the cruising squadron, and, of course, this upset all previous arrangements.

The telegram reached me at Hakodate, and I had already detached the "Severn" for Hong Kong ready for emergencies, so I followed with the "Imperieuse," "Leander," and "Caroline." It was rather a rush, and I had to give orders to nine ships before sailing.

I coaled at Yokohama, and arrived at Hong Kong in the "Imperieuse" on August 3rd, having run away from the other ships. I need not give any details of the difficulty between France and Siam, in which our commercial interests were directly involved, the greater portion of the trade being in British hands. It culminated in the French declaring a blockade, and French gunboats gallantly forcing the river and running up to Bangkok in spite of Siamese batteries. We certainly protested against the blockade, which was almost immediately raised, and I believe that we were quite as near war with France about Siam as in the Fashoda complication. My first action on arriving at Hong Kong, and hearing of the blockade, was to telegraph to Captain MacLeod, of the "Pallas," advising him to do nothing to facilitate the blockade, which had not been accepted by the British Government; but I heard almost immediately afterwards that it had been raised and that a compromise had been agreed to.

Hong Kong is very hot and steamy in the summer, though the thermometer is only about 85 degrees, the frequent rain and closeness making the heat almost unbearable; and the Siamese complications having been concluded, I sailed north on August 9th, and on the 24th my squadron was again assembled at Hakodate.

As I stated in my last chapter, my southern cruise in 1894 was shortened by my having to return to Hong Kong to allow the "Imperieuse" to go home, on being relieved by the "Centurion." The "Centurion" reached Hong Kong on April 21st, 1894, and I was glad to transfer my flag to such a fine battleship, which was not only more powerful than the "Imperieuse," but far more roomy and comfortable.

On May 2nd I went north in the "Alacrity," and, after a short visit to Shanghai, proceeded to Chifu, where I arrived on the 10th. My object in going to the Gulf of Pechili was to meet our Minister, Mr. O'Conor, who was at Chifu; and the Viceroy, Li Hung Chang, was, I knew, going to review his Pei Yang squadron, which, two or three years before, at all events, under the instruction and command of Capt. Lang, R.N., had been reported to be in really good order.

I went over to Port Arthur to meet Li Hung Chang and we exchanged visits. Quite a large squadron was there, but rather a heterogeneous collection of ships, from ironclads to sloops and torpedo vessels. My journal gives a list of eighteen ships—nine of which belonged to the Pei Yang or northern squadron, three to the Canton squadron, while the remaining six belonged to the Nan Yang or Yangtsze squadron.

From a fighting point of view all except the first-named were a *quantité négligeable*, but they looked gay with fresh paint and bunting, in honour of the great Viceroy. I may mention here that though the Canton and Yangtsze ships were in the Gulf of Pechili for this ceremonial occasion, they took no part in the war, the viceroys of Canton and Nanking being unwilling to spare them, and perhaps having some consciousness of their lack of efficiency.

It may be interesting if I give some account of Port Arthur from my journal, as it shows my opinion of it as a naval station at that time, though no doubt the harbour has been much improved by the Russians since it came into their possession. I arrived on May 16th, and my journal mentions that there was a dense fog on the way over.

All the ships were outside the harbour, except the "Ting Yuen" battleship, in which Admiral Ting's flag was hoisted. She was lying in the stream, and there was barely room for the "Alacrity" as well. The smaller vessels lay in the basin, which had a depth of twenty-two feet. My journal says: "The harbour and port are good, though too small for a large naval port; the depth of water in the port is four and a half fathoms."

Some naval evolutions were carried out by the Chinese ships, which were simple, but well done, off Talienwan, and I saw an inspection of the foreign drilled Chinese troops by the Viceroy. The manœuvres were well performed, but rather mechanical. The Krupp guns seemed in good order, and fired fairly well at a target, the distance being only about 1,000 yards.

I had landed in plain clothes with some of the officers,

wishing to have a look round unofficially; but Admiral Ting found us out, and we had a Chinese luncheon with him. My journal remarks that the luncheon really "was not bad but very varied, central dishes often being changed, and sometimes these were soups and ragouts, sometimes sweets; but all was very good if one had known what to expect, and could have managed the chopsticks better; for, of course, there were no knives or forks. We had a good deal of warm Sanshu, and the Admiral and Tartar General Liu, who had joined us, drank with us, no heel taps, &c.

"After luncheon, having watched the artillery for some time, we mounted ponies, and Admiral Ting took us round the forts, which were in good order and well armed." I saw a good deal of Admiral Ting at that time and during the war, and he impressed me very favourably; he was certainly extremely civil, and evidently friendly; but he began life as a cavalry officer, and knew little seamanship. He spoke no English, which was a great drawback, as all the signals and semaphores were in English, which his captain, Commodore Lew Poochin, spoke fluently; so that he was much in the latter's hands.

Both Ting and Liu committed suicide by eating opium when Wei-hai-wei was taken in February, 1895.

I visited several of the Chinese ships, which seemed in tolerable order. The "Ching Yuen," a third-class cruiser, built by Armstrong, was commanded by Yeh Tsookwei, who had served with me in the "Invincible," where, however, he was not allowed to do duty. She was quite nice, but there was a good deal of the outside cup and platter in the whole business; and, as I told our Minister, Mr. O'Conor, when he asked me my opinion of the fleet: "It seems in very fair order, but they steam at very low speed, and there is too much show. I should like to know how they are off for supplies generally, and whether their magazines are full."

Li Hung Chang returned my call on board the "Alacrity," during my stay in Talienwan, and on this occasion he was accompanied by Admiral Ting and General Liu. No other viceroy in my time in China ever thought of having any fighting men on his staff; and, no doubt, in this, as in many

other ways, Li Hung Chang was far more inclined to copy European ideas and methods than any of the other mandarins.

The question of Captain Lang's resignation, which had taken place some two years before, was often referred to by Li Hung Chang, who wished to persuade me that he regretted it. I think this was true; there was a mandarin cabal against Lang, which the Viceroy could not or would not face; and, as Lang was not supported in his crusade in favour of efficiency, he very properly resigned. From the time of his resignation discipline became much relaxed, and make-believes were the order of the day. The mandarins had their way; peculation and jobbery were the rule, and when the time of trial came it produced its natural results.

When speaking of the Chinese Navy, I am referring to the Pei Yang Squadron under Li Hung Chang; the other Chinese men-of-war had really no pretensions to the name. But though the younger officers were often well instructed and zealous under Lang's rule, and the men were intelligent, the system of keeping captains in command who had vested rights, and who were allowed to farm the coal, oil and paint, was so rotten, that any efficiency was only spasmodic, and soon rusted out. It was even said that the greater part of the crews were got rid of, somebody getting their pay, and that coolies were put on board to complete the complement on occasions of inspection, which I think is true; while keeping the ships in harbour saved coal and wear and tear, so that little cruising took place.

I have mentioned before the incapacity of the Chinese to appreciate the necessity for discipline, and I am tempted here to repeat a story which was very generally believed, namely, that on one occasion when Lang had been away for some time, on his return he found his colleague, the Chinese admiral, playing "fan tan," the Chinese favourite game at cards, with the sentry at his own cabin door!

This may or may not be true, but the Chinese ideas on loyalty and public spirit are peculiar; for I remember that during the war, when things were going badly with the Chinese, Li Hung Chang asked me what the "Centurion" was worth, and if I would sell her and come over bodily to his side, and he was specially anxious that I should remain in command.

I treated it as a joke, of course; but the consul, who was with me on that occasion, assured me that he believed the Viceroy was quite in earnest!

But I have said enough about the Chinese squadron, in which I was much interested. In order to show my big ship to Li Hung Chang and the Chinese, the "Centurion" came up to the Gulf of Pechili for a few days that spring, and was visited by the Viceroy and many of the Chinese officers. Before she left the Viceroy gave the officers of the squadron and myself a big dinner on shore at the Secretariat Hall at Wei-hai-wei, in European style, at which he presided, and it was really very well done.

From Chifu I went to Shanghai, in the "Alacrity," and having heard of a big English four-masted sailing ship, called the "Drumeltan," being ashore on Tanega Sima, an island not far from Nagasaki, I determined to endeavour to float her.

I certainly had an idea that there was no very earnest desire to get her off, though she was said to be little injured, and it seemed to me far from creditable to our nation to leave her, though Lloyd's agents reported her a total loss, and Captain (now Sir Wilmot) Fawkes, commanding H.M.S. "Mercury," who I had sent to look at her, had made a doubtful report.

However, I sent several of our ships there, ordering wire hawsers, &c., from Hong Kong, and operations were commenced under Captain Fawkes. After nearly a fortnight's work clearing her out, righting her, as she had a heavy list, and with three ships heaving at her, she was eventually got off, chiefly by the "Severn," Capt. R. Henderson, and towed to Nagasaki. I was at Tunega Sima myself, in the "Alacrity," superintending the work when she came off, and I was rather proud of our salvage operations, which were not unattended by risk, as there was a nasty surf.

I allude to it here as it is another salvage case; we were not allowed to claim salvage, though I believe the Admiralty charged the owners with the expenses for coal and hawsers. As our men had had hard work and spoilt their clothes, I ordered extra pay to be paid to those concerned, which was not disapproved, but shortly afterwards

an Admiralty order was issued that on no account was extra pay to be given for salvage services! It was some consolation to me that at my special request Lieut. R. Tupper (now a post-captain), the first lieutenant of the "Mercury," who had been very active in the work, was promoted, but that was all the recognition I received, and an English Nagasaki paper was very sarcastic at the Admiral and "The New Salvage Company," who had so unnecessarily interfered, as they held, with natural laws. These last no doubt included the sale of the ship as she stood, with pickings from the wreck. Of course, a total loss would have paid the owners better, and underwriters are rather a rope of sand of little coherence or individuality; but I held the opinion that the ship should be saved if possible, and it was a useful piece of seamanship which I was not sorry to undertake. The ships engaged in the work at various times were the "Mercury," "Severn," "Archer," "Daphne," "Plover," and "Alacrity." It was rather amusing to see the captain of the ship, who appeared on the scene, the crew having been sent to Nagasaki, going about dolefully smoking a big pipe, prognosticating the failure of our efforts, but really very nervous lest they should be successful.

I remember a little passage of arms between him and an amusing character, a Mr. Manbridge, of Nagasaki, whom we had got to work some steam pumps, Manbridge asking him one day several times what he was worth, as he would bet him all he was worth, which he evidently put rather low, that we would get the ship afloat.

The "Drumeltan" came off on June 7th, and I immediately pushed on to Kobé and Yokohama, where I rejoined the "Centurion." Matters at this time were getting serious in Corea; there was the Tonghak rebellion, which the Corean Government were powerless to cope with, so that Chinese troops had been sent to Asan, near Seoul, to aid in its suppression; but this was a red rag to the Japanese, who responded by occupying the capital itself.

It would need a long political argument to go into the rights and wrongs of the Corean question, which resulted

in war between China and Japan. On the face of it the Japanese were the aggressors. Corea was acknowledged to be more or less a tributary of China, and Chinese interference was popular. The Japanese, on the other hand, were looked upon as hereditary enemies by the Coreans, and though their interests and influence in Corea were large, they were dreaded and disliked. Legally, however, under a treaty made with Li Hung Chang some years before, they had equal rights with China to send troops to Corea, and Japanese influence in Corea has been a cherished national tradition for centuries, so that Japan considered herself at least as much justified in interfering in Corean affairs as China. But this is not all; the Japanese influence was certainly progressive—that of China the reverse, so that there was direct antagonism of policy. There were various matters in dispute between the two countries to which I need not refer, but there is one in which it seemed to me that this country was somewhat concerned, which caused much offence to the Japanese, and was an important factor in the war fever which prevailed in Japan.

A Corean reformer called Kim-o-Kim had escaped to Japan, where he had been closely watched by the Japanese, who knew that Corean emissaries were endeavouring to make away with him; these latter finding that they could not succeed in evading Japanese vigilance in the spring of 1894, persuaded Kim-o-Kim to accompany them to Shanghai, where he was deliberately shot in an hotel in the settlement.

I understand that our extra territorial rights do not include any but Europeans or their servants, so that it was held that we had no right to interfere, and a Chinese gunboat was sent to Shanghai which conveyed the murderer and the body to Corea.

On arriving there the murderer was highly honoured, while the body of the murdered man was cut to pieces and exposed to public view on the gates and walls of Seoul.

It was certainly brutal, but if we look back a few centuries we can scarcely afford to throw stones, as Kim-o-Kim was a traitor who in the Corean official view deserved no quarter,

only I confess it seems to me that, under the circumstances, we might at least have endeavoured to prevent this public approval of murder and the resulting outrage to modern ideas of decency, in which it was made to appear as if we concurred. I should mention that the murder took place in the British settlement, and of course the Chinese authorities approved it. The Japanese were naturally indignant at having been tricked and their hospitality outraged, while they were scandalised at the barbarism and brutality shown in the treatment of the corpse of the murdered man.

I confess that my information as to the murder of Kim-o-Kim may not be correct in all details, but the main facts are as above, and I mention them here as they show how China was supporting Corea in its "methods of barbarism," which were abhorrent to the Japanese.

This is somewhat of a digression, but I consider it of importance as showing something of the Japanese view, in which we must all sympathise, but, as regards the war itself, I have no hesitation in looking upon the Japanese as the aggressors. This was my view at the time, and I was looked upon as a pro-Chinese, which I was not, though I believed that the Chinese were afraid of war, and that they would have made considerable sacrifices to avoid it; the Japanese, on the contrary, were anxious to "flesh their spears," and to assert their interest in Corea by force of arms.

As the greatest of British interests is peace, our Government was anxious to prevent war breaking out, and the Japanese statesmen, whilst making preparations on a large scale for war, professed a desire to settle matters amicably, which were generally believed.

Unfortunately, our Minister, Mr. Fraser, had died early in June, and the loss of an experienced diplomatist was serious to us, as the secretary of the Legation was absent on leave, so that our interests were left in the hands of Mr. R. Paget, now his Majesty's Consul-General and Charge d'Affaires in Siam. Mr. Paget was quite young, and it was a great responsibility to have suddenly placed on his shoulders. The great question was whether war was intended or not, and this it was difficult to find out in consequence of the reticence of the Japanese,

and the quiet way in which their preparations were made. I was naturally consulted on the subject, and I endeavoured to find out the facts, the result being that I satisfied myself that steps were secretly, but systematically, being taken in view of war, and I was convinced that unless China withdrew all her troops from Corea, which was highly improbable, it was the intention of the Japanese Government to declare war as soon as they were ready, which would be in about a month's time. This was my view, and I thought it right to take the responsibility of warning her Majesty's Government, as I did not know what Mr. Paget might do, there being such positive assurances given him that war was not intended. I had arrived at Yokohama on June 12th when my flag was transferred to the "Centurion," and I shortly afterwards spent a few days in Tokio with Mr. Paget, but by the 21st I had made up my mind, and I took the unusual course for a naval commander-in-chief of telegraphing on a purely political matter, my telegram, as far as I can remember, being as follows:—"Yokohama, June 21st—Am satisfied from preparations being made here that war will break out in about a month's time unless steps are taken to prevent it." I may mention that there was much talk at that time of European interference in the interest of peace, and we were, I believe, strongly pressed by Russia to act with her in preventing war. But this is diplomacy, and it does not enter directly into my purview. I am sorry that I have no copy of my telegram, but I find a reference to it in my journal, and that I wrote a letter explaining it to the Admiralty. Both before and after sending the telegram I consulted various well-informed persons confidentially on the subject, including the *Times* correspondent, most of whom disagreed with me, but I felt confident that my view was a correct one, so I took the responsibility of sending the warning.

I mention this specially, as I have often seen it stated that our Government was quite taken by surprise when the war began, and that no one in an official position had thought it imminent; so I think it right to point out that I did my best to make them acquainted with the situation.

Throughout the war my information was very good as to Japanese preparations and movements, and I have always found that, by taking trouble and seeing the right people, one can generally ascertain what is contemplated. It is curious that I had better information than other people with equally good opportunities of getting at the facts, but I remember that twice during the war the *Times* correspondent, who reported from Tientsin, found me out, and asked me to tell him something, as he said "it is generally believed that you are the only person who knows what is really going on." In the instance of which I am speaking I turned out to be correct, as the first shot was fired between the Japanese and Chinese ships near Chemulpho on the 25th July, just one month and four days after I had sent my telegram. While on this subject I may mention that I was assured by Japanese ministers that they had no intention of plunging into war, and that they only wanted equal influence with China in Corea.

I knew, however, and they knew, no doubt, that the strong preference of the Corean Court for China would make this impossible by any means short of war.

War not having broken out, and as I was not wanted in Corea, on 3rd July I sailed with my squadron of seven ships for Hakodate, and was cruising about the Straits of Tsugar when hostilities commenced. I received several telegrams from Corea, Pekin, and Tokio on the 27th and 28th, and I asked permission to go to Corea with my squadron. The wires were interrupted, but the sinking of the "Kowshing" was reported, and on July 30th I sailed for Chemulpho.

Some account of the sinking of the "Kowshing," a British steamer carrying Chinese troops, near Chemulpho, which virtually began the war, appears to me to be necessary to explain our position and that of the Japanese at that time.

It was certainly a high-handed measure, as no declaration of war had been made; and neutrals, at least, have a right to some notice, though with the strained relations existing between China and Japan in July, 1894, it was not, in my opinion, wise for a third party to incur the risk of being

attacked. However, I am here on delicate ground, and I prefer not to be too outspoken.

The sinking of the "Kowshing" under the circumstances raised an interesting question of international law, into which I have no time to enter, neither do I give my personal view which I wired to the Admiralty, but I assembled all my ships to be ready for eventualities, and I gave orders to the ships under my command to convoy British merchant ships, and prevent their being interfered with by Japanese men-of-war. As the Japanese had no prize courts at that time, and we had extra-territorial rights, so that on shore they had no jurisdiction over British subjects, I held that I was justified in giving this order, which was subsequently cancelled by our Government on the Japanese establishing prize courts. It is a pity that some general international agreement cannot be come to when similar questions arise, as I am afraid that the international view of a case, such as the "Kowshing's," is not further advanced now than it was in 1894.

Our Government decided to take no action, except to demand compensation for the owners, and this was done, curiously enough, first from the Japanese Government, and subsequently from the Chinese Government, in both cases, I believe, in accordance with the advice of the law officers of the Crown, changes having taken place while the subject was pending.

I shall return to the facts of the sinking of the "Kowshing," but I will now turn to my own movements. The "Undaunted," a powerful cruiser, had recently arrived from England, and was at Nagasaki when the "Kowshing" affair had occurred, accordingly I directed her by telegram to meet me off Tsusima Island—Sima or Shima means island in Japanese—bringing me the latest news.

This was done, but the reports were very vague and unsatisfactory, and Captain Hallifax, of the "Undaunted," informed me that our consul at Nagasaki was most anxious to get the depositions of the captain and mate of the "Kowshing" for our Foreign Office, but that these two officers were in hospital at Sasebo badly wounded, so that no reliable information from the British side was available. The squad-

ron was under way, and I had no time to study the reports fully, but though they all agreed that these officers were seriously wounded, I remarked great discrepancies in the statements, and I took measures accordingly. Assuming the statements to be true, the obvious course was for the consul to go to Sasebo and take their depositions, while if, as I more than half suspected, the Japanese authorities were keeping the men out of the way, the announcement of the consul that he was going to Sasebo in a man-of-war would probably result in their release. My orders accordingly were given to the "Alacrity," she was to go to Nagasaki, and Commander de Lisle was ordered to call on our consul, who was to go with him to the Governor and inform him that he was going to Sasebo in the "Alacrity" that night, Sasebo being only about 60 miles from Nagasaki, to take the depositions, and I gave the commander strict orders not to be put off from going to Sasebo unless, indeed, he heard that the two men had left by train for Nagasaki. I knew that at that time the Japanese were much averse to any man-of-war going to Sasebo, and that they would do anything to prevent the "Alacrity's" going there.

It turned out as I expected. The Governor said the "Alacrity" could not go to Sasebo; that he must ask for instructions; that I must be communicated with again; that she might even be fired upon. But the commander was prepared for all these objections, his only answer being that his orders were positive to sail that evening. And so the interview ended, the Governor having courteously expressed his regret that the unfortunate wounding of these men precluded their travelling; but an hour later the Governor informed the consul that they were in the train on their way to Nagasaki; so, of course, the "Alacrity" did not sail. When they reached Nagasaki, it was found that neither of them had been touched, and they had been very well treated by the Japanese, though they were detained, no doubt, simply to prevent our Government getting a true version of the affair. I confess that this more than economy of the truth, in which even Japanese high officials indulged at that time, did not increase my respect for the nation. No doubt they have much improved since that

time, their reports during the present war having been uniformly trustworthy.

Now this is a curious thing: the "Naniwa," which sunk the "Kowshing," was commanded by Captain Togo, now the celebrated Admiral; the captain of the "Kowshing" was Galsworthy, and the mate, Tomplin. All these three had been trained in the "Worcester" training ship for officers of the mercantile marine in the Thames, and I believe they were all there at the same time.

The story of the sinking of the "Kowshing" is, briefly, as follows:—

In the first place, the sinking of the "Kowshing" was not really the first shot fired in the war, an engagement having taken place about 7 a.m., on July 25th, between three Japanese ships, of which the "Naniwa" was one, and three Chinese ships. The Japanese statement was that the Chinese ships failed to salute their admiral, whose flag was flying in the "Yoshino," so that they attacked the Chinese Squadron as they were leaving Asan.

The Japanese Squadron was much the stronger, and in the result one small Chinese vessel was captured, one run ashore, and one, the "Tsiyuen," escaped to Wei-hai-wei, having been much damaged. They should have captured all three ships, but it would appear as if the attack was not pressed home.

About 9 a.m. the same morning, the "Naniwa," followed by her consorts, came across the "Kowshing," which was making for Asan by herself. She knew nothing of the collision which had taken place less than two hours before, but obeyed the "Naniwa's" order to anchor close to Shopail Island, about twenty miles from Chemulpho.

A Japanese officer then came on board and ordered the anchor to be weighed and the ship to follow him, probably to Sasebo. The captain was willing to obey the order, but the Chinese troops would not allow him to do so; though, I believe, they were willing to go back to Taku, where they had embarked. But this the Japanese would not allow, and soon afterwards the "Naniwa," presumably acting under the Admiral's orders, placed herself 150 yards on the beam of

the "Kowshing," and deliberately fired a torpedo and two broadsides into her, on which she began to sink. The Chinese troops fired their rifles wildly in reply, and when the ship was sinking they endeavoured to get on shore in the boats. These, as well as the men in the water, were fired upon by the Japanese, but some 200 managed to get on the island, some in the boats and some by swimming. The troops numbered about 1,100, and formed a portion of Li Hung Chang's best foreign drilled troops, under Lieutenant Von Hanneken, a German lieutenant, and brigadier-general in the Chinese army. Von Hanneken, who was on board the "Kowshing," swam to the island; and this account is taken mainly from the deposition made by him before the British Consul, which was corroborated by those of Galsworthy and Tomplin later. The Japanese boats picked up Galsworthy and Tomplin, with two or three European petty officers, but no Chinese were saved. When the "Kowshing" sank her masts were above water, and the "Lion," a French gunboat, found forty-five Chinese clinging to these mere poles the next day, many of whom were wounded. The Chinese who landed, as well as those picked off the masts by the "Lion," were taken to China by British, French, and German men-of-war.

Certainly, the sinking of the "Kowshing" was rather brutal, reflecting little credit on the humanity of the Japanese.

But I must leave the "Kowshing," and return to my own movements. I pushed on to Chemulpho with my squadron, rather expecting to find the Japanese fleet there, but we saw no Japanese ships, except two cruisers on the horizon as we approached the port.

Arriving at Chemulpho on the 4th of August I found the anchorage full of foreign men-of-war, and no one knew where the Japanese squadron was. I, naturally, wished to communicate with Admiral Ito, and to watch operations, so I sent some of my cruisers round to likely places, and I soon found that the Japanese Admiral had established himself at a temporary base, near Matampho, but that he was evidently on the move. As no Japanese ships appeared at Chemulpho I expected I should find them off

Ping Yang, further north, and the "Severn" was despatched to keep in touch with them. I find in my journal of August 8th that I knew that the Chinese were about to send a strong military force, conveyed by the whole of Admiral Ting's fleet, to the Yalu; and I expected that this would bring on a general action between the Chinese and Japanese fleets.

That evening all the foreign captains dined with me, but I had ordered Captain Fawkes, of the "Mercury," to have steam up the next morning, and at 6.30 I sailed with him, leaving my flag flying in the "Centurion." In the afternoon of August 8th we picked up the "Severn," which had met the Japanese fleet of twenty-two ships and six torpedo-boats, and from her information I made for Wei-hai-wei, as this was probably their destination.

This turned out to be the case, and we fell in with Ito's fleet in very good order about daylight.

Apparently, it was the intention of the Japanese to reconnoitre the Port and to challenge the Chinese fleet to come out if they were there. It was a brilliant morning, the sun rising shortly after 5 a.m., and the Japanese ships made a brave show, having numerous fighting flags hoisted. Certainly there was no attempt to evade observation or to effect a surprise. At about 7 a.m., by an alteration of course of the Japanese fleet, we found ourselves close to the "Matsushima" flying Admiral Ito's flag. Captain Fawkes had known Admiral Ito very well at Nagasaki, and he asked my permission to salute, as he thought that not to do so would appear a slight.

My flag, it must be remembered was not flying, so that the question was more one for the captain than myself, but I was certainly of opinion that a ceremonial salute would not be expected when possibly more serious work was in hand. However, I allowed a salute to be fired and it was immediately returned. Some time afterwards, a portion of the Japanese fleet finding that the Chinese fleet was away, made a desultory attack on the Forts, probably wishing to draw the latter's fire, for after the exchange of a few shots at 7,000 to 8,000 yards the firing ceased and the fleet altered course to the N.E. I

did not follow them, but proceeded to Chifu where I was joined shortly afterwards by the rest of my squadron.

I have mentioned this episode rather fully, as I was accused by the Japanese papers of having given warning to the Chinese of the Japanese attack by our salute, which was absurd, though the late Sir Edwin Arnold and other Japanese sympathisers endorsed it. I was aware of the statements in the Japanese papers, but I did not consider it necessary to notice them; unfortunately, a private letter from H.M. Minister at Tokio asking me for information to enable him to contradict them failed to reach me, through the Japanese stopping all communications at that time, and no contradiction appearing, the reports, with special exaggerations, were sent home, and it was made to appear that I was acting unfairly.

When the salute was fired we were some five miles from Wei-hai-wei, and probably the sound of the six-pounders with which it was given could not be heard. The smoke no doubt might have been seen, but there could have been no difficulty in seeing the Japanese ships, which were evidently desirous of making their presence known. Naturally the Japanese public, like the British public under similar conditions at the outbreak of the Crimean war, thought that the business of a fleet, composed in this instance chiefly of protected cruisers, was to knock itself to pieces against batteries, and that the Japanese naval officers did not at once attack Wei-hai-wei was only to be accounted for by some treasonable interference with their supposed plans!

I should like to leave this subject, but before doing so it may be as well to point out my position during the war. The Japanese were the stronger maritime power, and our neutral trade with China was large and important. It was my duty to prevent this being interfered with as far as possible, and in this sense I was opposed to the Japanese. Their treatment of the King of Corea and his unfortunate people just before the war, and the Kowshing affair, certainly did not prepossess me in their favour; but, nevertheless I could not help admiring and appreciating their general conduct of the war, and I had, and have, a most friendly feeling towards General (now Field-

Marshal and Marquis) Oyama and Admiral Ito, who commanded the army and navy when Port Arthur and Wei-hai-wei were taken.

From the time of the Wei-hai-wei reconnaissance I remained with my squadron mostly between Chifu and Chemulpho, but I relaxed my watch on the Japanese in consequence of the misunderstanding to which I have referred, though I kept myself fairly well informed of the movements of both the Japanese and Chinese fleets. On September 17th the Yalu battle took place. I was on my way to Chemulpho at the time, and on arrival there we had rumours of the fight. One of my gunboats, the "Redpole," had come across the Japanese fleet at anchor, on the 18th, and reported that they had evidently been in action.

I was sorry that none of my ships had seen the fight, though in these days of long range, a spectator of a naval action cannot see much, though he can, of course, report the result.

The Yalu battle has been well reported, and I need not enter into details. The forces were fairly equal on paper. The Japanese fleet consisted mainly of fast cruisers, the largest being little more than 4,000 tons; they had a few older vessels, but their principal force consisted of eight fast cruisers, all modern, and well armed, built in France and England—the twenty-three knot "Yoshino," built by Armstrong, having only arrived just in time for the war. They numbered fourteen fighting ships in all. The Chinese fleet was also fourteen, and they had two fairly modern battleships, the "Ting-Yuen," and "Chen-Yuen," of 7,800 tons, built in Germany, but all their remaining vessels were of 3,000 tons or less, several of them being only torpedo gun boats—so that, to use a cricketing phrase, their tail was very weak. All the Chinese ships were some ten years old, no addition having been made since 1884, while most of the Japanese were quite modern. This, of course, means that not only were the Japanese more up-to-date in all respects, with a more modern armament of quick-firing guns, but they were in better condition.

The Chinese fleet had conveyed a military force from Port Arthur to Tatungkau, near the mouth of the Yalu, and the

soldiers having been safely landed, they were at anchor when the Japanese fleet was sighted.

Admiral Ting at once weighed and stood south to meet the enemy. His fleet was formed in indented line abreast, the two battleships in the centre, with the weakest ships on the wings. This formation, though theoretically good for meeting an enemy in line ahead, is one that demands a practised squadron, the ships being close together and a change of formation or course difficult.

In the result it was rather like the British and Spanish fleets at St. Vincent. Admiral Ito with his fast cruisers steaming at fifteen knots in line ahead swept round the right wing of his enemy and came round his left wing, sinking the smaller ships and throwing the Chinese into confusion. Practically the first attack decided the action, but he could make little impression on the two battleships, which continued the action till dark, when the remnant of the Chinese fleet, consisting of eight ships, all much damaged, reached Port Arthur. Several of the Japanese ships were a good deal knocked about, but they were all repaired at sea. Ito's flagship the "Matsushima" had a narrow escape of being blown up.

After the Yalu battle the command of the sea was entirely in Japanese hands, and for some time they were actively engaged in landing troops about Ping Yang, and in driving the Chinese out of Corea.

Towards the end of October I visited Newchwang in the "Alacrity," and on the 27th I was at Wei-hai-wei, where I found Admiral Ting, still lame from burns received in the Yalu action, with a remnant of six ships ready for sea.

I was expecting the Japanese to land near Port Arthur, and the "Leander" had been cruising to intercept the transports and report. She had only seen cruisers, she said, when I met her off Wei-hai-wei; which I took to be the advanced guard, but on landing at Wei-hai-wei I ascertained from Chinese authorities that the Japanese had landed at Pitszewo the previous afternoon. I felt sure that this was correct, and it shows that the Chinese had better information than they were credited with. I sent the "Alacrity" over to

Pitszewo after transferring my flag to the "Centurion," and I had a good report of the landing under the difficulties of very shallow water. I was sorry for poor Admiral Ting, who was a brave, patriotic man, but he recognised that his squadron could not face the Japanese and, according to Chinese custom, it would be his duty to commit suicide.

It always seemed curious to me that, though the Chinese authorities seldom made any real exertion to resist the enemy with success, they were always prepared to commit suicide when they failed. It was Kismet, I suppose. An amusing case of this occurred somewhat later. After the capture of Wei-hai-wei, it was expected that Count Oyama would move on to Chifu, which is only some eighty miles distant, and this was no doubt intended. Chifu, however, was a treaty port, and as I was informed by Oyama of his intention, I strongly advised him not to go there, pointing out that it was not on the road to Pekin, and that complications with foreign Powers would necessarily result. I cannot say more, and possibly I exceeded my powers, but my advice was well received, and the Japanese never occupied Chifu, where marines were landed from the foreign men-of-war to preserve order.

Now for the Taotai, or Governor of Chifu. He was a nice old fellow of about seventy, and a friend of our consul, Mr. Clement Allen. On the latter going to see him when the Japanese were daily expected, the Taotai told him that he had decided on his plan of action. He had a few soldiers, who were no use, he said; but to "save his face" he would have a few shots fired, and then surrender; having done which—before the Japanese took possession—he would take opium, showing Mr. Allen that he had always got it by him. This would make it all right for his family, he said, and his ancestors would not be disgraced.

It was in vain that Allen pointed out to him that to fire a few shots was to give the Japanese an excuse for looting the place, and that he would only do harm by committing suicide; the Taotai was firm. "He was an old man," he said, and he must do what he thought right, and no doubt he would have acted correctly, according to his lights, had the expected occupation of Chifu occurred.

But this is a digression. The siege of Port Arthur was soon taken in hand, and it fell on November 22nd. I had good reports of what was going on from the "Porpoise," which was watching operations. Two days after the fall of the fortress I anchored with my squadron outside Port Arthur.

I had nine good ships when leaving Chifu, as the Admiralty had strengthened my squadron by sending on the "Crescent," "Edgar," "Æolus," and "Spartan." The first was the Australian flagship, and I had to send her to her destination soon after the "Edgar's" arrival; the last three had been detatched from the Mediterranean. We found the Japanese squadron, under Admiral Ito, at anchor to the west of us. I exchanged calls with the Japanese Admiral, and called on General Count Oyama, both of whom were very friendly. The latter gave me leave to go over the forts, and on the 25th, three days after Port Arthur was taken, I rode round with some Japanese officers and our military attachés, Col., now Sir W. Taylor, Medical Director-General, and Capt. du Boulay. The forts were strong earthworks, which would have been difficult to take if held by a resolute enemy; but the fighting had evidently not been of a serious character, though there were many dead bodies in the forts. The Chinese had, in most cases, Mauser rifles; but there were many muzzle-loaders. One dead man had his ammunition belt full, which was explained by the fact that the cartridges did not fit the rifle he had apparently been using. The town was a fearful scene of destruction, and apparently no one had been spared. Attempts had been made by the Japanese to restore order, the corpses having been put out of sight, but they were there in their ghastly significance in every corner of the dockyard, or in the yards and back rooms of the houses. The statements that appeared at the time in some of the papers were not exaggerated, and it was, undoubtedly, a massacre. I did not see a single Chinaman in Port Arthur alive, except some half dozen in the Japanese hospital, who were being well cared for. Occasional shots were heard while I was there, which I was told meant the discovery

and shooting of a Chinaman. It is fair to say that this is the only occasion during the war in which any savagery was exhibited, when, for a few days, the Generals seemed powerless, and we know in our own history similar horrors have taken place. That the Chinese would have been even more brutal there is no doubt; in fact, the Japanese excesses were somewhat excused by their finding hung up at the entrance of the town the bodies of some half dozen scouts the Chinese had captured, who had been brutally mutilated.

After the capture of Port Arthur I felt sure that the next objective of the Japanese would be Wei-hai-wei, but there was some friction about the Kiannan arsenal, near Shanghai, which was capable of turning out modern war material, and there was some talk of the Japanese going there and up the Yangtsze.

Accordingly, I was ordered to take my squadron south, and I was at the Saddle Islands and Woosung the greater part of December. I found a good anchorage near Katou Point, not far from Chusau, where we spent our Christmas, and the squadron coaled from colliers. We were quite proud, I see by my journal, in having averaged 52 tons an hour coaling in the "Centurion," which would now be considered poor work, but colliers were badly fitted, and coaling had not at that time been developed as a fine art in the navy. During this time I had a short run up the Yangtsze in the "Alacrity." Of course my smaller cruisers were out with the view of intercepting and reporting any large expedition, but nothing came our way, and feeling satisfied that the intention of attacking the Yangtsze ports had been abandoned, if it was ever seriously contemplated, I again sailed with my squadron for the Gulf of Pechili on January 3rd. I had then eleven ships, but I left two to return to Woosung and detached others on scouting work.

I feel inclined to remark here on the question of belligerent rights and treaty ports, which is not generally understood. Japan being at war with China, and Shanghai being a Chinese port, it seems obvious that the Japanese would be justified in attacking it, and that any interference on the part of neutrals would be in contravention of their

belligerent rights. But a treaty port is only in certain senses a Chinese port. At Shanghai, for instance, the British settlement is ruled by a municipality, and there is a British judge, with a Sikh police force, while the French part is under their Consul-General. The Germans and Americans act with us in municipal arrangements, but British subjects are the most numerous and influential, and as I have said before, Shanghai seems almost more English than Hong Kong. Even more to the point is the fact, that assuming Shanghai to be bombarded, it is probable that at least 90 per cent. of the loss would fall upon Europeans. Certainly Grotius and other ancient writers on international law never contemplated this state of things, and even modern writers have been inclined to speak of Shanghai as Chinese, as Liverpool is British or Havre French. Neutral powers were accordingly specially interested in the Yangtsze basin not being attacked, and the French in their war with China recognised this and agreed not to make any hostile movement against Shanghai.

On January 6th I was again at Chifu, and the weather was very cold. On the 9th my journal remarks: "Thermometer down to 24° all day," and on the 19th at Chemulpho the thermometer was down to freezing in my cabin in spite of a fire, and about this time the thermometer was often down to 12° in the morning.

It may be asked how officers and men stood this cold. The answer is that, though it was very unpleasant, their health was extraordinarily good. I had bought up all the stoves I could get at Hong Kong and Shanghai, and our mess deck was much warmer than my cabin. Other ships had also been fitted as far as possible with warming apparatus, but I could not get enough warm clothing, and, in that severe weather, furs were required.

My information pointed to a Japanese landing at Yung Ching Bay, near the Shantung Promontory, for the attack on Wei-hai-wei, so I was there with most of my squadron on January 15th, but was over at Chemulpho on the 18th, having left the "Æolus" to report the Japanese landing. Steaming into anchorage at Chemulpho, my journal states the thermometer as being 15°, and our anchors were frozen on the bill

boards, so that it was difficult to let them go. On the 21st the "Æolus" arrived, reporting the Japanese landing in Yung Ching Bay, so I proceeded there, and was much interested and impressed at the way the disembarkation of the troops was going on in spite of the bitter weather. My journal mentions the soldiers marching up through the snow, and the transport arrangements, chiefly by coolies—who were "all very well clothed and in capital spirits—working quietly, systematically, and good humouredly. There were a few pack animals, but not many, the main transport being done by the coolies with light two-wheeled carts. There was no confusion, and everything seemed admirably arranged. All the coolies had a name and number on their shoulders and were in similar uniform, blue wool-lined kimonos, the soldiers having blanket suits lined with fur. All had covers for their ears."

From this time till Wei-hai-wei was taken I was between Yung Ching and Chifu, often before Wei-hai-wei, watching the Japanese attacks. We saw most of the forts on the mainland being taken on the 30th. They made but a feeble resistance, though some endeavour was made to render the guns in the sea forts, which were armed with heavy Krupp guns, useless.

After they were taken the Chinese battleship "Chen-Yuen" gallantly attacked one of these forts, but with little result, though on visiting the fort some days later I found that she had shot away the chase of one of the guns. For some days there were regular duels going on between the forts on the mainland in Japanese hands and those on the island of Liukungtau, which forms the northern side of Wei-hai-Wei anchorage. We used to visit the Japanese forts occasionally, and were always well received. The Japanese torpedo-boats were sheltered in a bay called Three Peaks Bay, close to the eastern entrance of Wei-hai-Wei, from which place they made frequent attacks on the Chinese ships, several of which were torpedoed.

The "Edgar," Captain W. H. Henderson, was for some time anchored in this bay, and his officers became very friendly with the Japanese, one of them going in to the attack to gain experience, of course *sub rosa*, as we were neutral. It was an

interesting time, and one could not but admire the devoted way in which the Japanese pressed the attack by land and sea notwithstanding the bitter weather. Their ships were splendidly handled; their headquarters were in Yung Ching Bay, which was a good anchorage protected from the prevailing north-westerly winds. The masthead electric semaphores were much used, and squadrons relieved each other in the blockade off Wei-hai-Wei systematically.

We were never actually frozen in, but about this time for some ten days one could walk out to the junks anchored inshore at Chifu, and we were unable to land, while the floating ice made communication between the ships difficult. The Chinese were somewhat indiscriminate in their attentions. While we were watching operations one forenoon off Wei-hai-Wei, at about five miles distance, their batteries fired at us for a long time, several shot dropping near us, of which of course we took no notice. One curious fact is worth mentioning. I often sent the "Porpoise" to lie close in, as they mistook her for the "Archer," a sister ship, which was commanded by an officer who had been some time in the Chinese service under Lang, so they did not molest her. She used to report the Chinese semaphores, which were all in English, one I remember was as follows:—"Send captains of guns from Western Forts to relieve those in Eastern Forts. Officers coming off duty are to report themselves at the Admiral's Yamen."

Early in February the end of Wei-hai-Wei was drawing near. On the night of the 5th the "Ting-Yuen," Admiral Ting's flagship, had been torpedoed and was grounded in shallow water, and on the 7th the Chinese torpedo-boats tried to run to Chifu, but they were all sunk or driven ashore by the "Yoshino" and other fast Japanese cruisers.

On the 12th Wei-hai-Wei surrendered. Admiral Ting, in Chinese fashion, wanted to surrender the place to me for me to hand it over to the Japanese. This was merely the Chinese way of employing a third party, which naturally Oyama and Ito would not accept, and details were arranged without much difficulty. Having surrendered, Admiral Ting, General Chang, and Commodore Liu committed suicide by eating opium. On

the 14th I had taken all my ships to Three Peaks Bay, and had decided on breaking up the squadron, sending the "Centurion" to Hong Kong, and remaining some time longer in the north in the "Alacrity." It was an exposed anchorage, and it came on to blow, and in weighing we drifted down on the "Alacrity" and took her bowsprit out of her before she could slip; then a heavy sea swept the forecastle, washing a man overboard. I lowered a cutter, but she could do nothing, the thermometer being down to 21°, and the men numbed with cold. We nearly lost the boat, as we were in shallow water; however, we managed to get her in tow, and eventually she was hoisted up, though I was urged to leave her to her fate.

This was practically the end of the war as far as I was concerned, though for a short time I had my flag in the "Severn," in which ship I was at Wei-hai-wei on the 19th, and had a good look at the forts on the island, which were not much damaged. The harbour was full of wrecks. The "Ting-Yuen" was aground with her back broken—a cruiser, the "Lai-Yuen," was bottom up—the "Ching-Yuen" and "Wei-Yuen" were sunk but upright. Of all Ting's fleet, only the "Chen-Yuen" remained. She was sent to Japan, and after being reconstructed, she is now serving during the war with Russia. On the afternoon of the 19th, I landed on the mainland with Henderson, and we found Oyama and Ito with numerous Japanese officers in a Chinese temple celebrating the capture of Wei-hai-wei. I would rather have avoided this festive scene as not being in keeping with our neutrality, but champagne and saké were flowing liberally, my appearance was received with cheers, and I had to join. Oyama and Ito were very friendly. My journal remarkes: "On these festive occasions the Japanese, although decidedly jolly and familiar, are never offensive or vulgar, so that the scene was a pleasant one on the whole." Of course, my health was drunk, and I had to return the compliment. Several of the correspondents and military attachés dined with me. My journal says that "the Russian military attaché, Col. W., was full of admiration for the Japanese Army, praising it immensely, saying with truth,

I believe: that no European army would have arranged matters as well." It was still very cold, and going out in a strong breeze the next day the thermometer was down to 15°; the man ropes, leading to the bridge in the "Severn" gradually becoming hawsers of ice with the spray.

At the end of February I was at Shanghai in the "Alacrity," and the Japanese having attacked and taken the "Pescadores" at the end of March, I followed them there, and to Formosa, to ensure the safety of our British residents and their property.

There was an armistice of twenty-one days declared at this time, preliminary to the Simonosaki Treaty, but it did not include Formosa. However, I was satisfied about Formosa, as I had guards ashore and three ships there; so I felt free to go to Hong Kong, where I arrived on April 3rd.

I was glad to get on board the "Centurion" again, and to be at Hong Kong to settle station matters, as my time was drawing to a close. On the 29th I sailed in the "Centurion" for Chifu, calling at ports in Formosa on my way. We had great interests in Formosa, where the Chinese were in dangerous state of excitement, and a strong body of "Black Flags," or pirates of Ton King, had been brought to Takow for its defence, which alarmed our merchants. However, I walked through their camp, and had a friendly interview with their General. The mercantile ports of Formosa are Takow, Anping, and Tamsui. Kelung, in the extreme north, is the only good anchorage, but it has no trade, though there is a fairly good coal mine near.

At each of the first three places I landed strong detachments of marines and bluejackets, which had the desired effect. The principal trade, which is mainly in British hands, is in tea, sugar, and camphor. At Twatutia, the capital, some distance from the port of Tamsui, we found the tea-picking in full swing, Mr. Cass, the principal tea-merchant, claiming to have the largest tea business in the world. It was, I think, good policy to land men for a time, as it prevented disturbances when the Chinese authority was paralysed by the expected Japanese attack. I have said more about Formosa than I should have done, as it is so little known or visited, no

mail steamers calling there, and it is very unhealthy in the summer; but we had important interests there, and I paid it several visits.

On May 6th I was at Chifu, as the Simonosaki Treaty was to be ratified there, of which there was considerable doubt. Of the treaty itself, and the pressure put upon Japan by Russia, France, and Germany, to modify it, I do not care to speak fully, Eventually, though the treaty was ratified, the above powers, as is well known, obliged Japan to give up Port Arthur and her conquests in Manchuria.

I thought at the time, and I still think, that possession of land on the Chinese continent would have been a weakness rather than a strength to Japan. They have had little experience of ruling subject races, and some of their edicts at that time in Corea against long pipes and white clothing were even more impolitic than ridiculous. In my view Japan would have done well to have been content with an indemnity and the autonomy of Corea, of course under Japanese influence, which they went to war for—and if they liked to have Formosa I could not see much objection, though hitherto, at least, it has not proved of much value to them.

This is my own idea, but there can be only one opinion of the unscrupulousness of Russia in forcing Japan to give up Port Arthur on the ground of Chinese autonomy, and then seizing it herself, which we may place on a par with the partition of Poland, or Napoleon's conduct towards Spain.

I found a strong Russian squadron at Chifu, consisting of one battleship, four large armoured cruisers, eight other cruisers and sloops, and some torpedo boats. They were preparing for action in every way, painting their ships grey and landing spars. There were three admirals—Tyrtoff, Alexieff, and Makharoff—with whom I exchanged calls.

I was much impressed with Makharoff, who I met in England later. He was certainly a fine fellow, and an able officer. One cannot but mourn over his fate in the unfortunate "Petropavlosk," and though it is futile to attempt to limit modern warfare one cannot but regret that the submarine mine as well as the torpedo or submarine boat should ever

have been invented. I was not generally favourably impressed by the smartness of the Russian fleet, and their methods of signalling and communication were antiquated. They were much stronger than the Japanese, but I was struck with their lack of confidence in themselves.

The treaty had to be ratified by May 8th, and on the afternoon of that day the Japanese Envoy, Miyogi Ito, informed me that a hitch had taken place, but that he believed the Chinese would give in at the last moment.

This was correct, the ratifications were exchanged shortly before midnight, and I was informed of it about 4 a.m. on the 9th. So the war was over, and the treaty signed, though I think it had been arranged that in accordance with the protest of Russia, France, and Germany, Port Arthur and the Manchurian conquests would be surrendered.

On the 15th I arrived at Nagasaki, where I remained until I was relieved by Sir Alexander Buller, who had come north in the "Alacrity." She arrived on the 25th, but I only gave up charge on the evening of the 28th, when I embarked on board the Canadian Pacific S.S. "Empress of Japan" for England *viâ* Yokohama and Vancouver.

I was exactly three years and one month in command of the station. I had been informed that my command would probably be extended if the war continued, and I stated that while I was quite ready to remain out if necessary, I should prefer to be relieved at the end of the three years in accordance with the ordinary custom of the service. As the war was over, I was relieved accordingly, though there was some delay in nominating my successor.

I had a touching farewell of the officers and men on the quarter-deck of the "Centurion," and was pulled on board the "Empress" by a very fine boat's crew of officers, Warrender (now Captain Sir George), the Commander, pulling stroke.

On leaving, there was great cheering not only from our own ships but from the foreign men-of-war, of which there were many in port, including French, Italians, and Japanese.

It was, I think, a genuinely hearty farewell. What pleased me most of all was a modest request from my

boat's crew, through my coxswain, who asked me whether I would mind landing somewhere on the jetty in the dusk, and shaking hands with the members of my galley's crew, which, of course, I was glad to do.

My relief had taken place at a very convenient time; the war was just over, and on the Queen's birthday I had the Governor, the French Admiral Bonninière de Beaumont, the French Commodore Bayle, the American Admiral Carpenter, and several British, French, Japanese, and American officers to dinner—a very friendly and enthusiastic gathering. That over, I was able to pack and prepare to hand over to my successor.

A few lines will suffice for my passage home, which was uneventful. The "Empress" boats of the Canadian Pacific Railway (C.P.R., as it is always called in Canada) are the most comfortable I have ever travelled by, and our twelve days crossing the Pacific was an enjoyable rest from responsibility.

I landed at Victoria, and paid a flying visit to the naval station at Esquimalt, where I found Admiral (now Sir H.) Stephenson, Commander-in-Chief of the Pacific, in the "Royal Arthur," with other of our ships, then went to Vancouver and proceeded by the C.P.R. to Toronto and Montreal. On my way I stayed two days at the beautiful park at Banff, in the Rocky Mountains. It is 4,500 feet above the sea, and was still snow-clad, 14th–15th June.

From Toronto I went to Niagara with my flag captain and others, who had crossed the Pacific with us, and from Montreal, thanks to the courtesy of Sir William Van Horne and Lord Strathcona (then Sir Donald Smith), I was sent on to Quebec very comfortably after dining with Lord Strathcona. I had a good look at the grand old city and the Plains of Abraham—interesting from their historical associations—the next morning, and returned to Montreal that evening, whence I went to New York, where I embarked in the "Campania" on June 29th.

She was very full, this being the season when the American exodus to Europe is at its height, and I was lucky to get a passage, sharing a fairly good cabin with Sir F.

Pollock, who was returning home after delivering an address at Harvard University.

We reached Liverpool after a good passage on July 5th, and the following day I was in London, after an absence from England of three years and four months.

Of course, I went to the Admiralty, and was well received; but the general election was just over, there had been a change of Government, peace again reigned in the Far East, and little interest was felt in the recent war, or what was likely to follow the stirring up of the waters of strife; so we were inclined to fold our hands, and the subsequent development of Russian ambition seems to have taken us by surprise.

CHAPTER XX.

THE PLYMOUTH COMMAND—CONCLUSION.

Half Pay Again—Disappointed Ambition—Appointed to Plymouth Command—Duties of a Home Port—Summary of Departments and Duties—System Necessary—Decentralisation Necessary—Who "Approves"?—Suggestions Usually Disapproved—Courts-Martial—Influence and Power—The Fleet Reserve and Efficiency—Admiralty and Dockyards—Deceiving even Prime Ministers—Sir John Briggs—The Old Adam—Throwing Responsibility on the Admiralty—Ships in Reserve—Lord Selborne's Improved Policy—The Navy as a Profession—Means of Success—Interest and Merit "Luck"—My Love for the Service—The One Real Grievance—An Appeal to Lord Selborne—Recent Reforms—President Roosevelt and Captain Mahan.

For nearly a year after my return from China I was on half pay, and quite content to enjoy "the blessings of the land and the fruits of my labours," as the Prayer-book has it, with my family.

My ambition was to go to the Mediterranean as Commander-in-Chief. I was not sixty, so I was younger than most of my competitors, and I thought I had some claims. I was specially anxious about this, not only on professional grounds, but I had a sentimental reason, as my grandfather, Sir Thomas F. Fremantle, G.C.B., who was one of Nelson's greatest friends, had died when in command of that station in 1819.

But it was not to be. The Admiralty preferred to nominate Sir John Hopkins, an able man who had served at the Admiralty as Controller, and I was offered Plymouth in May, rather to my disappointment. Indeed, I had some idea of refusing, as a home port offered little attractions for me; but on consideration I could not but acknowledge that the Admiralty are the best judges, and it was an important command, which had been held by some of our best officers. Among these I may mention my old chief, Sir William Parker; and H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh had been Commander-in-Chief before the admiral I

was to relieve. Though Portsmouth has generally been considered the premier port, it really offers few advantages over Plymouth, and the distance of the latter from London is not entirely a disadvantage. My objection was to a home port and not to Plymouth specially. It is true that there is plenty to do in administering the port, and in carrying out the Admiralty orders; but I used to call it a telephone exchange, as one's principal business was to forward the Admiralty instructions to the different departments, and to see that they were suitably replied to and complied with. To this I shall refer more fully, as I am only now explaining my hesitation as to accepting such a fine command as Commander-in-Chief at Plymouth.

On June 10th, 1896, I relieved Sir Algernon Lyons, and I retained the command for the usual period, being relieved by the late Sir Henry Fairfax on June 16th, 1899.

The command of a home port does not offer any material of general interest, and it falls rather flat after a foreign command, where one is frequently called upon for decision and action on one's own responsibility.

I found plenty of occupation, and it meant hard work to keep all the papers going to and fro without unnecessary delay. In this, however, I was admirably assisted by my able secretary, Mr. Harrison Smith, and I feel confident that no delay was due to the office, nor was any often due to me, as, though I was out most of the day, I was an early riser, and both in the morning and after dinner, as well as at odd times, I used to sign papers. This from the office point of view, and to some extent, I think, from that of the Admiralty, is the Commander-in-Chief's business. He is looked upon as a signing machine, the usual request from the secretary being, "Will you give me a few signatures, sir?"

The tendency is, then, to keep the Commander-in-Chief in his office, in which case he is of little use. My view was that he is an executive officer; that it is his duty not only to make occasional official inspections, but to be constantly about, seeing things for himself, so as to be thoroughly conversant with all that is going on in his command. He is the

local head of all departments, though they all are semi-independent, being in communication with the Admiralty, in some cases directly, in others through the Commander-in-Chief. This does not apply to the Fleet Reserve, or ships in commission, who only communicate with the Commander-in-Chief. Perhaps I should explain that the principal departments to which I refer are :—

(1) The dockyards at Keyham and Devonport, which are in the Commander-in-Chief's station, and under him for matters of discipline connected with naval duties, though there is an Admiral-Superintendent who works and administers the dockyard independently, under the Controller of the Navy and the Admiralty
(2) The Royal William Victualling Yard.
(3) The ordnance stores at Bull's Point and Stonehouse.
*(4) The stationary gunnery ship.
*(5) The stationary torpedo ship.
*(6) The boys' training ships "Impregnable" and "Lion," and three brigs, under the Inspecting Captain of Training Service.
(7) The Fleet Reserve ships, supposed to be ready for commission at short notice, which are under a captain, who works directly under the Commander-in-Chief.
(8) All ships in commission, as well as foreign arrivals, and duties of the port.

I was rather proud that, by a judicious system of noting and initialling, instead of signing in many cases, by good arrangement of papers, constant attention, and by working at odd hours, I was able to be about most of the day on business or pleasure, whilst there were no arrears of papers or loss of time caused through delay of days in the Admiral's office.

That it was possible in this way to carry out the Admiralty system without one's "soul being wedded to an office stool," I think I proved; but the necessity for decentralisation was obvious. It was quite unnecessary to send many of these

*All these establishments communicate directly with the head of their department at the Admiralty through the Commander-in-Chief.

reports to the Admiralty, as the Commander-in-Chief should have been authorised to deal with them, and he ought to be capable of doing so; but, though he had probably been Commander-in-Chief abroad, with full powers more than once, as in my case, and his secretary was sure to be an experienced man, everything had to go to the Admiralty for their decision.

As an instance, I may mention that in the case of every boy applying to be entered, if not up to standard, his full description had to be sent up by the inspecting captain of the training service to the Admiralty, through the Commander-in-Chief, when in due course a printed letter would arrive approving of the entry as recommended, "notwithstanding the minor defect," etc. This letter would, of course, be signed by the Secretary of the Admiralty, or lithographed "Evan MacGregor," and I never remember the inspecting captain's recommendation to have been disapproved; but who really gave the Admiralty approval is very doubtful. If any Lord of the Admiralty really has these cases of which he can know nothing except from the inspecting captain's report brought before him, he is wasting his time; if not, an Admiralty clerk is authorised to give their lordships' decision in a case of which he has no special knowledge, and where he is not a competent judge. These cases were very numerous, as all boys were entered through the inspecting captain of training ships, whose headquarters were, as captain of the "Impregnable," at Devonport.

I am not here referring to cases in which, from a medical point of view, there may be legitimate doubt as to a boy's fitness for the service, which can be best decided by the Medical Director-General on the medical report, but to the frequent case of a boy slightly under height, with ample chest measurement or, *vice-versâ*, a tall boy slightly deficient in chest measurement. The extra work which is given by these unnecessary references to the Admiralty is enormous, and in the navy it is generally believed that the Admiralty clerks are determined to keep up the system to give themselves something to do. I do not, of course, believe this; but I do think that there has been a reluctance to move with the times, and that a system which worked

fairly well when our Navy Estimates were £7,000,000 or £8,000,000 some fifty years ago, is not suited to the present day, when our Estimates are nearly £40,000,000. I am only showing how unnecessarily, and to the detriment of the service commanders-in-chief in the home ports, who are generally full admirals with ample experience, are made into head clerks, little being left to their initiative; and if they take any action without consulting the Admiralty it is generally disapproved. In some cases, no doubt, when the Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth or Plymouth has been recently at the Admiralty, his suggested improvements are approved and carried out; but usually he is snubbed if he suggests anything. In my own case, while at Plymouth, I made a good many suggestions, but except when they were made in reply to an Admiralty request for inquiry into some special matter, they were almost uniformly ignored or disapproved. Most of these proposals have subsequently been adopted, but the objection is so strong to the port admiral having any initiative, that the custom is to refuse. This is probably more the result of tradition than of anything else. Suggestions from a commander-in-chief abroad, though perhaps only a rear-admiral, always receive due consideration, but at home it is different.

It is unnecessary to go into details, though I should have no difficulty in doing so; but I will mention one fact showing the different treatment of a commander-in-chief in a home port and one on foreign service. In a home port the admiral has no power to order a court-martial on a seaman or marine, let alone an officer; he simply represents the case for the Admiralty's consideration, causing unnecessary delay; abroad every commander-in-chief can order a court-martial.

That a commander-in-chief at home possesses much influence I do not deny, but of real power he has little; all departments are more or less independent of him, and even where he is held directly responsible by Admiralty instructions for certain branches, every endeavour is made to take away his power of initiative and to transfer it to the Admiralty.

I am not writing a treatise on Admiralty administration and Dockyard management, but I must give some illustration

of this, observing that I am speaking of what was the custom when I was a commander-in-chief, which may have been to some extent modified since.

Some few years before I went to Plymouth, the Admiralty of the day had established a new system of "Fleet Reserve," in the home ports; this fleet reserve, to consist of ships practically ready for sea, was to be placed directly under the Commander-in-Chief, who had a "Captain of the Fleet Reserve" to assist him. The reason for this was that it had been found that in the dockyards more attention had been naturally given to shipbuilding and to important repairs than to making good comparatively small defects, so that ships supposed to be ready for sea were apt to be neglected, and were not really fit for service when suddenly wanted. The intention, therefore, was to take these ready ships out of dockyard hands, and to make the commanders-in-chief responsible for their being in an efficient state when required. The idea was a good one, and there were to be two divisions, viz. the "A" division, of which the ships were absolutely ready and efficient; and the "B" division, to consist of ships requiring slight repairs. I have not the Dockyard regulations now by me, but I think this was defined as being repairs which could be made good under forty-eight hours in the case of the "A" division, and 14 days with regard to ships in the "B" division. Ships requiring more extensive repairs would be placed in other divisions of the "Dockyard Reserve," into which I need not now enter.

The Commander-in-Chief had the power of putting a ship in the "A" division of Fleet Reserve into the "B" division.

All this sounds very good, but all repairs, except very slight ones, had to be undertaken by the Dockyard, and, though the Commander-in-Chief might influence the Admiral Superintendent, he had no power to insist upon defects being made good which were often deferred. Docykard system and Dockyard economy are always before the Admiralty, and there has been a natural complaint made by naval officers that apparently the ships are thought to be made for the dockyards, and not the dockyards for the ships; so that the whole aim of the Admiralty when appealed to was to ignore

their own regulations about the Fleet Reserve and to support the dockyards. Further, there was a persistent attempt at make-believes, which appears to be an old Admiralty disease, which it has been difficult to eradicate; Sir John Briggs, in his interesting book on "Naval Administration," telling us how even Prime Ministers were habitually deceived.

His words are worth quoting as showing the extent to which official optimism and misrepresentation were carried out in former days. He is speaking of 1844 or 1845, when Sir Robert Peel was Prime Minister. A return had been asked for by Peel as to the number of steam vessels that could be got ready at short notice, which Mr. Briggs drew up, but he was ordered to include in it every steam vessel in the navy. This was not, of course, what the Prime Minister required, but Mr. Biggs states that he *"received positive directions to include not only vessels standing in need of extensive repairs, but several building on the stocks, for which neither boilers nor machinery had been ordered. I ventured a protest," he says, "but was assured, with a smile, that if they were really wanted for service they could soon be got ready if pressure were put upon the dockyards." He goes on to state that Lord Palmerston was, some years after, furnished with a return equally "inaccurate and misleading."

It is to be hoped that we have improved, and that Admiralty returns are more reliable now; but I maintain that some of the old Adam undoubtedly continues to exist.

Let me explain. On a ship's being paid off, it is the duty of the Commander-in-Chief to represent what reserve she should be placed in. Probably she requires extensive repairs, and he suggests her being placed in the Dockyard Reserve. This is not approved, and eventually the order is given to place her in the B division of Fleet Reserve against the Commander-in-Chief's protest. I have known instances of ships being one, two, or even more years in the B division of Fleet Reserve undergoing extensive repairs, with engines and boilers to pieces, decks up, etc., during which time they were supposed to be ready for sea in fourteen days!

Note * "Naval Administration," p. 145-6.

As I do not wish to be too vague, I will mention the names of two ships to which this statement certainly referred during my Plymouth command, the "Aurora" and "Blake." In the case of the latter, I protested strongly, and received an answer much in the same words as that given to Mr. Briggs.

Of course this threw all the responsibility on the Admiralty, as it was generally known in the Dockyard that I had objected to the ship being attached to the Fleet Reserve; so that towards the end of my three years my recommendations were usually accepted, and the Fleet Reserve was more efficient in consequence.

I have mentioned that the Commander-in-Chief had power to transfer a ship from the A to the B division of Fleet Reserve, but he had to report it, and I remember that this was often objected to.

As I stated, I am not writing on dockyard management, so I do not propose to do more than show cause why ships, commissioned from the reserve for manœuvres, so often break down and give trouble. Also I have a strong opinion that real efficiency means placing responsibility on the proper people, and accepting their suggestions. Things may have improved since my time, but I see little signs of it. The Reserve ships are not treated seriously; the Admiralty overrule the opinion of their officers on the spot, taking officers out of them and denuding them of men so that they cannot be kept in order, while they insist on making a show of efficient ships which is not justified.

It is to the credit of Lord Selborne's administration that two or three years ago the Admiralty recognised the necessity for repairing ships which had been paid off, promptly, by sending them to contractors, thus reducing the "new rotten row" of lame ducks in the dockyards. As a result of this policy, it has been found possible to commission seven battleships for the Manœuvres this year (1904). A year ago every ship as she was repaired and ready for the A division of the Fleet Reserve, was required to take her place in one of the permanent squadrons.

But I must leave the question of dockyards and dockyard management, on which I have endeavoured to touch briefly,

and with a few words on the subject of the navy as a profession, I can close these reminiscences.

Every profession has its drawbacks and its natural grievances. The natural drawbacks of the navy are its hardships and separation from home life; but there are important compensations. I think it is Adam Smith who tells us, that to young Englishmen the prospect of adventure, and even danger, is an incentive; and to such it appeals. There is a saying in the navy, that those who "go to sea for comfort, would go to h-ll for pastime," but those who cannot endure "to sit with empty hands at home" will make light of inconveniences which are inseparable from a sea life. These he must make up his mind to put up with. In my case I seldom gave them a thought, while I enjoyed the change of scene in a sailor's life, and I had no fear of its dangers.

In after years, to a married man, there are periods of separation which are hard to bear, and if there is a family, the wife must be a capable woman, who can decide questions of schools and education in the absence of her husband.

It is essential to success in the navy, as the Prince of Wales told the Worcester cadets a few days ago, that a man should be "thorough," and give his mind and energies to the profession. Such merit as I can claim is due to my having done this—to my having looked upon success in the service as my first object, and to my having made all private affairs secondary to my public duties. It is important in this connection that the naval officer should act on the biblical maxim that, "those that have wives should be as those which have none;" to play fast and loose with the service, as many do, is fatal.

A distinguished naval officer, has I think, said that success in the navy is one-third interest, and two-thirds luck. This is a paradoxical view which I entirely deny. There is interest, of course, and thirty or forty years ago there was much more, and there always must be some. Luck also comes in, and there is some wisdom in speaking of the "bark which carried Cæsar and his fortunes;" but I should be inclined to put at least half down to pure merit, which is certain to be

recognised in the navy. Even in my earlier days, though I certainly was "jobbed on" to the commander's list at twenty-five, as a friend not too elegantly expressed it, I had to justify my early promotion, as many others who were equally fortunate in the junior ranks, have found.

I cannot, however, pursue this further. I have never regretted the choice of my profession. I loved it as a youngster, as a captain, as an admiral; and now that I am a retired admiral under the age clause, which very properly places us on the shelf at sixty-five, all naval subjects are deeply interesting to me; and anything I can do to promote the efficiency and well-being of that service to which I have devoted my life will continue to be my object to its close. It is a great satisfaction to me that my eldest son, Sydney Robert Fremantle, now in command of H.M.S. "Albion," in China, flagship of my old friend Admiral Hon. A. G. Curzon-Howe, is as devoted to the profession as I am, and through him I am in touch with modern ideas; while I may confidently hope that, with his zeal and ability, he will reach at least as high a position in the navy as has fallen to the lot of his father.

I have alluded above to naval grievances. The one real grievance is half pay. Half pay is a peculiarity of the British navy. To this day, an officer on paying off his ship goes on half pay after a short period of full pay leave, and this applies even to officers of lieutenant's rank. As I have pointed out previously, our own army and the foreign navies of France, Russia, Germany, America—indeed, all I know—have no similar system. It is true that of recent years employment has been so constant that this grievance has not been seriously felt, but assuming that a change of European policy made some reduction of our present large naval force in commission possible, now that we have some 1,500 lieutenants, several hundreds of them would find themselves on half pay of 4s. a day!

This is not only a grievance, but it directly militates against efficiency, and is simply a relic of the times when the navy was more a sea militia than a regular service.

If Lord Selborne remains at the Admiralty I trust that he will take his courage in both hands and add to his

numerous valuable reforms the abolition of half pay, which in my time was the plague spot of the navy and the parent of inefficiency.

Of the recent reforms to which I have just referred, undoubtedly the most important is that of the change in system of training, both of officers and men.

At the end of these reminiscences, which are already too long, I cannot go into details on this subject; but I will only say that, as Drake, in the sixteenth century, was undoubtedly right when he insisted on the soldiers and gentlemen being content to "haul and draw with the mariners;" so, in the present age, dependent as we are entirely on mechanical science, it is right that our officers and men should be taught to "grease and gauge" with the engineers. If I know anything of the public spirit and patriotism of my old service, this will become more and more appreciated as the conservative prejudices connected with sails die out.

In President Roosevelt's words, "In future every naval officer must be a fighting engineer;" and, that the present Admiralty, under Lord Selborne and Sir John Fisher, have adopted this view, is of good augury for our future seamen being up to date and efficient. As Mahan puts it, "The artist is greater than his materials, the warrior than his weapons." This is, after all, the most important factor among all those necessary to make an efficient navy; and it was high time that some step in this direction was taken if we are to maintain our position as the paramount Naval Power.

INDEX.

Abra, King of, 229
Abrakrampa, March to, 226; relief of, 230—232
Admirals' houses on foreign stations, 338
Adye, Sir John, at Gibraltar, 314
African coast fever, 237
"Agincourt," Author's service in, 325—332
Ainus, aboriginals of Japan, 405
"Alacrity," Author's cruises in, 397—401, 403, 404, 414, 420, 424
Alcester, Lord, 119
Alcock, Sir R., 70
Alexandria in 1880, 295—297
Allen, Clement, English consul, 438
"Amelie," Seizure of French smuggler, 292
Amoaful, Fighting at, 246
Amonaka, Ashanti chief, 245
Ampini, British attack on, 217—221
"Angelica" incident at Gibraltar, 311.
Aniwa Bay, Author in, 96, 101
"Anne," Expedition against Chinese pirates in steamer, 83—86
Annesley, Lieut., 126
Anson's ill-manned ships in 1740, 10
Antrobus, Mr., 74
Arbuthnot, Rear-Admiral C., at Zanzibar, 346
Arthur, Admiral, 324
Ascension, in Atlantic, 239, 254, 267; its Wideawake Fair, 277
Ashanti, War of 1824—26, 186.
Ashanti, War of 1873—74, 187; landing of marines at Cape Coast, 189; movements and weapons of Ashanti army, 191; neglected defences of our strongholds, 191; British success at Elmina, 193—198; British expedition to Chamah, 201—203; British shell villages, 203—205; fighting at Quassie Croom, 206; fighting customs of natives, 206; blockade of Gold Coast, 207; stores and provisions for, 210; Lord Wolseley's energy in, 215; British attack on Essaman and Ampini, 217—224; March to Assayboo, 225; march to Abrakrampa, 226, 230; march to Assanchi, 227; why the Ashanti camp at Anasmadie was not attacked, 236; fighting at Amoaful, 246; burning Half Assinee, 247; fall of Coomassie, 248
Aslambegoff, Russian Admiral, 295
Assanchi, March to, 227
Assayboo, March to, 225
Assinee, trading station in Ashanti, 244—246
Atchiempon, Ashanti chief, 211
Aube, French Admiral, 324
Australia, Author in, 146
Ayan in 1855, 104

B

"Bacchante," Author's service in, 334—339
Bangkok, Author at, 416

"Barracouta" in Chinese seas, 102—105; author appointed to, 176; author's service in, 179—256
Batavia, Author at, 416
Beaumont, Bonniniere de, 403
Bell, Midshipman, Seamanship examination of, 99
Belligerent rights and treaty ports, 440
Beresford, Lord Charles, 119, 150
Bishop, Mrs., and her Corean book, 408
Blackwood, 324
Blake, Capt., of "Druid," 189
Blockade of Gold Coast, 207
"Boadicea," Author's service in, 339—391
Boldero, Commander, at Fao fort, 368
Bombay, Author at, 270, 364, 365; Prince Eddy at, 359, 363; its dockyard and admiral's house, 336—338
Bosanquet, Vice-admiral D. H., 259
Bounty ships in 1859, 124
Bourbelon, M., 74
Bourbon, Author at, 339
Bourke, Commander Hon. Maurice, 318
"Bouvet," Grounding of, 360
Braddon, "Jemmy," 47
Brandreth, Sir Thomas, 284
Brassey, Lord, on admirals' houses at Bombay and Trincomalie, 338
Bravo, Major, at Sierra Leone, 187
Briggs, Sir John, Quotation from, 456
Brine, Capt. Lindesay, 292
British Imperial East African Co., 371
Brooke, Sir James, in Sarawak, 109, 110
Brown, Lieut. and Commander of "Humber," 373
Bryant, Daniel, sailor, 26
Buckle, Capt. C., 281
Buitenzong, Author at, 417
Buller, Sir Redvers, in Ashanti War, 213, 217, 222
Burmese war, 63
Burnett, William Farquharson, 36—38
Burr, Captain, in Ashanti, 203, 204
Burroughs, Joseph Ashton, naval instructor, 39
Bushire, Arab chief, 349
Butcher's Island, 275

C

Cairo, in 1880, 296
Calcutta, Author at, 272—274
"Caledonia," Smartness of, 30
Cameron, Sir Duncan, and Sir George Grey, 164
Campbell, Capt. Frederick, 132
Canadian sealers, Russian seizure of, 419
Cape Coast, Author off, 189—237, 242—252; transport difficulty on, 252
Cape Coast Castle, Neglected defences of, 191
Cape Town in 1852, 55
"Captain," Loss of, 176
Castries Bay, Author in, 405
Castries Bay incident, 93—95
"Centurion," Author's service in, 420—447
Chamah, British expedition to, 201—203; shelling of, 205
Chang-chi-tung, Viceroy, 397—399
Channel-cruising, Author, 120—131
Channel fleet of 1886, 325
Chapman, Major and Mrs., at Seoul, 409
Charmes, Gabriel, 324
Chatfield, Admiral, 19
Chemulpho, Author at, 409, 433, 441
Chifu, Author at, 420, 446; Governor of, 438
China, Missions in, 74; its squadron in 1893, 393; great wall of, 412; its Naval College, 400; military training in, 413 (*see also* China-Japan war)
China station, Author on, 65—112; author commander-in-chief on, 393—447

China-Japan war, Commencement of, 418; Chinese naval manœuvres off Talienwan, 421; Chinese navy, 423; Corean question, 425; murder of Kim-o-kim, 426; author anticipates, 428; first shot of, 429; sinking of "Kowshing," 429—433; Yalu battle, 436; siege of Port Arthur, 439; attack on Wei-hai-wei, 442; Simonosaki treaty, 446, 447
Chinese Imperialist troops before Shanghai, 68—71; in Canton, 77
Chinese Naval College, 400
Chinese Pylongs, 71; captures of, 81—86
Chinese raid in Sarawak, 109
Cholera on board "Queen," 22
Christmas Day in Hong Kong, 86
Clarke, George, 139
Coastguard system in 1877, 281—292
Cockroaches in tropics, 108
Codd, Commander "Tommy," 9, 36
Cole, Mr., of steamer "Ellen Gordon," 266
Colley, Sir George, at school, 3; in Ashanti, 253
Collinson, Sir Richard, 89
Colomb, Vice-Admiral P. H., and signals, 131
Colombo, Author at, 388
Commerell, Admiral Sir Edmund, 189; in Ashanti, 200; made K.C.B., 255
Condon, commissioned boatman, 291
Connaught, Duke of, in India, 359, 364
Connor's Hill, Ashanti, Neglected defences of, 191
"Conqueror," Loss of, 321
Cook's Straits, 162, 169
Coomassie, Fall of, 248
Cooper, Lieut., Death of, 347; memorial institute at Zanzibar, 347
Corea, Author in, 408—411; King of, 410 (*see also* China-Japan war)
Courts-martial, Naval, 161
Cruikshank, Mrs., at Sarawak, 110
Curtis, Rear-Admiral Sir Lucius, 35
Czarevitch, The, at Colombo, 388

D

Dacres, Admiral Sir Sidney, 101
D'Eyncourt, Captain, 120
Diego Garcia, Author at, 339
Diego Suarez, in 1889, 357
Dienhardt, German Admiral, 345, 350, 356, 358
Diggens, Lieut. John F., of the "Queen," 38
Dix Cove, Fighting custom at, 206
Dommett, Coxswain, in Ashanti war, 233
Don Pacific affair, 17
"Doris," Author's service in, 258—279
"Dreadnought," Author's service in, 317—320, 321
Droco Grove, Ashanti, 244—246
"Drumelton," Salving, 424
Dundas, Admiral James W. D., 2
Dunquah, Ashanti, 234
Dupuy, French Admiral, 403
Dutt, Dr. Bepinhary, 240—242, 267

E

East Indies station, Author on, 60—65; author commander-in-chief on, 333—391
"Eclipse," Author's service in, 147—174
Eden, Commodore Henry, 3
Eden, Sir Charles, 131
Edinburgh, Duke of, 307, 322
Election, General, of 1885, 323
"Ellen Gordon," Loss of, 266
Elliot, Admiral Sir George, 28, 125—130
Elliot, Commodore C. J. B., 89; in Castries Bay, 92—95
Elmina and the Ashantis, 188; British success at, 193—198; state of stores at, 250
Eltham, Commander, 73
Emperor of Japan, Author's interview with, 401

"Enterprise," Arctic ship, 88
Eparaima, Maori, 155
Erskine, Admiral Sir James, 122
Erskine, Rear-Admiral John, 122
Essaman, British attack on, 217—224
"Euphrates," Grounding of, 214
"Eurydice," Loss of, 52
Evans, Lieut., of "Invincible," 300, 303

F

Falkland Islands, Author at, 264—266
"Fanny Adams," preserved meats, 65
Fanshawe, Admiral Sir Edmund, 124
Fao fort, History of, 367
Fawkes, Sir Wilmot, 424
Fellowes, Lieut. Charles, of the "Spartan," 48, 50, 76
Festing, Colonel, in Ashanti, 190, 192, 193—196, 199, 200, 208, 209, 210, 212, 226, 227, 230, 234, 255
Fever, African coast, 237
Field, Admiral, 117
Filloon, Mr., interpreter, 151, 156—159
Fitzgerald, Sir Gerald, 5
Fitzroy, Captain, 307
Flag-lieutenants in 1858, 119
Flag officers, Promotion of, 175
Fleet, Captain Ernest, 361
Fogs in North Pacific, 414
Formosa, Author at, 414, 445
Forsyth, Commander, 97, 98
Fraser's Magazine, 177
Fremantle, Captain Stephen G., author's uncle, 3, 5
Fremantle, Edmund Robert, Birth of, 1; at school, 1, 2; his preference for navy, 2; is presented with pocket compass by schoolmates, 3; passes navy examination, 4; boards "Queen," 5; his first night watch, 8; early impressions, 9, 13—15; on flogging in navy, 15, 150; on payment of midshipmen, 16; with Sir William Parker's squadron, 17—43; has Malta fever, 21; on trials of sailing, 27—31; on drills and competitive evolutions, 31; A.D.C. to Sir William Parker, 35; falls down main hold, 37; on middies' logs, 41; appointed to "Spartan," 44; has an experience resembling one of Peter Simple's, 49; on ship sailing, 52; in Cape Town, 55; on naval officers' pay, 57—59; on sailors of fifty years ago, 60; at Madras, 61; at Rangoon, 63; at Hong Kong, 65—67, 79—90; at Shanghai, 67—75; on board "Salamander," 72; at Whampoa, 76—79; first life he saved, 78; on naval operations in China during Russian war, 80; captures Chinese pirates, 81—86; sails under sealed orders, 90; at Hakodate, 91; in Gulf of Tartary, 92; on the Castries Bay incident, 93—95; passes for lieutenant, 96; on seamanship examinations, 97—101; and Russian prisoners, 105; in Japan in 1855, 106; promoted to acting lieutenant, 107; appointed third lieutenant on "Spartan," 108; visits Sarawak, 109—111; tiger-hunting, 111; leaves "Spartan," 114; on paying off ships, 115, 172—174; passing in gunnery, 116; passing in navigation, 117; appointed flag-lieutenant, 119; Channel-cruising, 120—131; on ship's companies of 1859, 121, 122—124; on board "Royal Albert," 125—131; on signals, 130; appointed to "Neptune," 132; in Mediterranean, 132—135; promoted commander, 135; on half-pay, 137, 141—

144; at Royal Naval College, 137—141, 177; appointed to "Eclipse," 145; in New Zealand, 146—170; crosses Manukau bar, 148; stops desertions of sailors in New Zealand, 149; receives thanks of Sir George Grey, 151; rescues missionaries, 152—155; his expeditions against Maoris, 155—160; on courts-martial, 161; and Sir George Grey, 163—166; his hunt for William Thompson, 165—167; homeward bound, 170—172; on promotion of flag officers, 175; promoted to "Barracouta," 176, 179; on pilotage, 182, 284; at Vigo, 183; salving the "Vittoria," 184; on salvage money, 185, 424; at Sierra Leone, 187—189; off Cape Coast, 189; his engagement at Elmina, 193—198; shells Ashanti villages, 203—205; establishes blockade of Gold Coast, 207; meets Sir Garnet Wolseley, 213; attack on Essaman and Ampini, 217—224; is wounded, 222; marches to Assayboo, 225; marches to Abrakrampa, 226, 230; marches to Assanchi, 227; his journey to Dunquah, 233—235; his office staff, 235; has an attack of coast fever, 237—239; at St. Helena, 239, 267; at Ascension, 239, 242, 254, 267, 277; holds court-martial on "Kate Kellock" mutiny, 240—242; returns to Cape Coast, 242; visits Droco Grove, 244—246; at Grand Bassam, 246; burns Half Assinee, 247; ordered to Ascension, 248; leaves Cape Coast, 252; his rewards for Ashanti services, 255; arrives at Sheerness, 256; receives letter from King Blay, 256; appointed to "Doris," 258; joins his squadron at Madeira, 260; at Monte Video, 263; at Falkland Islands, 264—266; at Cape Town, 267; at Gibraltar, 268; at Bombay, 270; jumps overboard to save life, 271, 293, 297; at Calcutta, 272—274; at Madras, 274; on smallpox and vaccination, 275; in Plymouth Sound, 278; paying off "Doris," 279; appointed to "Lord Warden," 280; on coastguard system, 281—292; inspecting coastguard stations, 286; purchases "Psyche," 290; transfers to "Invincible," 292; awarded medal of Royal Humane Society, 293, 298; drilling in Mediterranean, 295; at Alexandria, 295—297; receives various medals, 299; his essay on "Naval Tactics," 299; at Salonica, 299—302; salves "Georgio Boscovitch," 303; recovers torpedo, 305; as Senior Naval Officer at Gibraltar, 305—317; commands "Dreadnought," 317; promoted to admiral, 320; on shore, 323; his remarks on torpedo-boats and ironclads, 324; second in command in Channel, 325; on manœuvres of 1887, 326—332; nominated commander-in-chief on East Indies station, 333; on admirals' houses on foreign stations, 338; at Mauritius, 339, 356; at Mozambique, 340—342; at Zanzibar, 342—356, 357, 360—364, 369, 376; and Dr. Karl Peters, 352—354; at Bombay, 359, 364, 365; at Muskat, 365; at Shuster, 366; on the Zambesi, 370; his Vitu expedition, 377—386; on slave cruising, 387; meets Czarevitch and Prince George of Greece, 388; elephant shooting at Trincomalie, 388—391; his return home, 391; his orders and honours, 392; appointed to

China command, 393; in Hongkong, 394—396; visits Yangtse viceroys, 397—399; in Japan, 401; his 1892 cruise, 403—416; his southern cruise in 1894, 416; ordered to Siam, 419; transfers his flag to "Centurion," 420; anticipates China-Japan war, 428; on sinking of "Kowshing," 429—433; watching Japanese, 434; on belligerent rights and treaty ports, 440; at Wei-hai-wei, 444; on Russian fleet, 447; relieved of his command, 447; his passage home, 448; as commander-in-chief at Plymouth, 405—460
Fremantle, Sir Charles, author's uncle, hoists his flag, 119; resigns, 131
Fremantle, Sir Thomas F., author's grandfather, 450
Fremantle, Sydney Robert, author's son, 459
French dhows at Zanzibar, 354
French in Siam, in 1893, 419
French settlements in Ashanti, 244, 245, 246
Frigates of 1874, 258—260
Fumo Bokari, Sultan of Vitu, 377—385

G

Galsworthy, Captain of "Kowshing," 432
"Ganges," Disaster to pinnace of, 19
Gate Pa, Engagement of, 147
Gazette, The, 386, 392
"Georgio Boscovitch," Salving, 303
German settlements of Tanga and Paragani, 371
Gibraltar: Salving "Vittoria" at, 184; author at, 268; author its Senior Naval Officer, 305—317
Gibraltar Chronicle, 184
Gleichen, Count, 110
Glover, Capt., in Ashanti war, 212, 217, 248, 249
Goldner's preserved meats, 65
Gordon, Lieut., in Ashanti war, 200, 208, 232
Goschen's, Lord, Committee on promotion (1902), 175
Goshkevitch, Author at, 408
Grace, Missionary, Rescue of, 152—155
Graham, Jimmy, Midshipman, 8
Grand Bassam, Author at, 246
Grant, Lieut., tiger-hunting, 111
Greenshields, Mr., on Falkland Islands, 265
Grey, Sir George, in New Zealand, 151, 163—167
Groome, Rear-Admiral R., 326
Gunnery, of a three-decker, 24—27; former and recent, 371

H

H., Colonel, and author, 168
Hakodate, Author at, 91, 402, 405
Half Assinee, Burning of, 247
Half-pay, Evils of, 141—144; a grievance, 459
Half-pay officers in 1862, 137
Hall, Midshipman Basil, 41
Hall, Sir William, 260
Hallet and Ommaney, ship agents, 173
Hamilton, Admiral Sir Vesey, and officers' pay, 59
Hamoaze, Author's proposal to sail out of, 260
Harley, Colonel, in Ashanti, 189, 192, 193; his departure from Ashanti, 215
Hawes, Colonel, at Zanzibar, 350
Hay, Lord John, Commander-in-chief, 320
Heligoland, 376, 386
Henderson, Capt. R., 337
Hendson, Capt. W. H., 442
Hennessy, Sir John Pope, 357
"Heron," Loss of, 52
Hibbert, Mr., and Naval Estimates (1886—87), 324
Hickson, Mr., 255
Hewett, Admiral Sir William, 46, 254; and naval manœuvres of 1887, 326—332

Hewett, Commodore, 224, 235, 237, 255
Hewett, Midshipman, 64, 79
Hext, Lieut., in Ashanti, 195
Hext, Sir John, 337
"Hibernia," Author on board, 5
Hickson, Paymaster Edmund, 235
Hill, Lieut., Turkish soldiers seize, 300—302
Hillier, Sir Walter, at Seoul, 409, 410
Hills, Paymaster, Death of, 275
Hogg, Engineer, 73
Holland, Rear-Admiral S., 326
Home, Sir Anthony, in Ashanti war, 223
Hong Chun, Mandarin, 413
Hong Kong in 1853, 65—67; its dockyard, 394; author at, 394—396; in summer, 420
Hornby, Admiral Sir Geoffrey, 119, 132, 133, 143, 292, 294
Hoste, Sir William, 44
House, Quartermaster, 250
Howard, Vice-Admiral, 6
Humann, French Admiral, 403

I

"Imperieuse," Author's services on, 393—397, 401—403, 405—420
"Invincible," Author's service on, 292—307
Iron-clads and Torpedo-boats, 324
Ito, Admiral, 433, 436, 437, 444

J

"Jackass Frigate," 45
Jackson, John, 38
Japan, in 1855, 106; author in, 401; aboriginals of, 405 (*see also* China-Japan war)
Johnson, Coastguard officer, 286
Jonquiere, Author at, 405
Jubilee Review at Spithead, 326; naval manœuvres, 326—332

K

"Kate Kellock," Mutiny on, 240—242, 267
Kawhia, Author's visit to, 164
Keary, Lieut. and Commander, of "Redbreast" gunboat, 373—376, 386
"Keppel's Head," Portsmouth, in 1862, 139
Kim-o-Kim, Corean reformer, 426
King Blay, Ashanti, 205, 206, 211, 243, 246, 256
King of Abra, 229
King of Corea, 410
King of Elmina, 188
Kouloun Dock Company, 394
"Kowshing," Sinking of, 429—433

L

Lang, Capt., and Chinese mandarins, 423
Lefevre, Shaw, and Naval Estimates (1886—87), 224
Levy, Mr., and his "Eclipse," 152—154
Li Hung Chang, Stories concerning, 401; author and, 411, 421, 422, 423
Liu, Tartar general, 422
Liu-kun-yi, Viceroy, 397, 399
Livonius, German Admiral, 270
Loch, Captain, Death of, 64
Loh-feng-loh and Li Hung Chang, 400
London Gazette, 386, 392
"Lord Warden," Author's service in, 280—292
Luxmore, Commander, in Ashanti, 195, 201
Lyons, Lord, 119
Lyons, Sir A., 119

M

Machado, Portuguese Governor-General, 372
Mackenzie, Sir George, at Zanzibar, 346, 371
Mackinson, Coastguard officer, 286
Maclean, Governor, and boundary question in Ashanti, 244
Macleod, Lieut. Angus, in Ashanti, 229
Madras in 1852, 61; author at, 274

Mafu, Author at, 409
Mahan, Captain, Quotations from, 95, 460
Main, Professor, 138
Mair, Magistrate, of New Zealand, 165—167
Makharoff, Russian Admiral, 446
Manbridge, Mr., of Nagasaki, 425
Manners, Lord Cecil, on board "Alacrity," 414
Manœuvres, Naval, of 1887, 326—332
Maori war (*see* New Zealand war)
Marshall, Judge, 250
Marshall, Sir James, and International Law, 207
Martin, Capt. H. B., 11
Martin, Lieut., of "Invincible," 305
Martin, Mr., and Vitu expedition, 377, 379
Martin, Sir William, 11; in Mediterranean, 132—134
Massy, General Dunham, 360
Masters, Naval, 321
Mathews, Sir H., at Zanzibar, 346
Maudy, Sir Rodney, 183
Mauritius, Author at, 339, 356
McCarthy, General Sir Charles, Death of, 186; use of his skin by Ashantis, 191
McCrea, Admiral, 305, 306
McDougall, Bishop, in Sarawak, 110
McNiell, Colonel, in Ashanti war, 221, 224
McQuhae, Capt., 394
Mediterranean, Author in, 132—135, 319
Mediterranean ships in 1880, 295
"Megera," Author on board, 132
Melbourne in 1864, 146
Meldrum, Mr. meteoroligist, 340
Men-of-war in 1877—79, 285
Mentzel, Escape from Vitu of, 377
Merell, Lieut. Arthur, of "Spartan," 49
Michel, French Commodore, 355
Midshipmen, Payment of, 16; their logs, 41
Millet, Mr. hunting elephants, 389
Milne, Sir Alexander, 190, 210
"Minim," Russian armoured cruiser, 295
Monneron Island, 91, 92
Monte Video, Sailors deserting at, 263
Montgomerie, Capt., in Vitu expedition, 381
Moore, Dr. Hamilton, 238, 255
Moore, Lieut. Charles, 297
Morgan, Maori chief, 159
Moriarty, Capt. Henry, 127
Morris, Sergeant, 86
Mozambique, Author at, 340—342, 371
Muskat, Author at, 365

N

Nagasaki in 1855, 106
"Nankin," Officers of, in 1856, 123
Napier, Lord, Governor of Gibraltar, 309, 310, 311, 313
"Naval Officers' and Merchant Ships'" book, 263
Naval review (Jubilee) at Spithead, 326; manœuvres, 326—332
"Naval Tactics," Author's essay on, 299
Navigating officer and pilot, 321
Navy, Chinese, under Li Hung Chang, 403
Navy, Examination fifty years ago for, 3; commissioning ships fifty years ago, 10—13; flogging in, 15, 150; payment of midshipmen, 16; water allowance, 19, 49; health of ships' companies in 1851, 21; gunnery of three decker, 24—27; trials of sailing fifty years ago, 27—29; smart ships in 1851, 29; old system of issuing provisions in, 38; middies' logs, 41; introduction of "continuous system," 45; art of ship sailing, 52; officers' pay fifty years ago, 57—59; condition of sailors fifty years ago, 60; examinations in seamanship, 97—101; pay-

ing off in 1857, 115; flag lieutenancies, 119; first issue of official signal log books and Admiralty spy-glasses, 121; ships' companies of 1859, 121; 122—124; duties of captain of fleet in 1859, 125; signals in, 130; half-pay officers in 1862, 135; its Royal College in 1862, 137—141; in 1871—72, 177; evils of half-pay, 141—144; courts-martial, 161; paying off in 1867, 172; promotion to flag rank, 175; salvage to men-of-war, 185; frigates of 1874, 258—260; private signals, 262; order concerning "night quarters," 270; coastguard system, 281—292; pilotage, 284; men-of-war in 1877—79, 285; first mounting of Nordenfelt guns, 293; Mediterranean ships and sail drill in 1880, 295; Reserve fleet in 1882, 307; ships of 1884, 317—319; masters as pilots, 321; early torpedo-boats, 324; Channel fleet of 1886, 325; Jubilee review at Spithead, 326; manœuvres of 1887, 326—332; duties of a commander-in-chief of foreign station in quiet times, 342; gun and gunnery in 1890, 371; China squadron in 1893, 393; duties of commander-in-chief of home port, 451; dockyard management, 455; grievances, 459; recent reforms, 460

Navy, Russian, in 1880, 295

Navy, United States, Advancement in, 403

Nazimoff, Russian Captain, 295

"Necra," Seizure of, 353

"Neptune," its crew of bounty men, 122, 132; author serving in, 132—135

New Zealand war, Author carrying troops in, 148; Pai-marire fanatics, 151; rescue of missionaries in, 152—155; author's expeditions against Maoris, 155—160; William Thompson, king-maker, 165—167

Nichols, Paymaster, 39

Nicholson, Sir Frederick, 81

Nicolas, Captain, at Zanzibar, 360

Nineteenth Century, 324

Nordenfelt guns, First mounting of, 293

Nossi Bé, 357

O

O'Connell, John, Staff Commander, 283, 284

O'Connor, Transport Officer, 252

Officers' pay, Naval, 57—59

Oyama, Field-Marshal, 436, 444

P

Paget, Mr. R., 427

Palliser, Lieut., of the "Spartan," 83—86

Pargani, German settlement, 371

Parker, Sir William: his Mediterranean squadron, 17; career of, 34

Parkes, Sir Harry, 70

Patera, Maori, 153, 156—158

Paying off ship in 1857, 115

Pekin, Author at, 411, 414

Pellew, Admiral Sir Fleetwood, 53—55, 67, 97

Persian Gulf, Author in, 366

Peters, Dr. Karl, and author, 352—354

Petroff, Russian Lieut., 407

Petropavlovsk, Attack on, 80, 102

Phillimore, Sir Augustus, 285

Pickthorne, Surgeon, 49

Pidcock, Lieut., 8, 73

Pilotage, Author on, 182, 284

Piræus, Blockade of, 17; author in, 299, 302

Plymouth, Author commander-in-chief at, 450—460

Pollard, Lieut., in Ashanti, 227, 229

Port Arthur, Author at, 421; siege of, 439

Port Hamilton, Author at, 408

Portal, Sir Gerald, 355
Portuguese on the Zambesi, 370
Price, Admiral, 80
Prince Ansah of Ashanti, 188
Prince Eddy in India, 359, 364
Prince George of Greece at Colombo, 388
Prince of Wales (now Edward VII.) in India, 268, 270, 275
Prince Victor of Hohenlohe, 110
"Psyche," Author's purchase of, 290
Punch, 132
Purser, Abolition of term, 39

Q

Quarantine at Gibraltar, Story of, 315—317
Quassie Croom, Fighting at, 206
"Queen," three-decker, Author's service in, 5—43

R

Rajah Puttiala, 274
Randolph's, Admiral Sir George, squadron in 1874, 258
Rangoon in 1852, 63
Rats in wooden ships, 107
Reay, Lord and Lady, in India, 365
Redl's cone signals, 130
Reserve fleet in 1882, 307
Review, Jubilee, at Spithead, 326
Rice, Sir Edward, 120
Richards, Sir F., 334, 393
"Ringdove," Malay capture of, 71
Rodriguez Island, Author at, 339
Roell, Tonkheer, Dutch Admiral, 416
Rogers, J. D., 47
Rogers, Midshipman, Narrow escape of, 64
Rooney, Captain, 82
Ross, Colonel, 343, 365
Rowe, Sir Samuel, in Ashanti, 193
"Royal Albert," Author's service in, 125
Royal Naval College, Portsmouth, in 1862, 137—141; in 1871—72, 177
Russian Navy in 1880, 295; squadron at Chifu, 446
Russian war, British naval operations in China during, 79—81, 88; Castries Bay incident, 92—95; inefficiency of our admirals and captains in, 96, 104; episode of burning Russian brig, 102—104; wreck of Russian "Diana," 105; Russian prisoners on "Spartan," 105
Russian seizure of Canadian sealers, 419

S

Saghalin, Island of, 405
Sail drill in 1880, 295
Sailing, Trials of, 27—31; art of ship, 52
St. Helena, 239, 267
"Salamander," Boarding practice on, 71; author's cruise in, 72
Salamis Bay, Sir William Parker's squadron in, 17
Salonica, Author at, 299—302
Sannomiya, Baron and Madame, 402
Sarawak, Author's visit to, 109—111
Sautpoora Hills, Shooting in, 274
Scott, Lord Charles, 326
Sealers, Canadian, Russian seizure of, 419
Seamanship examination, in 1855, 97; illustrations of, 99—101
Selwyn, Bishop, 152—155
Seoul, Author at, 408, 409—411
Seychelles, 364
Seyd Burghash, 344
Shanghai in 1853, 67—75; Chinese Imperialist troops before, 68—71
Sheerness, Red tape at, 182
Ships' companies of 1859, 121, 122—124
Shuster, Author at, 366
Siam, French in (1893), 419
Sierra Leone in 1873, 187—189
Signals, in 1860, 130; private, 262
Simonosaki treaty, 446, 447
Sindangloyo, Author at, 417

Singe, Colonel, Brigands capture, 299—302
Slave cruising in 1852, 57
Slave trade, and French dhows, 384; difficulty of getting truth concerning, 387
Smallpox and vaccination, 275
Smith, Sir Charles Euan, at Zanzibar, 345
Smuggling at Gibraltar, 310
Smythies, Bishop, and Portuguese at Tunghi, 351
Spanish ships, 416
"Spartan," Author's service in, 44—114
Stanley, Sir Henry, in Ashanti, 225
Stevens, Mr., at Gibraltar, 309
Stirling, Admiral Sir James, 79, 106
Stokers in tropics, 391
Straits of Malacca, Author in, 109, 111
Stubbs, Commander, in Ashanti, 195
Sultan of Vitu, 377—385
Sultan Seyd Kalifa, 344
Swanzy, Mr., and blockade of Gold Coast, 208, 243
Switzerland, Author in, 137
Symonds, Sir Thomas, 28, 278
Symonds', Sir W., brigs, 52

T

Tacoraddy, Fight at, 204
Taepings at Shanghai, 68—71
Tanga, German settlement, 371
Tartary, Gulf of, Author in, 92
Te Hata, Maori chief, 155—159
Te Mokena, Maori chief, 159
Te-Va, Maori priest, 151, 152
Temple, Sir R., on mutiny on "Kate Kellock," 242
Thompson, —, in Ashanti war, 208
Thompson, William, New Zealand king-maker, 165—167
Thrupp, Capt., 132, 271
Thursfield, Mr. J. R., 373, 375
Tientsin, Author at, 411
Times, The, 205, 249, 299, 428, 429
Ting, Chinese Admiral, 422, 437, 438, 443
Togo, Admiral, sinks "Kowshing," 432
Tomplin, Mate of "Kowshing," 432
Tonge, Flag-Lieut., 54
Tonghak rebellion, 425
Tongue, Coastguard at, 291
Torpedo-boats, Early, 324
Treaty ports and belligerent rights, 440
Trincomalie, 337, 338; hunting elephants at, 389—391
Tryon, Capt. G., 99
Tunghi, Portuguese at, 351
Twatutia, Author at, 445
Tyrtoff, Russian Admiral, 407

U

United States Navy, Advancement in, 403
Unterberger, General, 406

V

V., Mr., French merchant, in Droco Grove, 244—246
Vaccination and smallpox, 275
Valette, German Commander, 358
Vidals, Lieutenant, 140
Vigo in 1873, 183
"Vittoria," Salving, 184
Vitu expedition, 376—386
Vladivostok, Author at, 406—408
Volknor, Missionary, Murder of, 152

W

Wade, Sir Thomas, 70
Walsh, sailor, falls overboard, 297
Wanga, Boundary dispute about, 358
Water-glasses, 304
Wei-hai-wei, Japanese attack on, 442; author at, 444
Wells, Lieut., of "Barracouta," 181, 197, 243
West Coast of Africa, Author's service off, 181—237, 242—252
Whampoa in 1854, 76—79
Wharton, hydrographer to navy, 361

Wise, Captain Charles, 5, 9, 16, 18, 26, 31, 36, 42
Wise, Colonel, in Ashanti, 200
Wilmot, Lieut. Eardley, Funeral of, 230
Wilson, Sir Samuel, 323
Wilson, Vice-Admiral Sir Arthur K., 269
Wingfield, Mr., naval cadet, 260
Wolseley, Lord, in Ashanti, 213—237, 247
Wood, Sir Evelyn, in Ashanti war, 213, 218, 221, 232, 234
Woods, Chief Engineer, at Gibraltar, 309
Wyville, Commodore, 5, 56

Y

Yalu battle, 436
Yangtse viceroys, Author's visits to, 397—399
Yokohama, Author at, 401
Young, Lieut., in Ashanti, 203, 204, 205
Yung Ching Bay, Japanese in, 443

Z

Zambesi and river gunboats, 370, 373—376
Zanzibar, Author at, 342—356, 357, 360—364, 369, 376

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